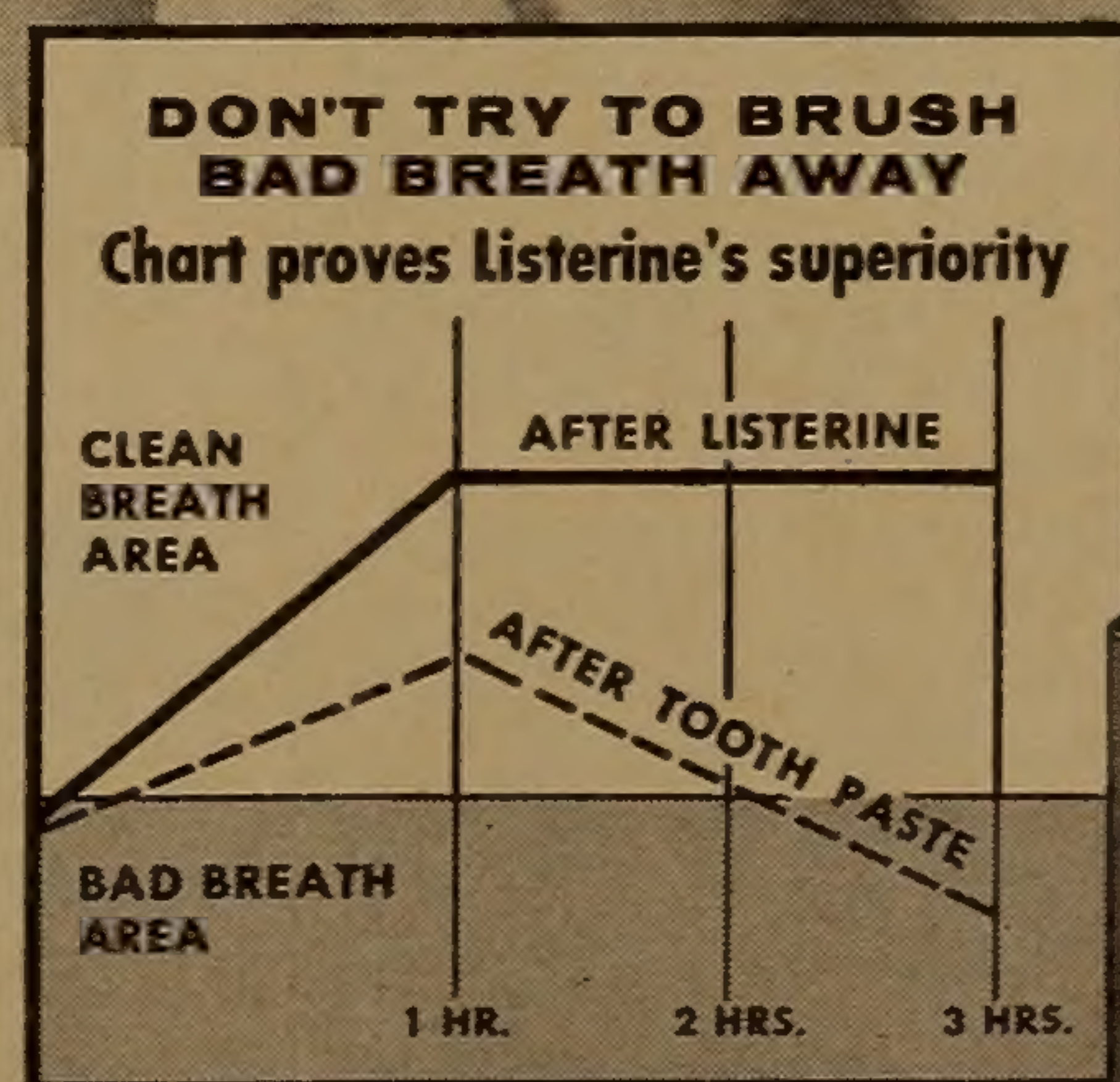


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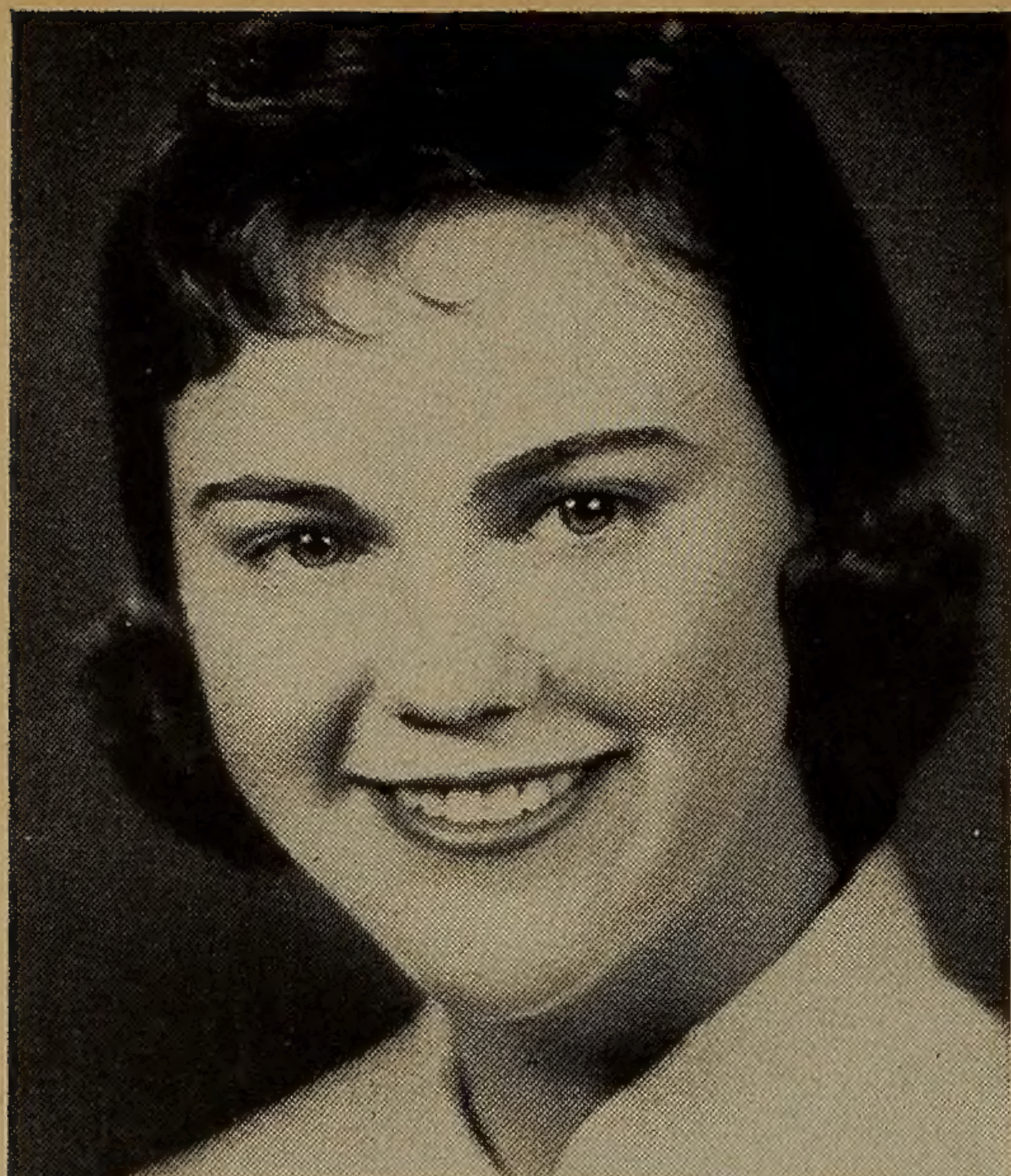


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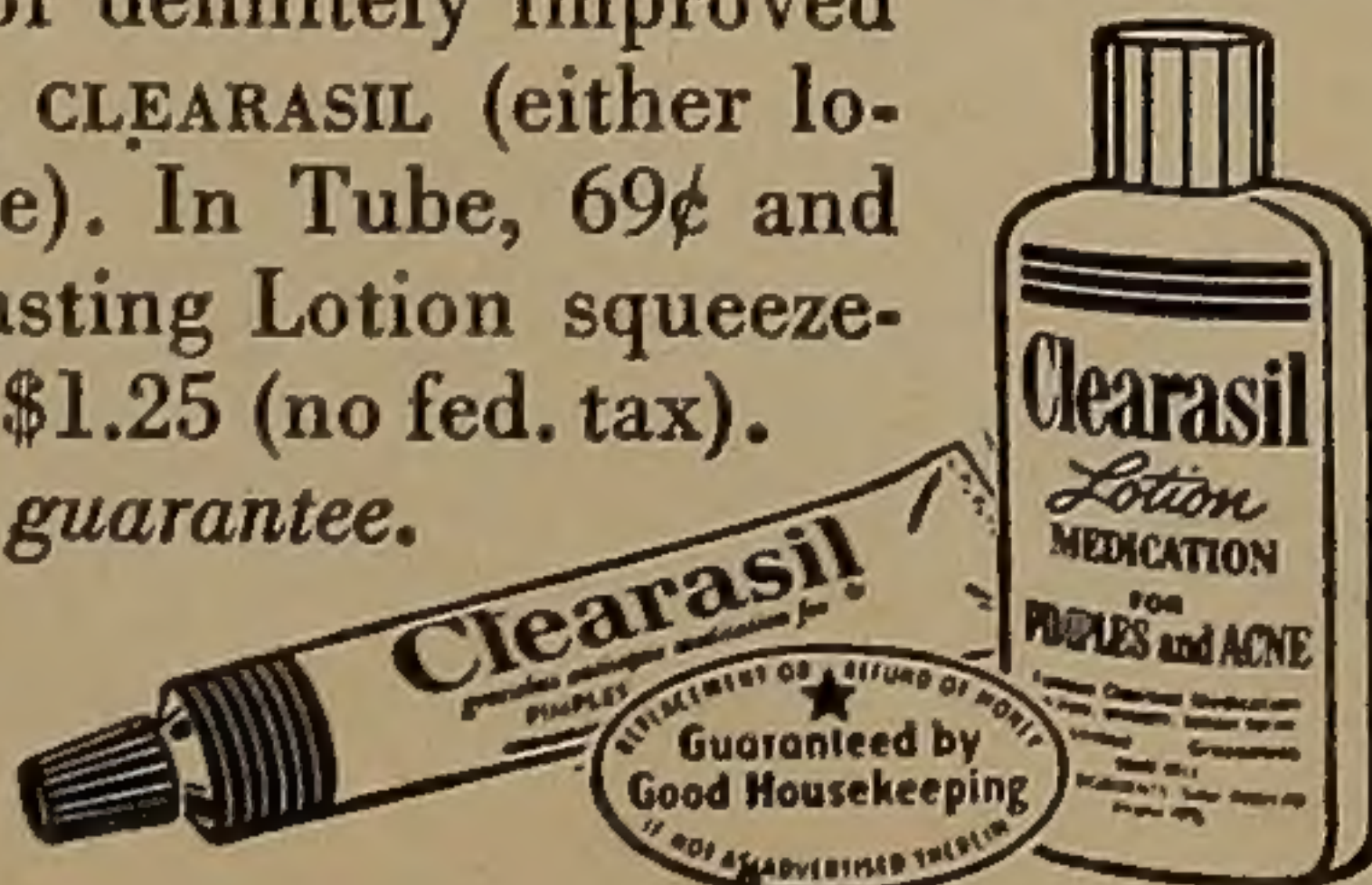
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TV RADIO MIRROR

MAY, 1959

VOL. 51, NO. 6

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INFORMATION BOOTH

Re-runs and Also-rans

Dear Editors:

I am getting tired of seeing repeats of everything I have seen on TV. We enjoyed Topper, My Little Margie, and I Love Lucy when they originally played, but think the TV producers should give us a rest before showing them again. Many movies, too, are re-run time and again while others have yet to be shown once. Can't something be done about this?

J. L., Astoria, New York

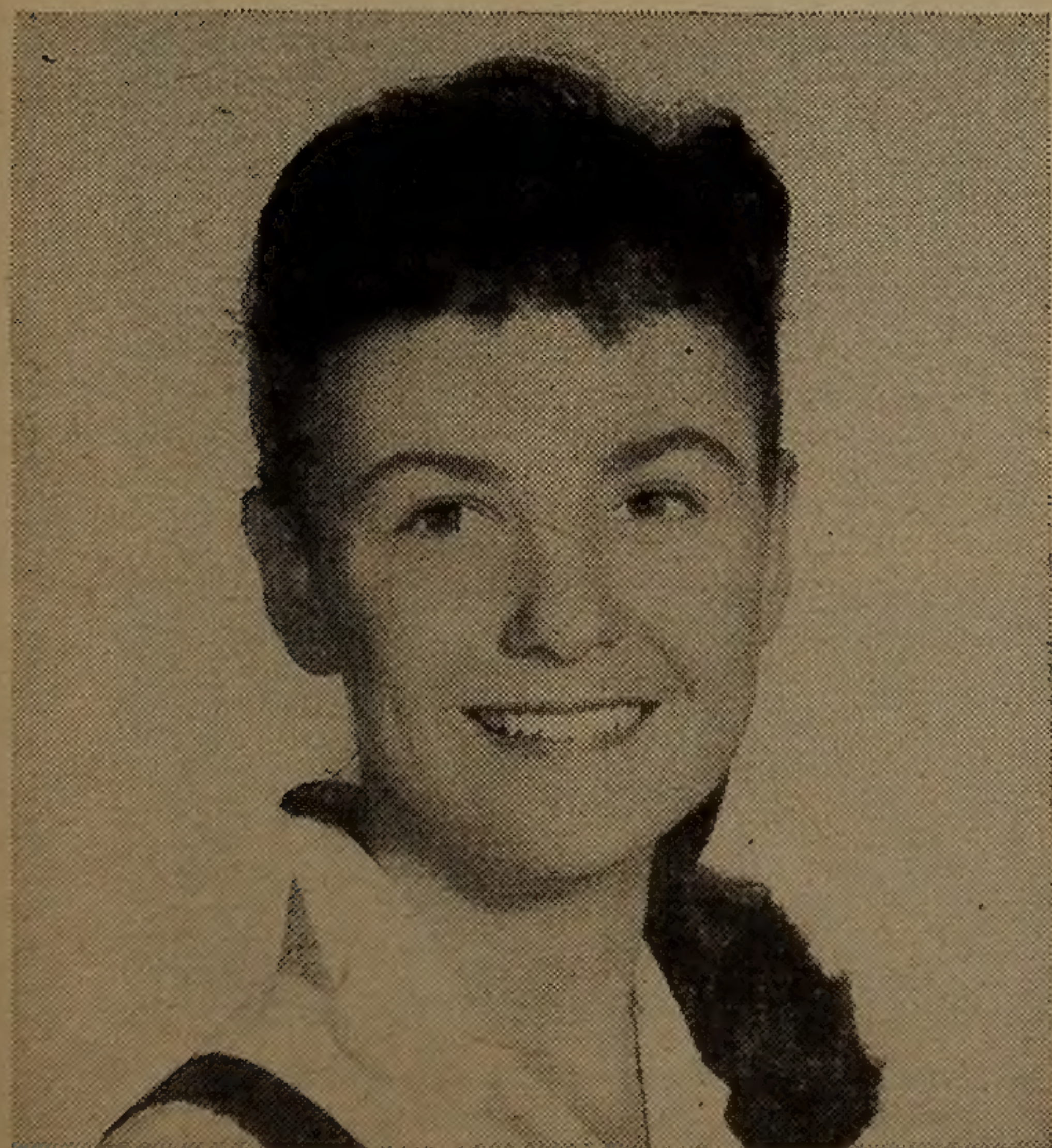
Editors' Note: It's true that many programs are being re-run for a second and third time. However, many viewers who, for various reasons, missed the first showings, welcome their return. How do the rest of our readers feel about this situation?

Nanette's Niece

Would you please print some information about Shelley Fabares, who is doing such a terrific job on The Donna Reed Show?

J. K., Berkeley, California

Fourteen-year-old Shelley Fabares (pronounced Fab-a-ray) is the perfect example of a typical American teenager, with two exceptions. She is a very talented young actress, and the niece of TV star Nanette Fabray. Otherwise, she epitomizes the lively and irrepressible ponytail set, for she loves rock 'n' roll, swimming, and "baking chocolate cakes." . . . Brown-eyed, brown-haired Shelley (whose real name is Michele) actually became an actress because her mother thought dramatic studies would be an ideal way to develop poise. Soon after starting dancing lessons at the age of four, the youngster added assurance to a notable talent and began appearing in numerous TV shows and theatrical events. After an appearance on a Frank Sinatra spec in 1953, the young dancer moved easily into dramatic roles on such



Typical teenager—talented Shelley Fabares fits television role to a T.

programs as *The Loretta Young Show*, *Playhouse 90*, and *Matinee Theater*. . . . The petite young star lives with her parents and an older sister in Hollywood, where she attends Immaculate Heart High School. After graduation, she plans to study theater arts at U.C.L.A. or the University of Utah. For the time being, though, Shelley's pleased as punch with her role as Mary on ABC-TV's *Donna Reed Show*.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Dick Sargent Fan Club, May Honniball, 1986 Fifteenth Street, San Francisco 14, Calif.

Perry Como Fan Club, Barbara Perrier, 6 Albert Place, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Liberace Unlimited, Mrs. Virginia Malaxonis, 87-93 144th Street, Jamaica 35, New York.

Edward Byrnes Fan Club, Elaine Wiggins, Route #3, Sandersville, Georgia.

Bachelor Husband

I would like to see a write-up on the two people who play the young couple on December Bride. Are they married in real life?

M. A. V., Hohokus, New Jersey

The closest Dean Miller has ever come to matrimony is in his role as Matt Henshaw, the young husband on CBS-TV's *December Bride*. Off-screen, the thirty-three-year-old actor is still a bachelor. Anything but the typical "Hollywood type," however, Dean lives in a modest apartment, cooks his own meals, and is very rarely seen around the town's glamour spots. . . . Dean has the distinction of being the only actor ever to have been "auditioned" in the club car of a transcontinental train. It seems he was traveling west for a vacation when he got into a conversation with three strangers. The men turned out to be top executives of M-G-M, who later arranged a screen test for their fellow passenger. As a result of that test, Miller was signed to a long-term contract. . . . Back before that eventful train ride, Dean had been enrolled in the pre-medical curriculum at Ohio State when World War II intervened. After two years' service, the young veteran returned to college, but switched from "doctoring" to radio-and-advertising. . . . One day, while working at WCPO in Cincinnati, Dean was asked to fill in for one of the announcers who had become ill. He was so successful that he was given two TV programs of his own. It was while on vacation from these duties that he launched the casual club-car conversation that was to change his career.

Like her co-star, Frances Rafferty also majored in pre-med at college, but unlike him, she is married—to writer Tom Baker. As the mother of Kevin, almost nine, and Bridget, six, Frances had all but retired from show business when she was lured



Ideal couple—viewers wonder if Dean and Frances are really wed.

back for the role of Ruth Henshaw in the situation-comedy series. . . . Oddly enough, the vivacious star had never intended to be an actress at all, but a dancer. Born in Sioux City, Iowa, Frances moved with her family to Beverly Hills where, at the age of ten, she won a scholarship to the Edith Jane School of Dancing, and studied there for seven years. . . . She gave up college, after two years, to dance in the Hollywood Bowl Ballet Company, and two seasons later found her employed by 20th Century-Fox to understudy and double for Vera Zorina. In 1941, she became prima ballerina for the spring season at the Los Angeles Civic Opera Ballet, and later rejoined the Hollywood Bowl group. During rehearsals for "The Firebird," she fell and broke her kneecap, thus ending her promising ballet career. Determined not to brood over her misfortune, Frances took the advice of her closest friend, actress Alexis Smith, and enrolled in a drama course under the late Madame Maria Ouspenskaya. She was later given a screen test at M-G-M which resulted in a four-year contract, during which time she appeared in thirty-four productions. After that came marriage, motherhood, temporary retirement and, finally, her return to acting via TV.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

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3. CAROUSEL Rodgers and Hammerstein's beautifully melodic score superbly sung by Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel.



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13. FRANKIE CARLE'S SWEETHEARTS Dancy piano breezes through *Nola*, *Laura*, *Peg o' My Heart* and others.



16. DAMN YANKEES Original soundtrack of new film version. Stars Gwen Verdon, Tab Hunter, Ray Walston.



27. LOU MONTE SINGS Goes great with pizza: *Lazy Mary*, *Darktown Strutters Ball*, *Non Dimenticar*, more.



28. BING WITH A BEAT Bing Crosby on a jazz lark, abetted by Bob Scobey and his all-stars, sings 12 oldies.



30. GIGI Songs from the film score by Lerner and Loewe, writers of *My Fair Lady*, sung by Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



32. STUDENT PRINCE Mario Lanza sings hit show tunes by Romberg, also Lehar, Rodgers, Brodsky and Coward.



33. STRAUSS WALTZES Melachrino Orchestra. *Blue Danube*, *Artists' Life*, *Emperor Waltz*, *Voices of Spring*, etc.



35. GEORGE FEYER TAKES YOU TO SOUTH PACIFIC & OKLAHOMA! Sparkling piano versions of the hit-show scores.



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53. BOSTON POPS PICNIC All-time favorites by concert orchestra. *Jalousie*, *Malagueña*, *In a Persian Market*, others.



54. MARIAN ANDERSON SINGS SPIRITUALS One of the all-time great vocal collections. Special reissue.



56. FREDDY MARTIN—His most requested. *Dancing in the Dark*, *Carioca*, *Time on My Hands*, *Wunderbar*, etc.



57. LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA On-the-spot recording of her sensational night-club show.



58. THE NUTCRACKER (Excerpts) Selections from Tchaikovsky's ballet music, played by the Boston Pops.



59. RHAPSODY IN BLUE, GRAND CANYON SUITE (Excerpts) Winterhalter Orchestra, Byron Janis, pianist.



60. CARLOS MONTOYA AND HIS FLAMENCO GUITAR A recital by the greatest living exponent of Spanish gypsy music.



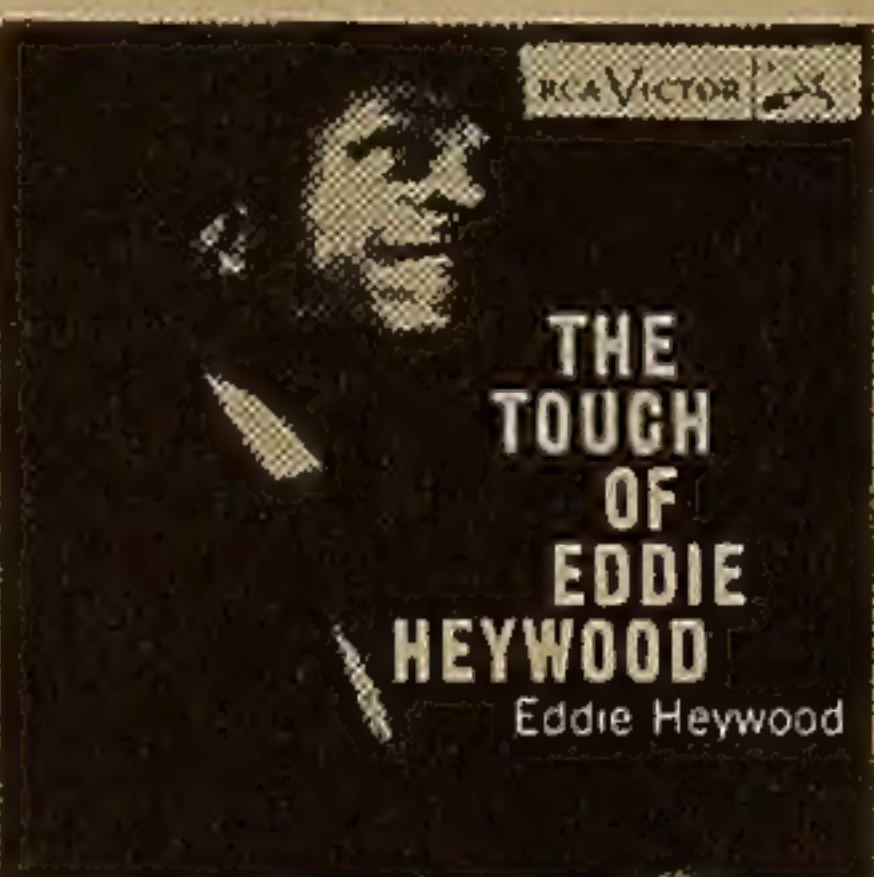
73. THE EYES OF LOVE Dreamy, romantic tunes. *I Only Have Eyes for You*, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *I'll Be Seeing You*, etc.



75. DILO (UGH!) PEREZ PRADO Perez Prado's exciting band plays his hit cha cha Patricia, also *Back Bay Shuffle*, *Bandido*, etc.



76. THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Miller style, modern repertoire, starring Ray McKinley.



77. THE TOUCH OF EDDIE HEYWOOD Trio plays *Summertime*, *The Man I Love*, *On the Street Where You Live*, etc.



79. THE DRUM SUITE Progressive jazz composition by Manny Albam and Ernie Wilkins. Loaded with name stars.



83. MOONGLOW Artie Shaw and his two most successful bands. *Begin the Beguine*, *Nightmare*, *Star Dust*, *Frenesi*, others.



85. MUGGSY SPANIER—16 jazz gems. *Mandy*, *Bluin' the Blues*, *That Da Da Strain*, *Sister Kate*, *Dinah*, others.



89. BILLY MURE, supersonic guitars. Virtuoso engineering and musicianship. *Peanut Vendor*, *Jealous*, others.



90. BULL RING PASODOBLES Colorful music with Federico Moreno Torroba and the Pasodoble Band of Madrid.



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95. THINKING OF YOU Eddie's biggest hits. *Wish You Were Here*, *Oh! My Pa-Pa*, *How Do You Speak to an Angel?*, others.



96. SWEET SEVENTEEN The Ames Brothers sing 12 standards: *I Don't Know Why*, *Little White Lies*.



99. PLAY, GYPSY, PLAY Gypsy Sander Orchestra plays *Autumn Leaves*, *Dark Eyes*, *Music Maestro Please*, more.

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5. SOUTH PACIFIC Original soundtrack recording of the Rodgers-Hammerstein film hit. 15 perennial favorites.



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7. GISELE La MacKenzie sings ballads; *Stranger in Paradise, Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow*, etc.



8. MUSIC FOR RELAXATION *Star Dust, Autumn Leaves, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young* and others.



9. PORGY AND BESS Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill sing Gershwin's *Summertime, Bess, You Is My Woman Now*, etc.



10. DANCING WITH THE SMART SET Meyer Davis, society dance king, plays 40 standards, show tunes.



19. WELCOME TO MY HEART 12 standard ballads warmly sung. *Love Letters, How Deep Is the Ocean?, Paradise*, etc.



20. THE KING PLAYS SOME ACES Xavier Cugat's latest album: his most famous hits in hi fi. *Green Eyes, Adios*, etc.



21. JAMAICA Original-cast album. Score by Harold Arlen, E. Y. Harburg. Lena Horne, Ricardo Montalban, large cast.



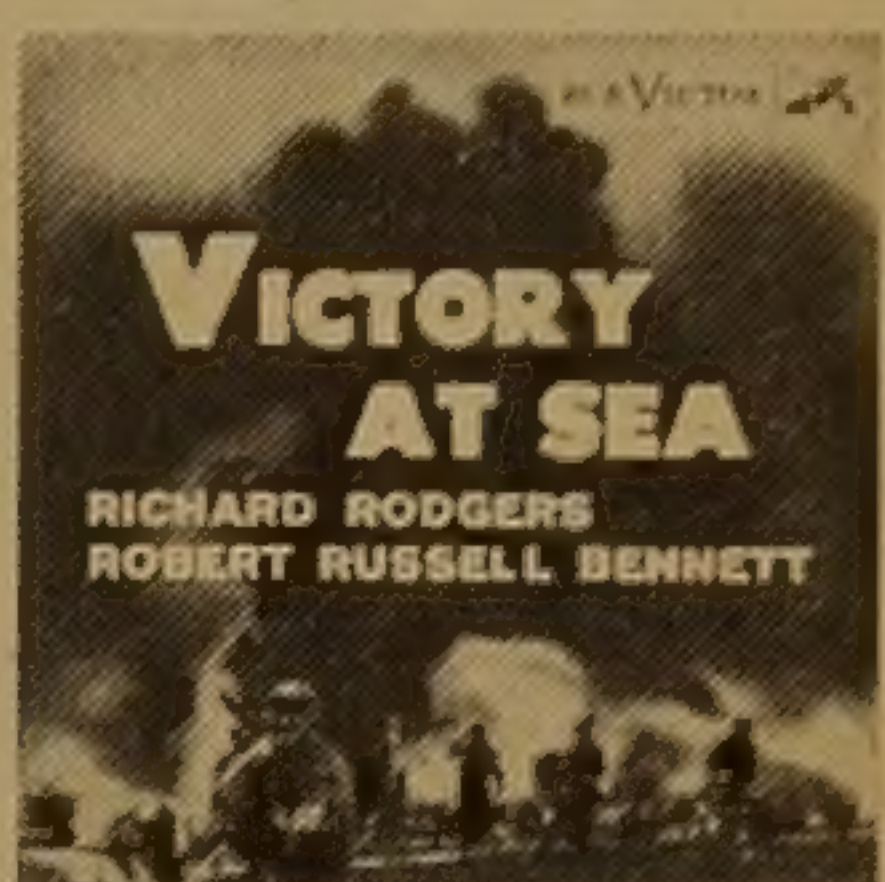
22. LARRY CLINTON—his biggest hits. *My Reverie, Deep Purple, Heart and Soul*, others. Helen Ward vocals.



24. THE MIGHTY WURLITZER AND THE ROARING HI-FI TWENTIES Pipe organ, Leonard Leigh, hi-fi special.



25. LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Forty top standards and show tunes in a dancy supper-club style.



26. VICTORY AT SEA, Vol. I Richard Rodgers' orchestral suite especially composed for the NBC-TV production.



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45. GLENN MILLER Original versions of the great Miller hits. *In the Mood, String of Pearls, Little Brown Jug*, others.



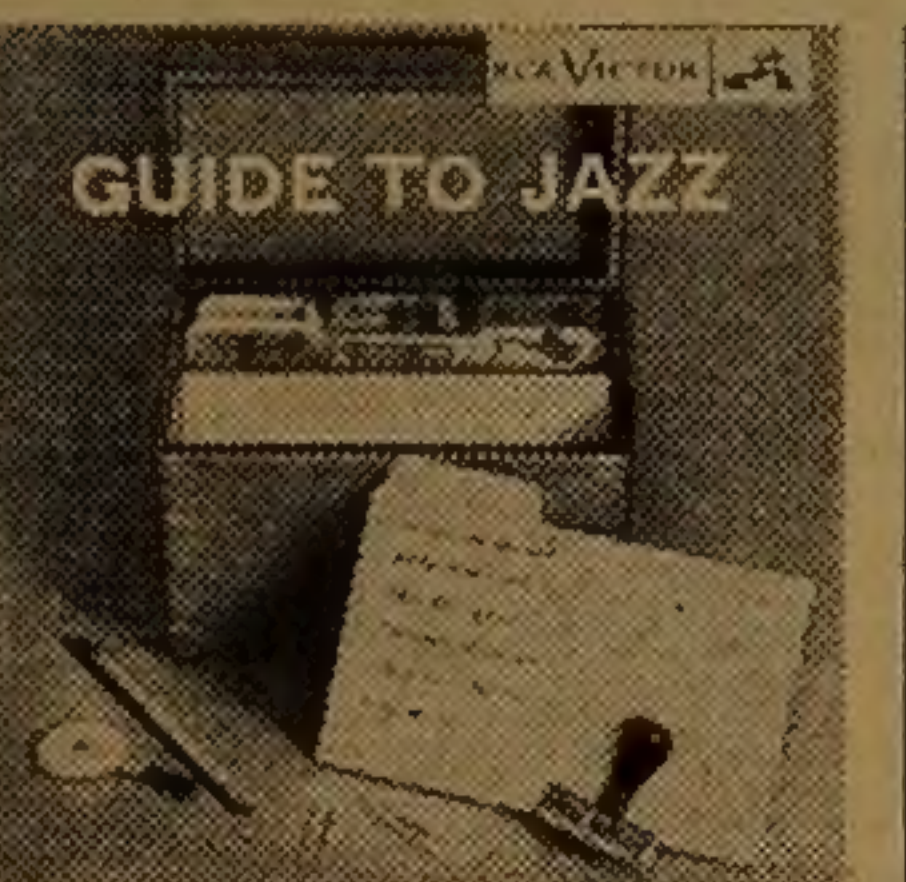
46. LULLABY OF BIRDLAND 12 different versions of jazz classic. Big bands, pianists and modern jazz groups.



48. YES INDEED! Tommy Dorsey with Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan, Marie, *Boogie Woogie, Song of India, Star Dust*.



51. MODERN JAZZ Rated "Five Stars" in *Down Beat*. Features Art Farmer, Hal McKusick, Bill Evans, etc.



62. GUIDE TO JAZZ Armstrong, Basie, Dodds, Ellington, Waller, Hampton, Hawkins, Morton, Henderson, others.



64. AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Fats Waller plays and sings 12 of his best: *Two Sleepy People, Honey-suckle Rose, Tea for Two*.



67. I BELIEVE Inspirational songs of all faiths; Schubert's *Ave Maria, The Lord's Prayer, Bless This House, Kol Nidre*.



68. DINAH SHORE sings blues and torch songs. *Blues in the Night, Memphis Blues, St. Louis Blues, Moanin' Low*, etc.



70. SCOTTISH SPLENDOR Pipes, drums, regimental band of the Black Watch. Rousing, fiery music in highest fi.



71. HI-FI HILARITY with the Guckenheimer Sour Kraut Band fracturing *Poet and Peasant Overture, Skaters Waltz*, etc.



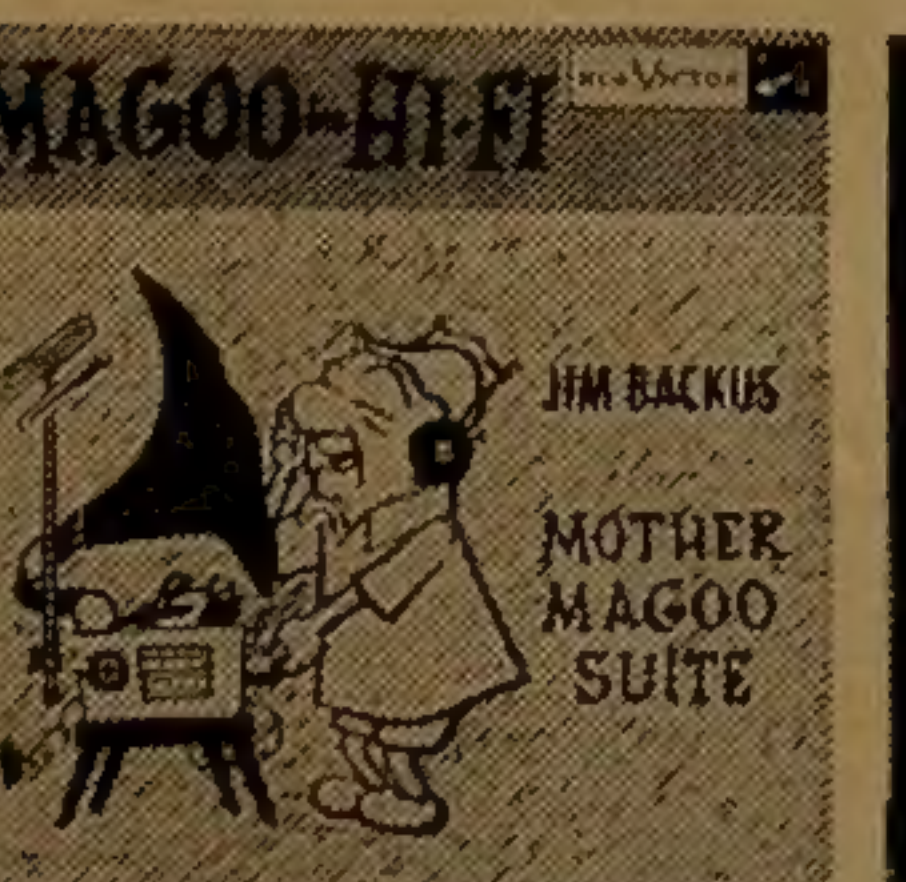
72. TENNESSEE WALTZ; Cold, Cold Heart; I Love You So Much It Hurts; You Can't Be True, Dear; etc.



87. TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS A must for jazz collectors, starring Armstrong, Teagarden, Hackett in 1947 concert.



88. THE GREAT CARUSO: MARIO LANZA Film soundtrack, top tenor arias: *La donna è mobile, Cielo e mar!*, etc.



100. MAGOO IN HI-FI Jim Backus (Magoo), in a series of hilarious antics designed to show off your high-fidelity rig.



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WHAT'S NEW

FROM

COAST TO COAST



As jazz goes, so go Ella and Swing-King Benny.



Silent films speak up for themselves, as an imperious Carney directs a sultry Caesar and La Audrey Meadows in movies skit.

• **By Peter Abbott**

BLAST OFF: ABC-TV will shatter TV biz shortly with announcement that they have acquired for a fall series one of the biggest Hollywood box-draws in history. Name temporarily withheld while negotiations are resolved. . . . Lucy seriously looking for dramatic role in Broadway play. Very, very seriously. . . . Exclusive: This month Donald Duck observes his twenty-fifth birthday but he's practically a youngster. Mickey Mouse is already 32, Rinty, gadzooks, is 41. . . . Rumor that Steve Allen is getting the sack has been flattened by an official statement from NBC renewing his contract through the fall. . . . Tammy Lea Marihugh, new regular on the *Bob Cummings Show*, was voted "Kid with the most winning smile in Amer-

ica." A network producer saw her picture in the L. A. papers, and gave her a bit part, this led to the *Howdy Doody* "smile" contest, and the running part with "bachelor" Bob. Six and unspoiled, Tammy is popular—in severest test of all—among her little first-grade friends at school. . . . Retail cost of TV receivers will continue to rise. . . . Tony Ray's absence from *Search For Tomorrow* was due to a four-week leave to make feature film, "The Young and the Beat," on location in Canada. . . . Trade tricks: Gals on TV improve the appearance of their legs by wearing colored stockings. Darker tints give the illusion of slimness, light hues add shape to stems. . . . Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams expect blessed event in May. This is Edie's

first. Ernie has two children by previous marriage. . . . Bobby Darin's success had a very personal significance to him in that he could for the first time give his mother the comforts she could never afford. He had recently moved her from a downbeat N.Y.C. tenement into a new house in New Jersey when she suddenly passed away. Among those who came to the funeral to comfort Bobby were Jo Ann Campbell, Connie Francis and Dick Clark.

Don't Miss: Mark these dates on your calendar—Sunday, April 5, NBC-TV, Dore Schary, presents "Blueprint for Biography," the story behind the Broadway stage hit, "Sunrise at Campobello." Reported cost of



Dance was "man's game" on last widely-acclaimed Gene Kelly spec. Here, he auditions "les gals" for new musical, this month.



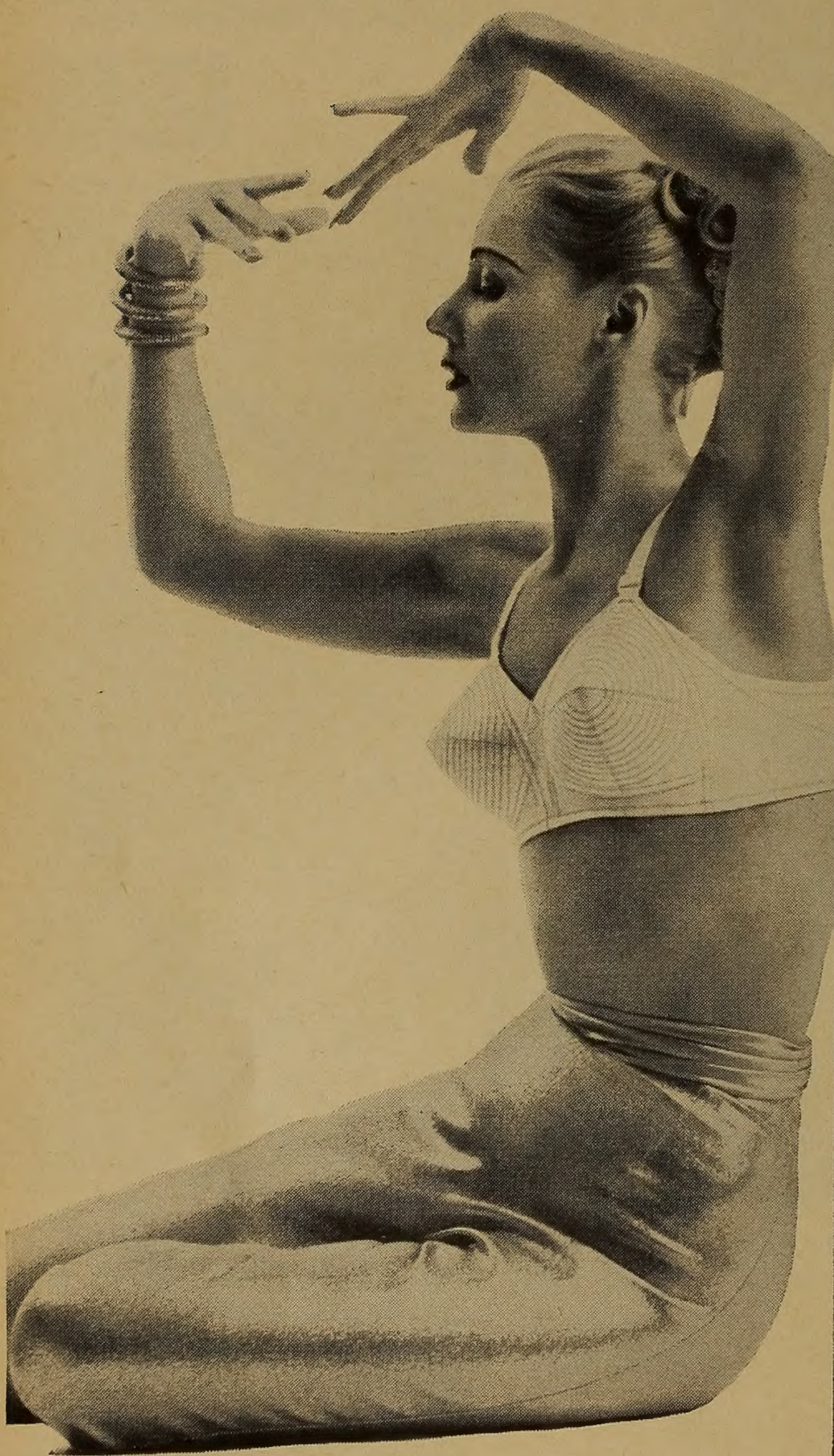
"St. Louis" will be tuneful, with Tab and Jane Powell (above), and host of other star-biggies.

the show is \$150,000, which makes it the most expensive program ever to be seen on a Sunday afternoon. Besides scenes from the play, members of the Roosevelt family will be on hand. That same evening, at ABC-TV, there will be a delightful hour, "Art Carney and The Sorcerer's Apprentice," with a spectacular cast of 64 Bil Baird puppets in support. Carney, for the first time on TV, gets a chance to perform as a magician, a hobby he's practiced solely before his kids. Might recall that the production last year of Carney and the Baird puppets in "Peter and The Wolf" won the Sylvania Award. . . . April 6, NBC-TV, is Oscar Awards night. Some forty stars have been lined up, including such glamour kittens as Kim, Jayne

and Natalie. . . . Gene Kelly due for hour-long musical special, CBS-TV, April 24. The famed dancer and stage director will be spotlighted in a score of his inimitable song-and-dance styles. . . . *Bell Telephone Hour*, NBC-TV, April 9, stars Rosemary Clooney, Jose Ferrer, Gisele MacKenzie, Jose Iturbi and others. . . . The big date is April 26, when CBS-TV unfolds live from N.Y.C. a two-hour musical extravaganza, "Meet Me in St. Louis." It is adapted from M-G-M's great movie of the same name, and stars Tab Hunter, Jane Powell, Walter Pidgeon, Jeanne Crain, Ed Wynn and special guest star Myrna Loy. Ten-year-old Patty Duke, TV star in her own right, plays Tootie Smith, the part originally created by Margaret O'Brien. . . . Ex-



For "Sunrise"—big \$\$, a great man's early career, Ralph Bellamy.



*I dreamed
I was bookends...*

Look for TWICE-OVER* with stitched
broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!



WHAT'S NEW FROM

tra-special event is Hallmark's presentation on April 8, NBC-TV, of the first lengthy TV adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's great drama, "Ah, Wilderness!"

Gazachstahagen: Julia Meade pays income taxes on \$150,000 for last year. . . . "The trouble with so many TV music shows," a Broadway star told us, "is that the performers are recording stars who have little experience with dancing and comedy routines." . . . Bill Lipton, of radio's *Young Dr. Malone*, is proving his great versatility by playing no less than six different parts per script in ABC's *Disaster* series. . . . In Bloomfield, N. Y., the Brooksdale Baptist Church decided to use its building funds for missionary work and installed in the basement a closed-circuit television for the overflow of its congregation. . . . John Payne took a name and then gave its owner away. When he went into *The Restless Gun*, he chose the name of Bonner, borrowing from his secretary Ann Bonner. When Ann married, John participated in the ceremony. "In the absence of her father, I gave away the bride, but I'm hanging onto the name." . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor appears April 5 on *You Asked For It*, riding a polo pony, fencing and playing table tennis, but she will not be seen on *This Is Your Life* in the immediate future. Here's the story: Ralph Edwards was about to descend on her when she found out and swished over to the beauty salon bubbling the good news. Ralph was tipped that the secret had leaked and ZZ was canceled. I know—it's tough all over.

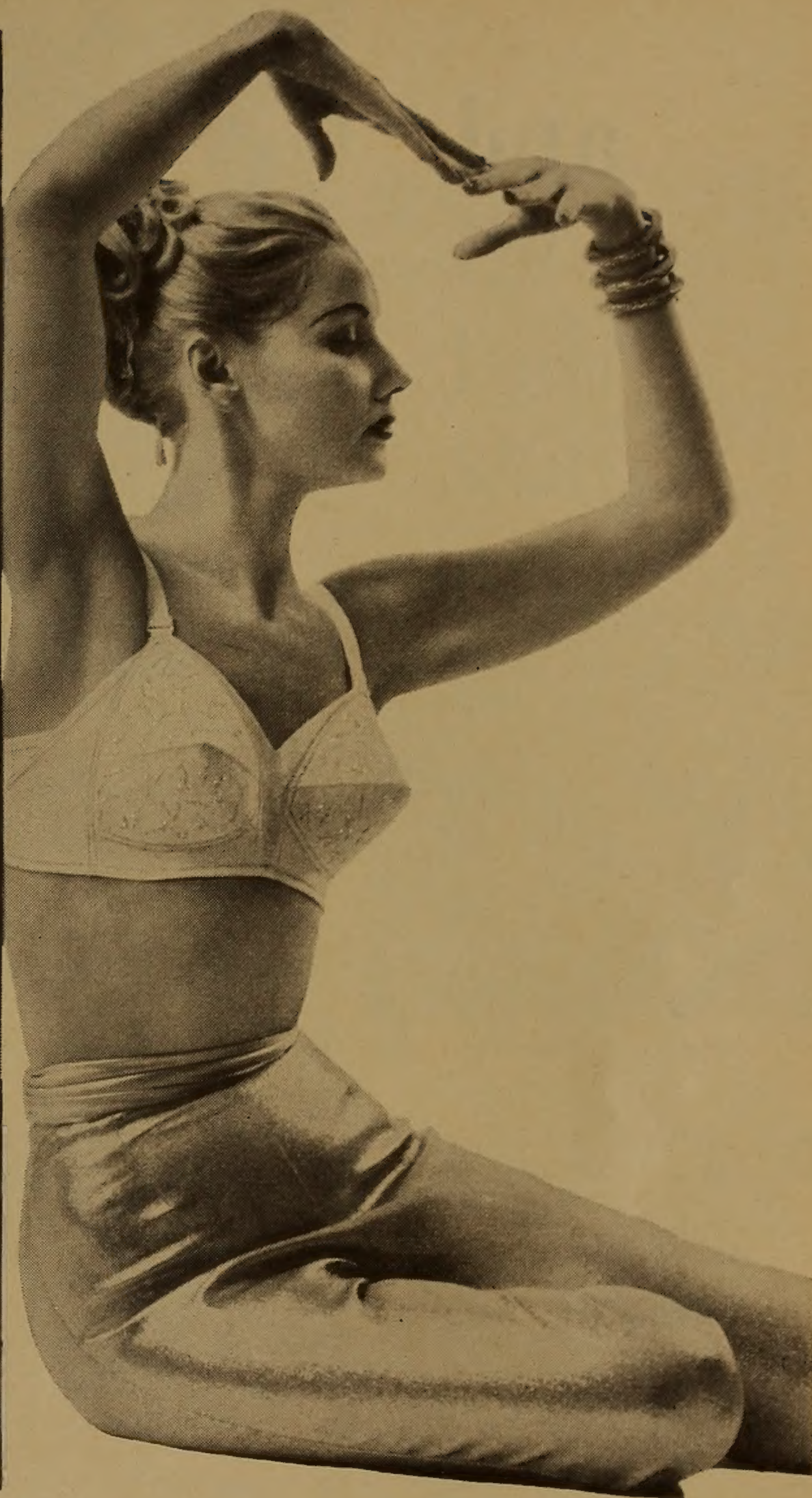
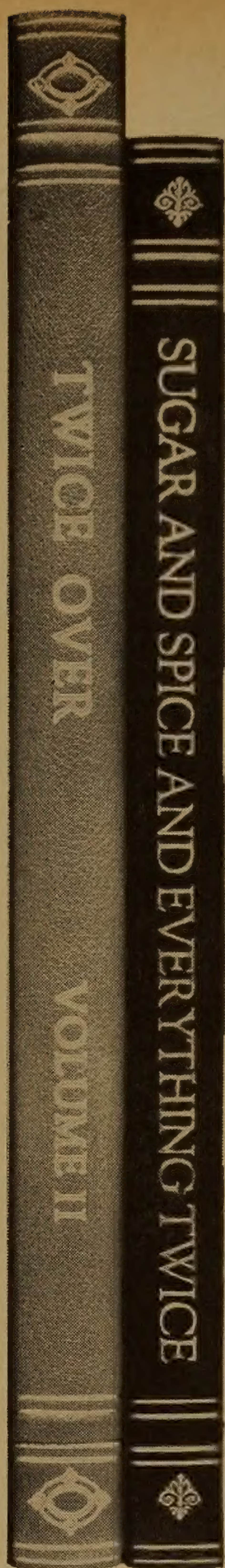
Turn Out the Lights: On that next house date with your gal, we suggest dim lights and Coral's "Themes From Horror Movies." Dick Jacobs and his orchestra present blood-curdling music from Dracula, Frankenstein, Tarantula, etc. Also, recorded at 15 screams per second is Victor's "Monster Rally." The orchestra is conducted by Frank N. Stein, a pseudonym maybe. Vocals are supplied by Hans Conried and Alice Pearce for such romantic ballads as "The Dracula Trot," "What Do You Hear From the Red Planet Mars," and "I'm in Love With the Creature From the Black Lagoon." . . . While in a mood for murder we quote from a letter from Irving Taylor of 4734 Allot Ave., Sherman Oaks, Calif. Irv writes, "Warner Bros. is releasing my newest album, 'The Garbage Collector in Beverly Hills and Other Work Songs for the Odd-job Holder.' If this doesn't kill you, nothing will. . . . Maybe you or your readers could listen to this LP and then write a letter and explain to me what I have recorded."

Words with the King: B.G., crowned King of Swing by the masses, christened Benjamin Goodman, presents a second edition of "Swing Into Spring,"

COAST TO COAST

CBS-TV, April 10. "I think we've got a pretty good line-up," he says, "Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Lionel Hampton, Shelly Manne, Andre Previn and the Hi-Lo's." Talking softly, modestly, unemotionally, he responds, "You ask where jazz will move from progressive treatment? Well, I don't think music can change. All it has to be is good—whether it is symphonic, popular or jazz. Most 'progressive' is a lot of talk rather than performance. After all, critics must have something to write about. It's their job and I don't blame them. But all I ask of a piece of music is that I like the sound, not the label." He has one gripe: "It seems unbelievable that someone can't come out with a new song the way it was done fifteen years ago and then have it catch on, but performers won't take any chances. Even Perry Como sticks to standards." . . . Generally, Benny thinks well of TV background music. "You can hear really interesting music on dramatic shows. I've heard Stravinsky's solo clarinet piece and I've heard a piece I did with Copland. They use almost anything now—even Hindemith, and that's all to the good." Questioned about the viewer's limitations with a three- or five-inch speaker in his receiver which hardly does justice to the audio standards set up in the studio, he said, "You might do what I have done. I have good hi-fi equipment, so I have wired my TV sound into my hi-fi set-up. It's a simple operation." The future? He said, "It's the way I feel when someone asks me where jazz is going. I hope it doesn't go anyplace. Just sticks around, and that's all I have in mind for myself."

Itty-Bitties: Andy Williams turned down offers to star as a summer replacement because he wants a firm fall commitment. He accepted the job of replacing Garry Moore when CBS guaranteed him a fall show of his own. . . . Something new in party-foods promotion: French's Mustard offers at low cost a new Victor album by the Ames Brothers as special bonus to purchasers of their product. . . . Fabian and Frankie Avalon are practically inseparable. Dick Clark predicts a great future for handsome, sixteen-year-old Fabian, while Frankie is debuting his own ABC Radio show early this month. Hearsay has it he's been approached for a big-show replacement spot for the summer. . . . Portable, transistorized TV receivers are several years away. So expensive are the parts at present that they would have to retail at approximately \$900 a set. . . . Guy Lombardo doesn't appear to be a woman-hater, but not once in his long career has he booked a femme vocalist. . . . Jack Paar's Genevieve flies into the big-time. She has been signed by George Abbott to star in a Broadway musical this coming fall. . . . May 3 finds G.E. Theater's "Nora," an ex- (Continued on page 12)



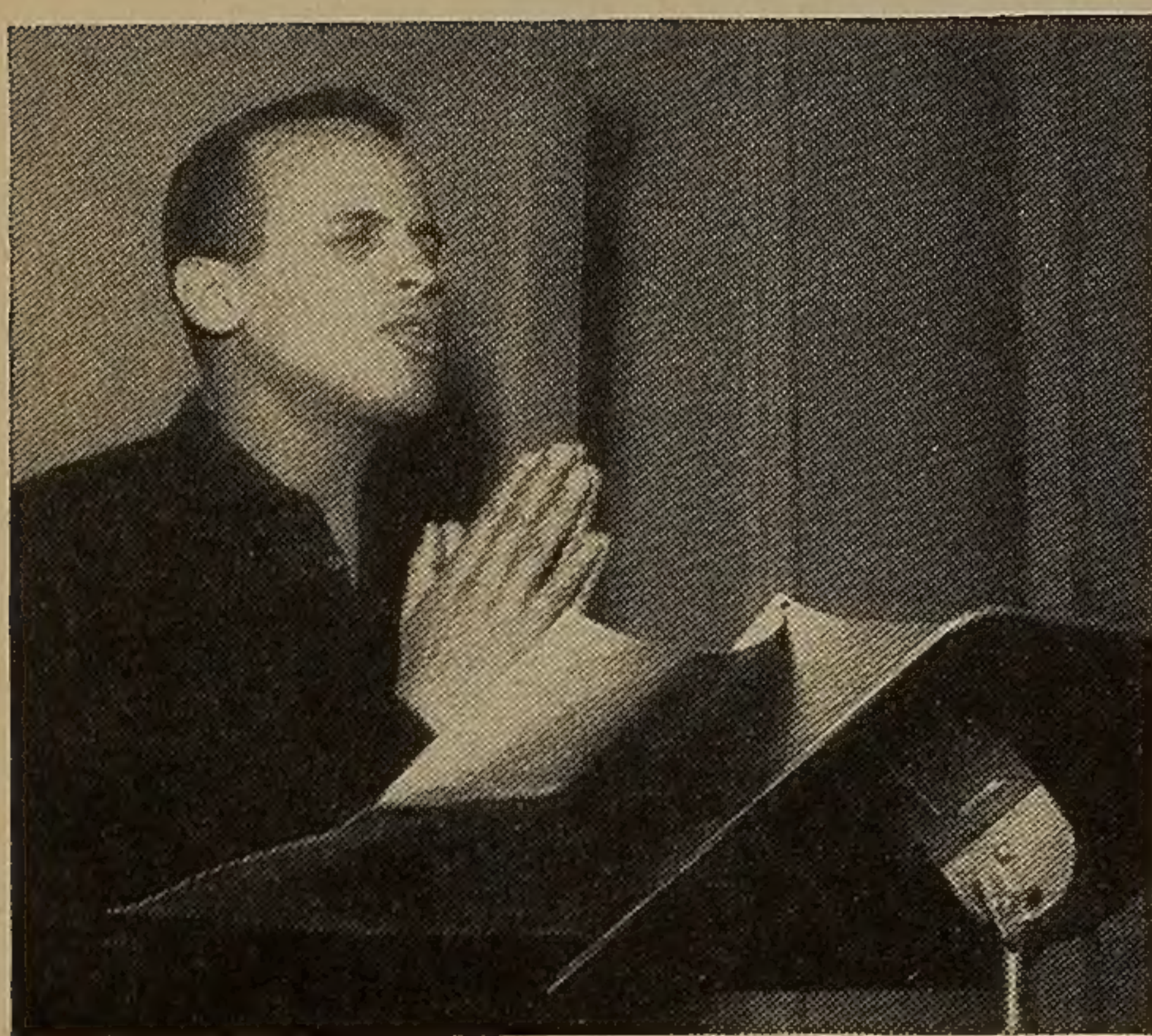
**in my
maidenform* bra!*

And what's supporting *me*? TWICE-OVER*—world's most *exciting* elastic bra—with doubled elastic *all* the way around the back. Feels, fits, *looks* like no other bra. Marvelous Maidenform TWICE-OVER*—now in *two* exciting editions! A, B, C cups 3.95—D cup 4.95

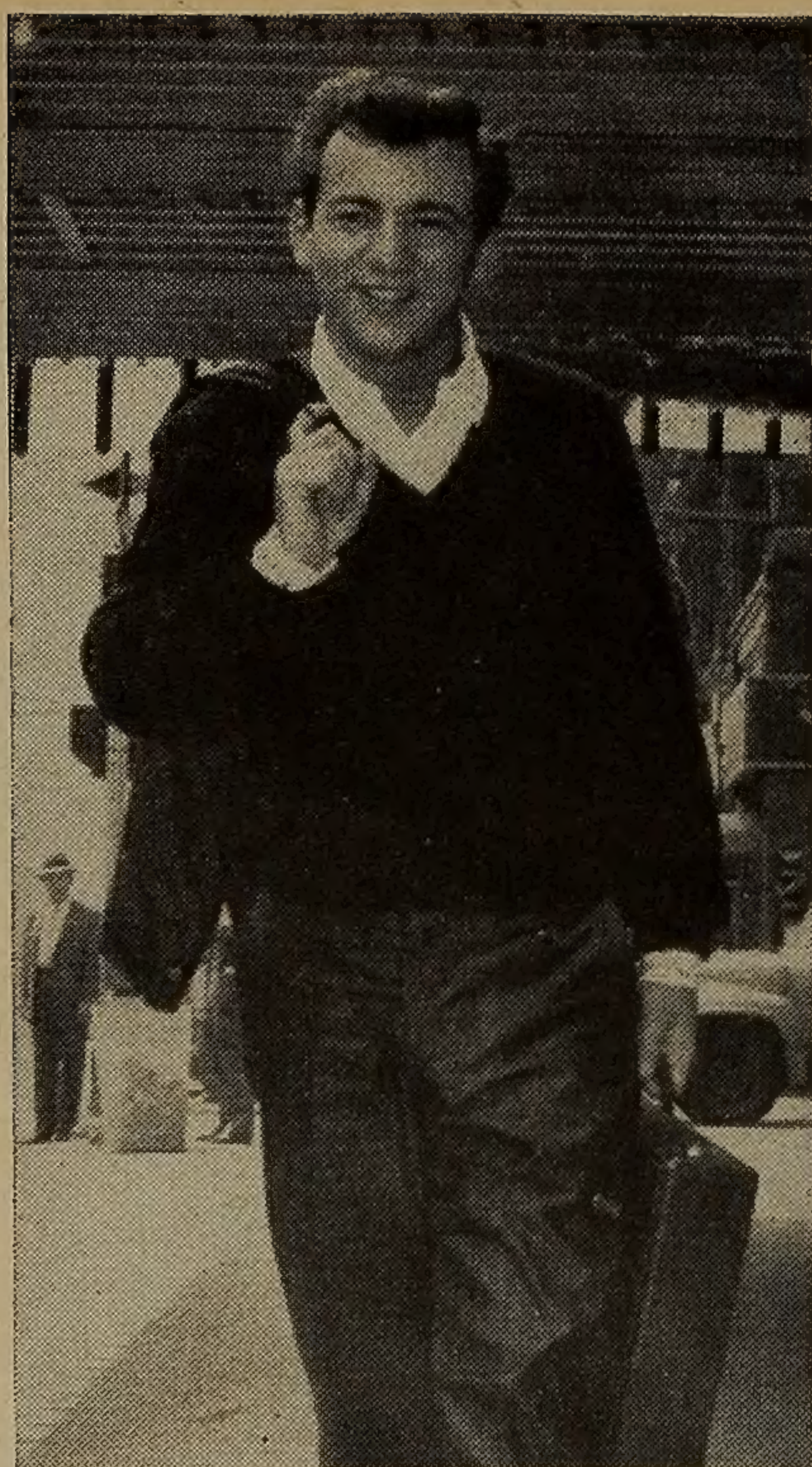
Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER*
with embroidered nylon cups!



and all that jazz



Harry Belafonte



Bobby Darin



**Connie Francis
Neil Sedaka**



Johnny Mathis

*New platters for your spring turntable, by
the muse with a beat . . . and a heartbeat*

Dig Me Deep: The fantastic success of jazz soundtracks on TV shows resulted in Perry Mason and Richard Diamond hiring some cats to make with the cool beat. In the meantime, Victor's album "Music from *Peter Gunn*" turned into a runaway best-seller. Don't be surprised if *Wagon Train* hits your screen with a boogie beat. After all, it is a period piece and you can't get those wheels creaking to progressive jazz. . . . Further indication of TV's influence is shown in the steady sale of the album soundtrack for *Victory At Sea*. Volume I has sold over a half-million copies and promises to set an all-time record for Victor's Red Seal series. The background music was composed by Richard Rodgers and now Victor has released a second album, Vol. II of the soundtrack with completely new material but the same thrills. Until someone comes out with "Mood Music for the Bathtub," this one will do just great . . .

Mass Gassers: Bobby Darin proves his versatility in an Atco album, "Bobby Darin—That's All," in which he demonstrates that he's headed in the direction of Sinatra. There's nothing to remind you of "Splish Splash," but there are great ballads, heart-breakers and the swinging type. In recording session, Bobby actually had the musicians on their feet applauding. . . . A new and beautiful side to Belafonte is captured in the latest

Victor album "Love Is a Gentle Thing." This is the stuff dreams are made of with such lyrics as "Fifteen," "Bella Rosa," "Green Grow the Lilacs," etc. . . . A gal here for keeps is Connie Francis. In the past year she took first place in every major poll supplanting the Patti Pages and Doris Days. MGM's spring release, "Exciting Connie" is a great treat for the ears. You can get optical proof of her tremendous warmth on the new Jimmie Rodgers TV show where she co-stars, and if this isn't enough ask Dave Somerville, handsome third of The Diamonds. Connie's got Dave forgetting all about Molly Bee. . . . Maybe (and who says no!) the best jazz-vocal group in the world are the Hi-Lo's. Their Columbia release "And All That Jazz" is tasteful and imaginative as they dig into a dozen evergreens with the aid of the West Coast's top sidemen. . . . Three all-time greats—Ella, Louis and Frankie—are represented by new LP platters. The slenda senda returns to the beat with Capitol's "Come Dance With Me." Billy May's band swings open the door. . . . Decca, with a vault full of Ella Fitzgerald's history-making songs, jazz and popular, reissues a dozen of the best in a new package titled "For Sentimental Reasons." . . . Mr. Louis Armstrong needs no reference. Now comes a new Decca production titled "Satchmo in Style." In this case he is backed with the lush

music of Gordon Jenkins but Louis could record with Lombardo and it would still come out jazz . . .

Hip Horns: There are many Jones boys but only one Jonah. Viewers caught him twice on the Fred Astaire show. He is the deejays' instrumental favorite. The new Capitol album, "Jonah Jumps Again," is perky, melodic tooting recommended for listening or dancing. . . . The purist will draw satisfaction from Victor's "The King of New Orleans Jazz," which contains sixteen numbers recorded by Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers in 1926 and 1927. . . . A most inspiring trombone is that of Kai Winding who moves from swing to cool in the Columbia package "The Swingin' States." With four trombones and three rhythm, Kai gives "Idaho" the bongo treatment, swings huskily through the "Jersey Bounce," and winds up cool in "At Last Alaska." There are nine other geographical stop-overs . . .

The End, Verily: Among the gifted new singing stars you top the list with the names of Johnny Mathis and Earl Grant. In Columbia's "Open Fire, Two Guitars," Johnny returns to his fluid, romantic style with the backing of merely two guitars and a bass—swinging gently or singing lovingly. . . . California's great Grant makes his particular magic with a dozen love songs. Decca appropriately titles Earl's new album, "The End."

NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts *Spring* in your curls



NEW
NON-SLIP
BOTTLE



Costs no more than ordinary shampoos.

puts *Springtime* in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!

(Continued from page 9)



She who hesitates...



never discovers the



freedom of Tampax

... Never knows what any smart modern could tell her—that Tampax is the better way, the nicer way of taking care of those days!

How different it is when you use Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Nothing can show... You can't even feel it once it's in place. You're free to dance, ride, bowl, bathe, swim—as though there were no differences in days of the month!

No other protection is so dainty to use, change, dispose of! There's never any chafing, binding, bulging. Never an odor problem. Never a carrying problem. Extras tuck away unobtrusively in your purse!

Don't stay in doubt about Tampax. Try it! This month! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



As Ibsen's "Nora," Vera Miles "walks out of" her doll's house.



Back from USSR, Mike Wallace, wife, son Anthony at Harwyn Club.



The Ferrers, Rosie and "Joe," join up with another Jose, late April.

tract from Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Memory may tell you that this was the TV show which Gene Tierney was scheduled for twice. Four years ago, she had to bow out because of a nervous breakdown. Then, several months back, she went to work again on the project, when her illness recurred. But the show goes on, and Vera Miles will play the title role. . . . Ringo, the black quarter-horse that totes Steve McQueen in *Wanted—Dead Or Alive* is less than amiable. In a five-week period, he threw Steve six times and bit him on three different occasions. McQueen dismally laughs, "It's a good thing he likes me."

Flip Flop: Gale Storm, still in a brace from her fall on the Pat Boone show, nourishing visions of a twelve-week vacation in the Caribbean this summer. . . . Welk and his whole aggregation entertained President Eisenhower, Mamie and their friends in the White House living room. Ike requested "The Yellow Rose of Texas," so Larry played the original version. Later, he heard that Ike preferred the popular version, so the following night he played it for Ike on his network show. . . . Mike Wallace prepping new panel show for ABC-TV, *Take A Good Look*. Panelists are Hans Conried, Vanessa Brown, Jim Bishop. . . . When Wyatt Earp (Hugh O'Brian) made a U-turn on Beverly Drive, a cop stopped him and said, "Now, you're a sheriff and know you shouldn't do that." . . . Ronnie Como locks up his sport car and takes out the battery when he's away at school. Won't even allow Perry to use it. . . . Jack Kelly (Bart Maverick) announced their poodle Ricky sired a litter of six pups, and crap-shooter Bret commented, "That's making your point the hard way." . . . Bill Leyden interviewed a lady from Iowa who for thirty years had boiled laundry in a copper kettle for a family of twelve. As a surprise, Bill gave her a brand-new washing machine. She was delighted, but said, "That's just what we need. A new television set."

Preview: Back in February, the N.Y. press was invited to the taping of the "Sid Caesar and Art Carney Show" which will be presented May 3 on NBC-TV. Three words suffice to review: "It's a gasser." This was expected, for last year the Carney-Caesar combination won a Sylvania Award for their comedy. The new show is titled "At the Movies." There is a lengthy skit, "A Star Is Lost," in which Caesar starts out as a Valentino and emerges in his old age as a Yul Brynner. Audrey Meadows plays his sweetheart, and Carney, an "epic"-type director. Another hilarious skit revolves around Art and Sid and some girls at a drive-in. It's great fun.



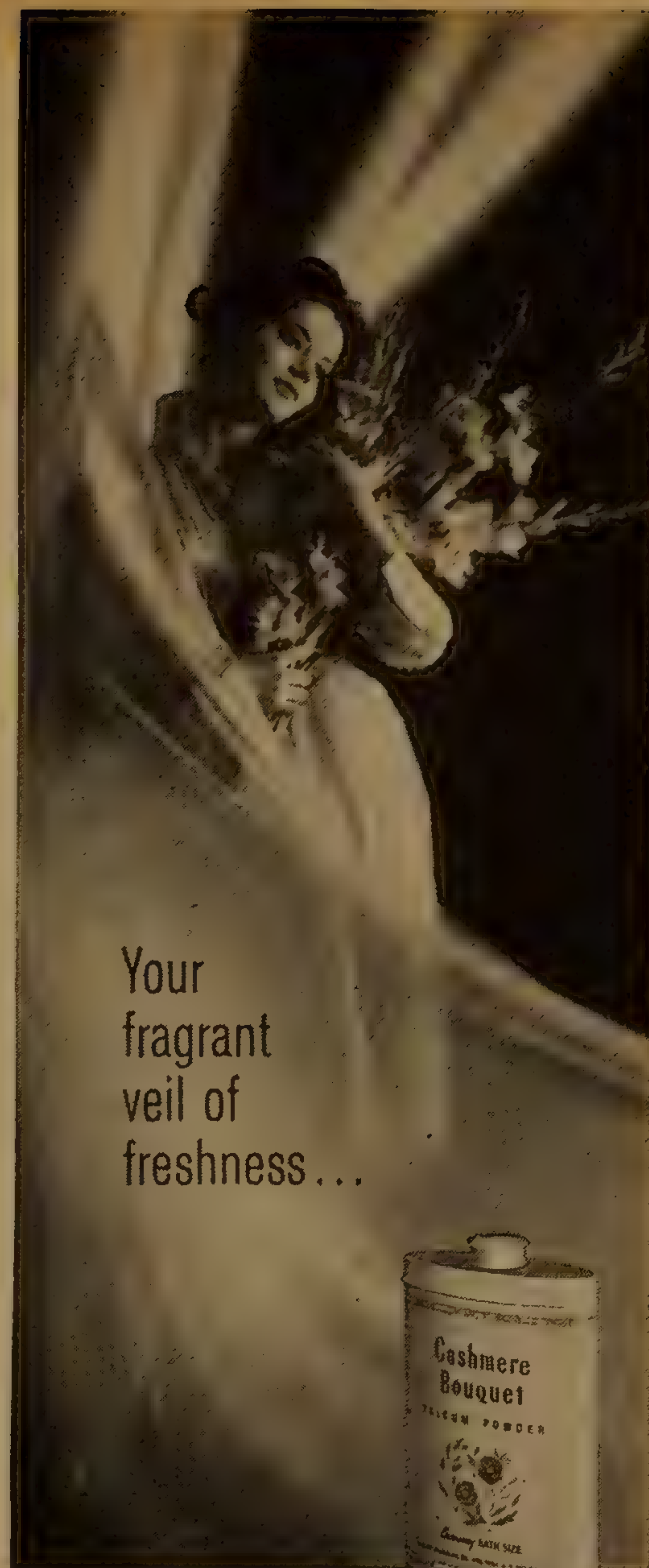
It's a "giveaway," as John Payne stands in for Ann's dad at her wedding.



Who's the copycat on Cummings show—this Tammy girl, or Ann Davis?



At work nights on *Disaster* "crew" is *Young Dr. Malone's* Bill Lipton.

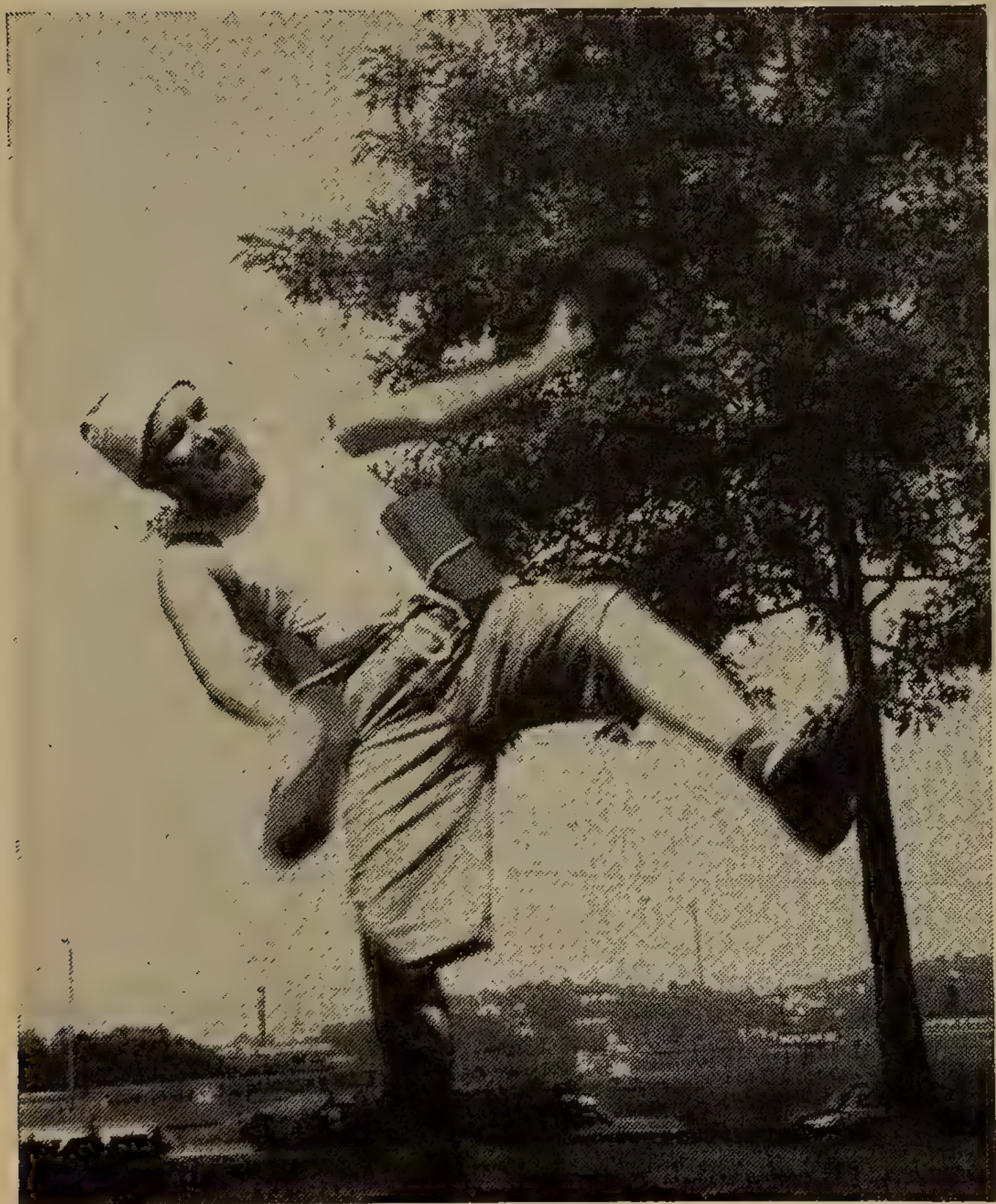


Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

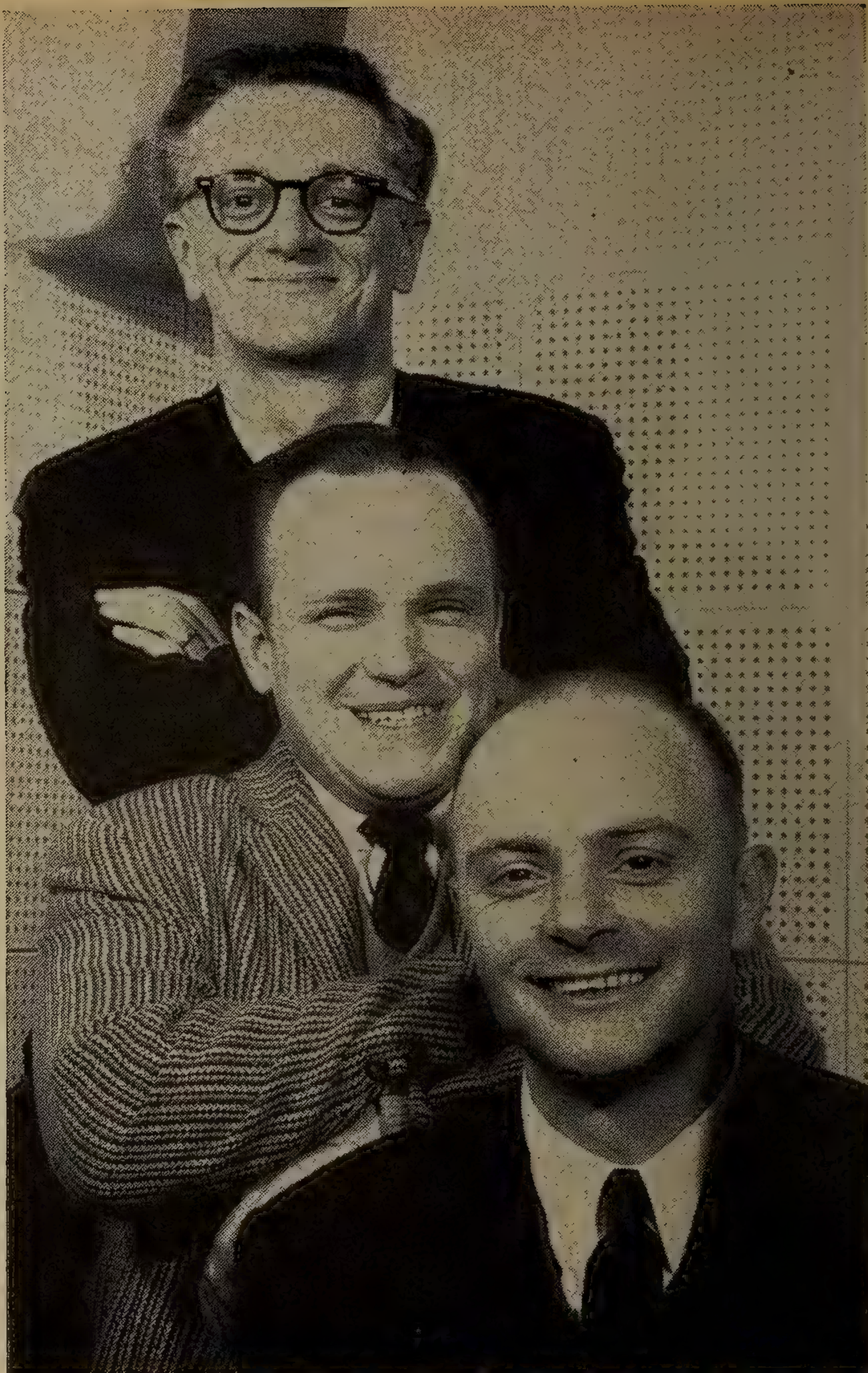
No cologne protects and
prolongs daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate.
Won't dry your skin. Will leave you
silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over
for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet,
made of *pure imported* Talc, be your
lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

The dawn comes, say Cordic and Company of KDKA, not with a bang . . . but the thud of a jolly brick-throw



Champ Buffy B. gives brick the old heave-ho.



Top man on totem, Cordic "takes five" from bull-sessions with original disorganization boys, Trow and Hardman.

Disorganization Men, Arise

WITH ALL Pittsburgh yawning before them, Cordic And Company stand firm on the airwaves of KDKA. One live and two on tape, the three young execs arise as one to clobber the dragon of sleep at 6 A.M. Justly famous for the advancement of a new "sport" called brick-throw, they are altogether dependable as waker-uppers. In charge of falling objects and ready to go to bat for a lost brick or two is Rege Cordic, one of the truly inventive chaps in independent radio today. . . . While Rege succeeds superbly in giving the impression of a full house of zanies, fact is he's assisted by the honorable electronic presence of "company men" Karl Hardman and Bob Trow. Each day following Rege's solo, the three get together and brainstorm the next day's program, on which Hardman may be heard as Roquefort Q. LaFarge, the big-time announcer whose

every effort at dignity is met with frustration; or as the winning, whinnying "Mr. Cordingcompany." Trow will typically turn up as Carman Monoxide, who ran for president in '56, and got out quite a vote—for the other candidates. Rege's favorite is to record his own voice at 33 rpm. and play it back at 45, which technical feat releases Omicron, the minute-man from the Venus bureaucracy, and frequent visitor even before Earth started sending objects into space. . . . Uniting efforts, the three concocted a gag commercial for Olde Frothingslosh Pale Stale Ale, leading unexpectedly to the actual marketing of such a brand. Their group portfolio also includes a top "promotion" job. If you're sick, sick, say they, of those insolent chariots scaring you off the road, assert yourself, man, stand up and drive the new Crudleigh V-19, "thin enough to toe any line down



Gee, fellas, it's Omicron stereocast from Venus.



Winner of "Miss B.T." award—Mary Walker.



Trio of experts make sure beer-foam stays put on bottom.

the center of the highway." . . . All in their early thirties, Hardman and Trow joined forces in '53, and the following year found Cordic over at KDKA. Rege had spent two years in the Navy during World War II, then returned to Pittsburgh radio, married and became the father of two beautiful little girls. . . . His hobby is model-railroading, but R.C.'s big thrill is Pittsburgh's great response to each new brainchild he creates. Last winter, a capacity crowd turned out for the big "Miss Brick Throw" finals and ever since it's been a tremendously popular "sport" at picnics and back-yard gatherings. As "Buffy Budekovitch," Bob Trow is the recognized Stan Musial of brick-throw, and the sport even has its own official publication—actually edited and distributed by Cordic and Company, with a title masterfully to the point: "Thud; the Magazine of Brick Throw."



Rege resides in Squirrel Hill part of town with Diane and their girls: Jennifer and Nanette.

Have a breath of Paris about you—every day!



EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT ROLL-R OR STICK

A once-in-a-lifetime special! Whichever way you enjoy your deodorant; luscious roll-on lotion to roll your perspiration worries away; or convenient, fabulous stick that applies dry to keep you dry—



you'll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that *protects* as it *glamourizes* with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris. Created in Paris, made by Bourjois in USA

2 FOR \$1 SPECIAL

REGULAR \$1.50 VALUE

*A message of interest to readers,
viewers, listeners—and voters
in our twelfth national poll*

FOR A DOZEN YEARS NOW, TV RADIO MIRROR has offered to its readers the opportunity to register their opinions of network programing by voting for their favorite stars and programs in an annual poll. Tabulation of these votes forms the basis for the Annual Awards given by TV RADIO MIRROR—thus making these awards the *only* such awards grounded in the actual effectiveness of the entertainment the American public gets from its home radios and TV sets. We regard these awards with pride, and take the greatest pleasure in detailing in the following pages the programs and the people who were best loved during the 1958-59 season.

In America today, radio remains a potent force, with 4,000 licensed stations in operation. In 1933, when this magazine originated as RADIO MIRROR, there were not more than 1,000 stations in operation. In April, 1948, television was added to the magazine's coverage and its title changed accordingly. Set ownership numbered not much more than 10,000—in contrast to the whopping fifty million sets now in operation.

There is no question that present radio and TV programing is the target for much highly vocal criticism. Mistakes have been made, which is natural in a medium which has taken hold so rapidly. But every effort is be-



ing made to correct the things that are wrong and to give you better programs on both TV and radio. And one uncontestable fact remains: Never in any age were so many people the beneficiaries of so much immediate communication—of news, of knowledge, of entertainment. And within a very near future, this mass communication will—by the miracle of electronics—spread even more widely outside the United States into all the countries of the globe.

Behind each successful program stand the performers, the directors, the technicians, the network officials, the sponsors who make up this highly volatile field. To all of them, our thanks for continuing cooperation. To the readers of TV RADIO MIRROR, continued appreciation for their interest. And to the TV RADIO MIRROR Award Winners, continued success for the coming year.

see following pages

for Award Winners ▶

D. S. Manheimer
PUBLISHER, TV RADIO MIRROR

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1958-59



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SHOW • THE BEST HALF-HOUR PROGRAM ON RADIO

Shows, books, hula hoops—everything Art Linkletter touches turns to gold . . . golden laughter for listeners, viewers, readers . . . Gold Medals for Link and his programs, which have won awards in this nationwide poll for many years. This time, Link's daily *House Party* on CBS-TV and CBS Radio garners top honors for both sight and sound. The happy variety program . . . first aired in January '45 . . . is the result of a happy partnership between Link and producer John Guedel—one

which has also launched other airwaves funfests . . . The secret of Art's success is simple but not easy: Humor, hard work—and good will. Emceeing, putting contestants through their paces, interviewing studio audiences (as above), the kid from Moose Jaw . . . who later worked his way through San Diego State College, got into radio almost by accident—and raised a fine family very much on purpose . . . gives each job everything he's got, including his heart. And the heart is pure gold.



FAVORITE MALE SINGER ON TV

The star of *The Perry Como Show* needs no introduction to viewers of NBC . . . buyers of hit records . . . letter-writers requesting songs . . . or readers who just voted Per another Gold Medal. Thanks to a God-given voice, unmatched charm and an unbeatable show . . . he's "Mr. Saturday Night" in person.



FAVORITE TV TEAM

Darlings of the college crowd, in Ozzie Nelson band days . . . radio's top twosome in '47, when this poll opened . . . TV winners, the past five years in a row . . . popular as ever, Wednesday nights on ABC-TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, they have two sons now of college age—who are showbiz idols of their own generation.



FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

American League fans know him as "The Voice of the Yankees." Audiences from Coast to Coast recognize his authority, covering such special events as baseball's World Series and some of the most exciting football games on NBC-TV. Whatever the locale, whatever the sport, Mel Allen does the kind of job which wins him a ninth award.



FAVORITE RADIO TEAM

Can't blame listeners who think *The Couple Next Door* are really husband and wife. Alan Bunce and Peg Lynch are wed . . . but not to each other. The lifelike quality of CBS Radio's daytime comedy serial stems from superb acting, personality—and the oh-so-true scripts written by Peg herself.



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY-VARIETY PROGRAM

It all began in 1928 . . . but broadcasting's longest-loved personalities are still charming week-night audiences via *Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall* on CBS Radio. The format may change, the cast enlarge to include guest stars . . . but Charles Correll (right) is still Andy, Freeman Gosden (left) is both Amos and "Kingfish" . . . and all's well with the Mystic Knights of the Sea.

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1958-59

(Continued)



THE BEST HOUR-OR-MORE PROGRAM ON RADIO

Monitor, NBC's "weekend radio service," owes much to executives alert to the public's interests. Above are Marx Loeb (at left), Bud Drake, Buck Prince, Al Capstaff, Paul Jonas; seated—Priscilla Blackstone and Sue Salter.



FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

What more can we say about Bill Stern! He's captured your votes since 1947, when he won our very first poll . . . is still in there pitching "the inside stuff" each weekday morning and evening—and also Sundays—via Mutual!



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Conductor, oboist, Columbia Records VIP . . . the bearded star of CBS Radio's *Mitch Miller Show* wins a third Gold Medal for more than his musical knowledge. Jazz pianist Dave Brubeck is his Sunday-evening guest here . . . but devoted listeners know that Mitch's friends—and guests—and program—cover almost every field of human interest.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SHOW

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, on ABC Radio, is long-time king of the weekday mornings. Don started it all in 1933 . . . and the personalities at left have each been with him more than twenty years. That's Fran "Aunt Fanny" Allison perched between Don and producer Cliff Petersen . . . in front are maestro Eddie Ballantine and comedian Sam Cowling.



FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN • FAVORITE TV COMEDY PROGRAM

Guest stars may add to the hilarity, pretty girls may enliven the scenery . . . but, to a large segment of the population, there's one overpowering reason for tuning in *The Red Skelton Show* on CBS-TV each Tuesday night: Mr. Skelton himself . . . even—or particularly—when he's almost completely camouflaged in clown make-up and disreputable tramp costume, as caught by the camera here. Seen or unseen, the fireball from Vincennes, Indiana, proved his personality appeal by mike alone

when he figured in this magazine's first radio awards twelve years ago. Time has never caught up with him since . . . only the ever-growing television audience. This season, Red adds another Gold Medal to his TV collection, and so does his program. Maybe it all just proves that great comedy is never an accident. Red was born a clown—his father was with the circus . . . Red practiced to perfect his comic gifts—from showboats to night clubs . . . and wherever he's been—he's wowed 'em.

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1958-59

(Continued)



THE BEST NEW PROGRAM ON TV FAVORITE ACTOR ON EVENING TV

Cimarron City—full-hour drama added to the NBC-TV Saturday-night schedule just last fall—brings a new dimension to the Old West. Here's history told from the standpoint of the settlers, building and defending their town in Oklahoma Territory despite the trigger-quick tempers of all those still passing through to seek fortunes or freedom beyond reach of the law. . . . Hero Matt Rockford is portrayed by a true Westerner indeed—George Montgomery, who was born on a ranch in Montana and has starred in many an action-drama out Hollywood way. But, as everyone must know by now, George is much more than an outdoor man. Superb rider and athlete, he is also an artist whose work wins prizes . . . a furniture designer whose products really sell . . . husband of radiant songbird Dinah Shore from Nashville, Tennessee . . . and proud parent of young Melissa and John David.



FAVORITE RADIO NEWS PROGRAM AND RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Headlines are the lifeline of Edward R. Murrow, who has been broadcasting the news—and sometimes making it—over CBS Radio ever since the tense days of Austrian Anschluss in 1938. Few stay-at-homes will ever forget his great London broadcasts during the World War II “blitz” . . . and his week-night *Edward R. Murrow With The News* is still “must” listening in homes—and cars—all across the land.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS

It's the second Gold Medal in a row for Julie Stevens as star of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, one of CBS Radio's oldest, best-loved daytime dramas. . . . Married and a mother, she admits she gets a vicarious thrill out of enacting the varied adventures of a successful “career woman” still seeking a happy marriage. . . . Julie, who started out in St. Louis, now lives not far from New York City with her husband and two little girls.

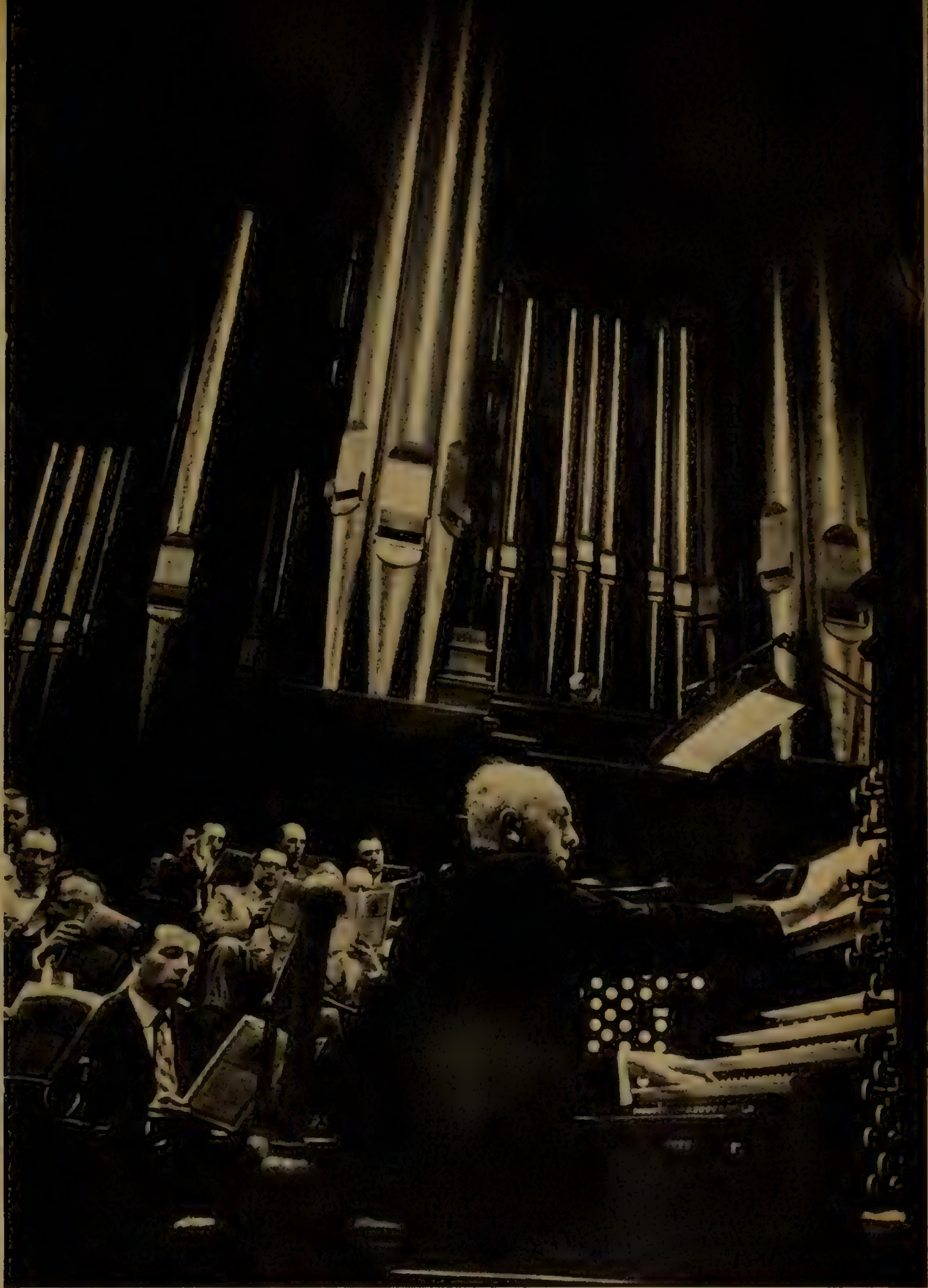
FAVORITE CLASSICAL OR RELIGIOUS MUSIC PROGRAM

Oldest program on CBS Radio, *The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir And Organ Program* can trace its ancestry far beyond its air debut in 1929 . . . the choir itself was started by Utah's "Mormon" pioneers in 1847! A top conductor leads the chorus of some 375 voices . . . master musicians play the enormous pipe-organ . . . result: a sound that sweeps both classical and religious program categories.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTOR

It's a Sandy Becker habit, winning awards as *Young Dr. Malone* . . . in the daily serial which has glorified the general practitioner for almost 20 years on CBS Radio. Youthful Sandy hasn't practiced medicine quite that long in the little town of "Three Oaks" . . . but this is his fifth Gold Medal for the way he does the job.



FAVORITE POPULAR MUSIC PROGRAM

Now part of NBC's *Monitor* on Saturday nights, *Grand Ole Opry* has been "the oldest continuously-sponsored series in network radio" for quite a spell . . . and listeners are happy to note its hillbilly humor and twangy rhythms have hardly changed a bit, since it began as *WSM Barn Dance* in '25. Still coming "live" from Nashville, Tennessee, it continues to feature such top country-music stars as Faron Young (seen at mike, left).

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1958-59

(Continued)



THE BEST HOUR-OR-MORE PROGRAM ON TV

Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Music" may bubble its way to listeners' feet as well as to their heads, but it has become much more a part of America's basic diet than the sparkling beverage for which it's named. . . . In fact, his *Dodge Dancing Party* has been a Saturday-night "must" for music-hungry millions ever since it went network on ABC-TV as a "summer replacement" (!) in July, 1955. It won a Gold Medal that very first season, and both Welk and his outstanding aggregation have kept on collecting 'em right up to date. . . . The maestro who taught himself to play on his father's accordion—back in his hometown of Strasburg, North Dakota—can take credit for much that's happened to popular music in recent years: The revival of interest in dancing as something anyone can do—informally at home, as well as around the nearest juke-box . . . the introduction, on both his big, hour-long shows, of new, fresh talent—whether trained instrumentalists or naturally harmonic voices like those of the four youthful Lennon Sisters (seen at right in this group picture) . . . and, above all, a sturdy Alsatian integrity which insists on the maintenance of the kind of standards—both professional and personal—which are the mainstay of achievement in any art.



FAVORITE FEMALE SINGER ON RADIO

The "Champagne Music Makers" are heard on ABC Radio, as well as on TV—notably on *The Lawrence Welk Army Show* and the recent stereophonic accompaniment of his Wednesday-night hour. Here, Alice Lon (pictured with tenor Joe Feeney) proves that her voice and charm can captivate a nationwide audience—even when they can't see her lovely face or her lively petticoated polkas!



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

Again, it's the sprightly star of *The Gale Storm Show* . . . seen Saturday nights on CBS-TV for the past three seasons, and a winner every year. Gale's an irresistible one-woman tornado . . . whether singing, dancing or using her comic talents as alleged "social director" to make life aboard the mythical S.S. Ocean Queen more exciting for guest "passengers" (such as Boris Karloff) . . . with the hectic help of her beauty-parlor pal Nugey (played by ZaSu Pitts).



FAVORITE RADIO SERIAL DRAMA PROGRAM

Pepper Young's Family has been next-door neighbor to countless American homes from the day it moved into the airwaves, back in 1936. Heard weekdays on NBC Radio, it boasts cast members who have literally grown up with its day-by-day adventures of life in a small town. Pictured here, during a rehearsal: Standing—Chick Vincent, the producer-director; Mason Adams, Pepper Young himself; Murray Matheson, heard in the role of Eric Matthews. Seated—Margaret Draper, who is Pepper's wife Linda; and Marie de Wolfe, who plays Sadie Barker Matthews.



FAVORITE ACTRESS ON EVENING TV

Awards are no novelty in the life of Loretta Young, who has been in motion pictures from childhood days and was only fourteen when she played her first "adult" leading role in films—opposite no less a personage than the almost legendary Lon Chaney senior. But we have it on good authority that she has a typically "personal" reason for treasuring the six successive Gold Medals our readers have voted her . . . because she considers them a tribute to the many experts—on screen and off—who make possible the continued excellence of *The Loretta Young Show*. Hostess and frequent dramatic star of this Sunday-night series on NBC-TV, Loretta is a great believer in teamwork . . . the kind of concerted effort—and faith—which can move mountains . . . Faith has been the keynote of her life ever since she was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, and later studied in California convent schools. It's the brightest light in the career of this truly authentic star. Her versatility ranges over a variety of TV roles . . . as spoiled beauty, humble Japanese wife, ugly-duckling spinster . . . but one unifying force always shines through: Loretta Young's belief that the wisdom of the ages . . . often voiced by her at the conclusion of each week's play . . . can help solve even the smallest or most "modern" problem in our daily lives.

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1958-59

(Continued)



FAVORITE TV PANEL SHOW

What's behind the gleam in the eyes of the straight-faced stranger, on stage for *I've Got A Secret*? Why are the cute youngsters suppressing a giggle, on another Wednesday-night session of that same CBS-TV show? Who can guess? The bright panel members, that's who . . . if anyone can. But sometimes the surprise is very much on themselves, when a "secret" literally whisks one of them across the ocean . . . or, as on one memorable occasion, winds up with lively Henry Morgan playing a corpse on Broadway in the comedy-mystery play starring co-panelist Jayne Meadows! . . . Such showmanship helps keep this Goodson-Todman production at the top, with five Gold Medals in a row. But the real secret of panel popularity lies in the wit and charm of its guess-stars . . . as pictured below with host Garry Moore: Jayne Meadows and Betsy Palmer to the fore, Bill Cullen at the left, Henry Morgan at the right.

FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Garry Moore (above right) was cited in our 1948 poll as "proof that radio develops young talent." Since then, he's showcased a lot of outstanding talent besides his own, before the all-seeing TV eye—most recently, in the popular new hour-long *Garry Moore Show*, Tuesday nights on CBS . . . for which he now gathers in his latest Gold Medal.



FAVORITE HOUR-OR-MORE TV DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Westward the course of television drama takes its way . . . and no stage settings could ever match the vast plains and mountains which *Wagon Train* traverses Wednesday evenings on NBC-TV. Pioneer history of America just after the Civil War . . . the long, heroic journey from "Saint Joe" to the Golden Gate . . . offers many a varied and exciting hour for guest stars, regulars—and the viewers.





FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM

As The World Turns takes a very up-to-date look at modern family life . . . from the turbulent problems of adolescence and youthful love . . . to the less obvious ones of mature marriage and parenthood. Key family in this Award-winning weekday series on CBS-TV is that of Chris Hughes (Don MacLaughlin) . . . pictured above with wife Nancy (Helen Wagner, seated), son Bobby (Ronnie Welsh) and daughter Penny (Rosemary Prinz).

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM

Half-hour serial drama has captured daytime viewers' hearts, judging by votes which produced the first tie in TV RADIO MIRROR history! Result: Gold Medals for both *As The World Turns* and *The Edge Of Night*. Each of these CBS-TV series has a unique storyline . . . the latter casting a searchlight on political corruption. Its hero, Mike Karr (John Larkin, right), has probed deep into this shadowy evil, as policeman, D.A., and crusading defense attorney . . . aided by his wife Sara (Teal Ames) and his friend Willie Bryant (Ed Holmes).



FAVORITE ACTOR ON DAYTIME TV

John Larkin brings to Mike Karr not only the rugged good looks which fit the part, but the voice and acting ability which have already won him a fistful of awards for his performances . . . starting on radio, where he was *Perry Mason* when that legal beagle was daytime air-fare. Born in Oakland, California, schooled in Kansas City, the much-traveled Larkin got his first network breaks in Chicago, has since had starring roles in many of the most popular dramatic serials.

FAVORITE ACTRESS ON DAYTIME TV

Teal Ames—pictured at left with Larkin in a romantic scene from *The Edge Of Night*—hails from Binghamton, New York . . . where she got her first taste of "acting" in her baker-father's homemade movies. The love of make-believe has never left her since, whether studying drama at Stevens College in Missouri and at Syracuse in her home state . . . touring in stage plays . . . or acting on TV, where work for such playhouses as *Studio One* prepared her for the role of Sara.





FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Five years running, all honors to *Gunsmoke* . . . the CBS Radio Western which was "adult" before TV invented the term, presenting true-to-fact drama of the frontier years in Kansas . . . still enacted on Sundays by the original unbeatable cast: Parley Baer as Chester, Georgia Ellis as Kitty, star Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, and Howard McNear as "Doc."



FAVORITE HALF-HOUR TV DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Saturday night's *Gunsmoke* on CBS-TV is the series against which all TV Westerns must be measured . . . but—like the radio version—it is more than a Western, beats out every type of half-hour drama to capture another Gold Medal. Both versions are supervised by the creators of *Gunsmoke*—producer Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston—but there is a separate cast on television . . . starring James Arness (center, above) as Marshal Dillon, with Dennis Weaver (at left) as Chester.

TV Radio Mirror Award



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

Douglas Edwards With The News, seen weekday evenings, is the oldest continuous network program of its kind on CBS-TV . . . in fact, it has been said that more people get their news from Doug than from any other source in the world—printed, pictured or spoken. Certainly, our readers keep giving him a resounding vote of confidence . . . this year rounds out a half-dozen TVRM awards to Doug and his newscasts.

•

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Bert Parks and his NBC Radio *Bandstand* (below, with Skitch Henderson at the baton) have been a top combo ever since they began giving a lift and a lilt to the week's morning hours. Parks is a long-time favorite in these polls, on both radio and TV . . . the only question, each year, is what the winning category will turn out to be for busy Bert—who also hosts a TV daytime variety program and a top panel show!



**BEST HALF-HOUR PROGRAM ON TV
FAVORITE MALE SINGER ON RADIO**

The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom has a lot to brag about, Thursday nights on ABC-TV . . . keen production values, the cream of guests, and a talented corps of regular performers (right). But the heart of the matter is the star—one of America's best-loved singers and certainly its favorite young dad. . . . Pat's voice not only keeps turntables rolling for deejays around the country, but also sparks a Navy recruiting program heard on local stations. . . . And so, for princely Pat: Awards in two different but highly effective media.

**FAVORITE FEMALE SINGER ON TV
FAVORITE TV EVENING
VARIETY PROGRAM**

A galaxy of stars from every field brightens *The Chevy Show's* full hour of musical variety on NBC-TV each Sunday night . . . but the screen has a special glow, when Dinah's there. Show and Miss Shore are perfectly matched in that desire to give each audience "the best" which is the "class" distinction of entertainment. To the show, with voters' utmost admiration—another Gold Medal as tops of its kind. . . . To Dinah, with love—the latest in a list which began with our first poll in 1947.



THE SPECTACULAR WORLD OF TELEVISION

**Something very special has
sparked every week of this season
—and there is more to come!**

Whole world of show business in our own homes: Japan's top
entertainers—with Shirley MacLaine on *Chevy Show* . . .

America's immortal miracle-play—"The Green Pastures," on
Hallmark Hall Of Fame . . . One-woman show—Mary "Peter Pan"

Martin starring in two NBC specials on a single day . . .

New York City Ballet—spoofing ballroom dances of
the silent-film era on *Bell Telephone Hour* . . . Costume
drama—"Berkeley Square," with all-star cast . . .

Shakespearean classic—London's famed Old Vic Company
in "Hamlet," on CBS . . . Broadway musical—wonderful
Roz Russell leading conga line in "Wonderful Tow





FOR THE FULL STORY OF TV SPECTACULARS, SEE THE FOLLOWING PAGES

the Spectacular World of TV



*Network VIP's, reviewers
and viewers themselves agree
that the fabulous "special
show" symbolizes the
coming-of-age of television*

By GEORGE CHRISTY

Dance: "An Evening with Fred Astaire," last fall, NBC-TV, proved so enchanting it had to be repeated early this year. Named by many critics the season's "best spectacular," it also introduced Barrie Chase, dancing with Fred at right.

Drama: *DuPont Show Of The Month*, on CBS-TV, runs the gamut from soul-searing tragedy to warm-hearted comedy. Above, Rex Thompson, Noel Willman, Siobhan McKenna, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge in "The Winslow Boy." Below right, James Donald, Siobhan, in "What Every Woman Knows."

AMONG THOSE who know best, no development in television programming within the past five years has meant more than the rapid growth of the "TV spectacular" . . . because never has so much been offered to so many, in all the varied and colorful history of entertainment.

Last year, spectaculars reached the highwater mark of audience appeal. By the year's end, all the behind-the-scenes bigwigs were quick to comment that "specials"—or "spectaculars"—are dominating the world of TV. Since that first experimental evening in 1954 when the National Broadcasting Company introduced the "miracle of the spec" to TV audiences with the colorcast of "Satins and Spurs," starring Betty Hutton, these glittering productions have achieved national fame and won endless laurels for freshness, vitality, variety and artistic excellence.

In fact, all the networks agree that spectaculars are responsible for TV's coming of age. They are now as important to leading performers



Continued →



the Spectacular World of TV

(Continued)

as a Broadway play or a Hollywood film. TV veteran Jackie Gleason says, "The trouble today is there just aren't enough specs to go around for everyone that wants to do one. And I remember the days when you couldn't budge some actors from their hiding holes to do a TV show. Now they're all itching to find a good spec for their talents!"

Spectaculars have wooed even the fussiest film stars out of Hollywood hideaways, offered performers opportunities to be seen by the largest audience in the world. Spectaculars have given new life to best-selling novels and long-running Broadway plays, even shaken the dust out of Shakespearean classics. Also on the credit side of spectaculars are the award-winning documentaries on justice, politics and international affairs.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. America can sit back in the comfort of their living room and enjoy, at least once a week, the unveiling of a TV special.

"It's just like an opening night," Rosalind Russell quipped backstage after her performance in the two-hour musical comedy spectacular, "Wonderful Town." Roz is right. Spectaculars have the same excitement and promise of a Broadway opening or a Hollywood premiere. Bing Crosby concurs. Ten

Continued →

Fantasy: *Shirley Temple's Storybook* features such fairytale favorites as Mother Goose (played by Elsa Lanchester). *Show Of The Month* presented the elfin "Harvey" (below). Though Marion Lorne, Charlotte Rae and Katherine Raht—and most viewers—couldn't see the six-foot rabbit, Art Carney conversed with him freely!

ABC-TV's "Art Carney Meets Peter and The Wolf" has won such acclaim that it will be encored next fall. Here Art's rabbits—and other beasts, as pictured at right—are visible, though still not flesh-and-blood. They're Bil Baird puppets, performing to the Prokofiev music, with added songs and lyrics written just for TV.





the Spectacular World of TV

(Continued)



Music: Menotti's "Maria Golovin," commissioned by the NBC Opera Company, was presented on TV last month after a gala premiere in Europe. Left to right—Richard Cross, Franca Duval, Herbert Handt, Patricia Neway, Ruth Kobart. Earlier this season, the same net brought Cole Porter's musical comedy, "Kiss Me, Kate," to television, starring Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Julie Wilson—pictured on facing page.



Above: A great modern novel comes to life, performed by one of today's greatest actors, as Sir Laurence Olivier (pictured here being made up for the color cameras) stars in Somerset Maugham's classic "The Moon and Sixpence."

Right: The circus comes to town—Everytown, U.S.A.—in all its glowing colors, as *NBC Kaleidoscope* brings the Christiani Brothers Circus to TV, Sunday, May 3.

minutes before his "live" appearance on his ABC musicomedy special, Der Bingle lit up his pipe for a few last, relaxing puffs before facing the cameras and said that nothing made him feel so much a part of the twentieth century as his participation in a TV spectacular.

Art Carney—who delighted audiences, both young and old, in the musical fantasy, "Art Carney Meets Peter and the Wolf"—commented, "Sure, I've done a lot of different kinds of acting, but when you get right down to it, performing in a special on TV is pretty great. When you stop and think of the millions of people who may be watching, why, that's enough to stagger (Continued on page 87)"





Godfrey

TALKS UP A STORM



Conversation "comes informal" to Godfrey's big Tuesday-night television show, as well as the weekday-morning *Arthur Godfrey Time* on both CBS-TV and Radio. One of Arthur's own favorite talkers is Henry Morgan (above, seated), a "brilliant" but "much misunderstood" man, who has just started a Friday-night gabfest on WNTA-TV, in the New York area.

EVERY ART and every industry has had its giants, men who individually introduced a new concept in their work and, with new tools, revolutionized their medium or product. Some twenty-seven years ago, Arthur Godfrey smashed up the formality and stuffiness of radio and turned it into an intimate, personal medium. Today, men like the Dave Garrows, who know the history of radio, credit Godfrey as the innovator. Today, at any moment of the day, there are about five hundred announcers throughout the country who successfully follow Godfrey's concept in radio and television. And today, Arthur is again identified with a new trend in television.

The new program trend is called a "conversational show" and it is deceptively simple. There is a host who sits before the camera with one or more guests, and they talk. There is no flash, neither dancing girls nor music that builds to a crescendo for a climax. The setting is even less elaborate than your own parlor. Now there is speculation as to whether the conversational show is merely a novel format which will rise and fall in popularity like the various quiz shows. There is a question as to the size of audience this kind of show will draw. There is interest in the techniques in producing (Continued on page 83)

So easy when you know how, says the amazing man who revived the fine art of conversation on TV. Here's "how"—in Arthur's own words

By MARTIN COHEN



"The big ones" are easiest of all to talk to, says Godfrey—who ought to know, with his guest list! But, as he explains, there are simple ways to make even the non-professional look good on camera. Above, "just talking" with Red Skelton and his wife (seated, right) on that memorable Florida jaunt. Below, left, with noted New York *Herald Tribune* columnist John Crosby. At right, Jackie Gleason. All understand the real secret: "Be yourself."





Calling All Fans!

Such clubs as Pat Boone's prove indeed the pen is mightier than the sword—and the clubs themselves are a potent "secret weapon" in the close-fought battle for popularity



Twin phenomena of the twentieth century: A youthful singing star, Pat Boone—the fervent fan clubs which help boost their idol by writing letters, buying records. Above, an enchanted group meets Pat in person. Left, Pat supervises handling of his daily deluge of mail. Below, the talent and charm with which it all began—Pat rehearsing for his *Chevy Showroom* series, seen Thursdays on ABC.



By HERBERT KAMM

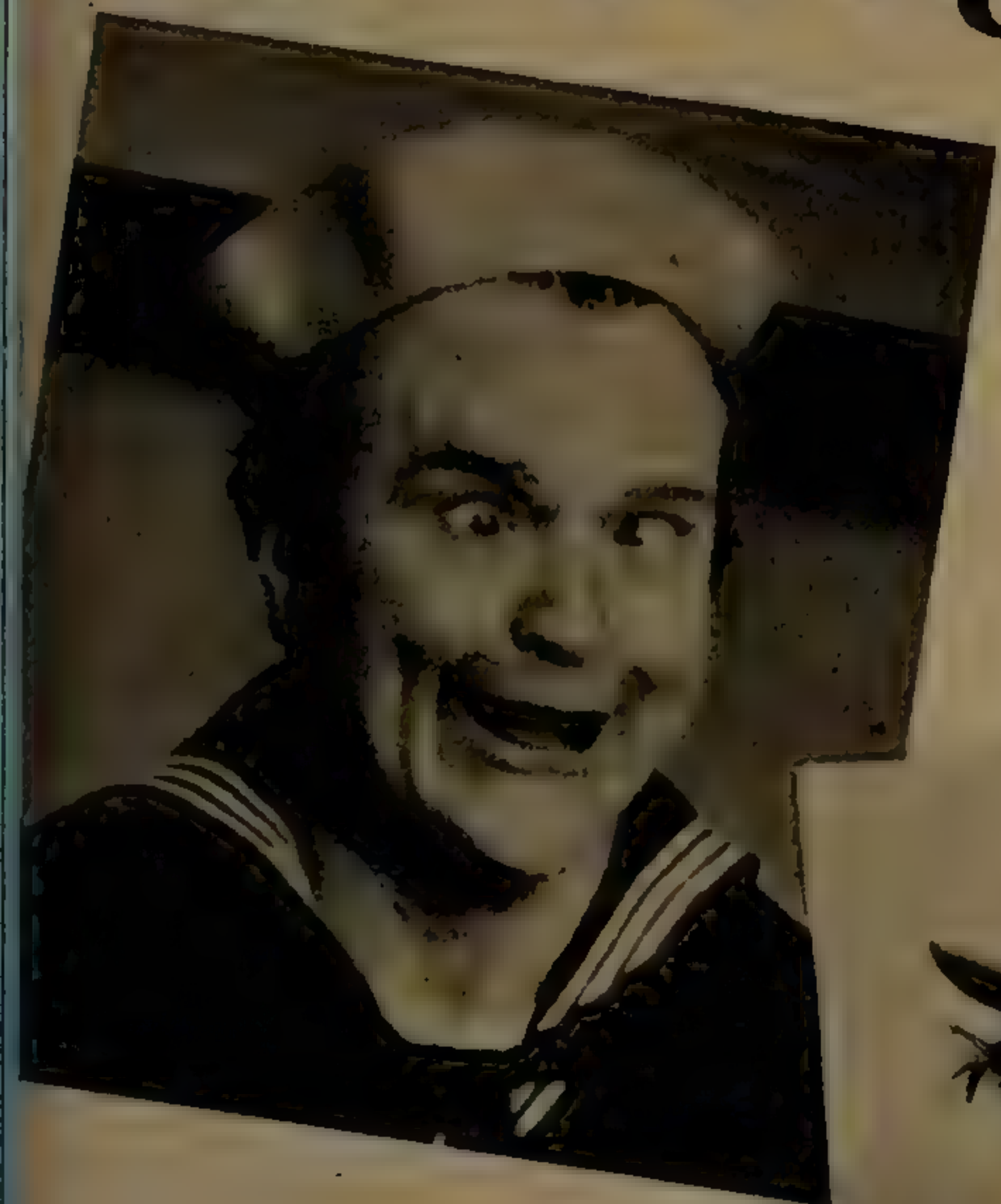
DAY IN AND DAY OUT, the backs of America's vast army of mailmen are strained down to the last vertebra by the weight of hundreds of thousands of letters sent by an adoring public to idols in the world of entertainment. The letters come from people in every walk of life—from the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the infirm, the unschooled and the learned. They come from every corner of the globe, including countries behind the Iron Curtain. They come in a ceaseless avalanche, pouring affection on heroes and heroines a gigantic unseen audience worships through the magic of television, radio and the movie screen. There is hardly an entertainer who is not the beneficiary of this emotional generosity. Fan mail (Continued on page 78)





The Tragi-Comic World of TV

Red Skelton—who's had more than his share of personal heartache—is a rare example of professional success in a rapidly dwindling field



By DORA ALBERT

WHY DON'T OUR COMEDIANS LAST LONGER? . . . Some say that TV gobbles up material so quickly and gives the comedian so much exposure that, after a while, the audience can just barely stand him. With most comedians, familiarity—alas—does breed contempt. . . . Some attribute the dearth of successful TV comedians to the onswEEPing Westerns. Who, they ask, can resist the successful flow of *Mavericks*, *Gunsmokes* and other popular outdoor dramas?

And it is true that the last few seasons have been deadly for many national comedy favorites. Sid Caesar, at one time the most successful of all TV comedians, has been unable to make a comeback, with or without Imogene Coca. In recent months, Jackie Gleason has had a dismal time of it on the television waves. More recently, he gave up the battle, except for occasional guest-star appearances. Ed Wynn, one of the great clowns of yesteryear, attempted to repeat on TV his fabulous triumphs in radio, but his new series was quickly given the axe. Milton Berle, once known as "Mr. Television," has not been able to recapture all his earlier popularity. George Burns, who was always successful on TV before Gracie Allen's retirement, tried a new type of comedy without her, flopped, and will try again.

On the positive side, two comedians have withstood the ravages of time and are today as popular as ever. Jack Benny and Red Skelton. Jack Benny has gone on, year after year, endearing himself to a public that enjoys feeling superior to the bigshot whose TV image is that of a notable tightwad. Red Skelton's popularity increases steadily. His radio program won the readers' votes in this magazine's first poll, back in 1947, and he's now won TV RADIO MIRROR's Gold Medal as favorite TV comedian for the past three seasons in succession. *The Red Skelton Show's* Nielsen rating is higher than it's ever been—only six points behind the top-ranking Western, *Gunsmoke*.

What has Red to offer, that makes us all take him to our hearts and keep him there? We don't feel superior to Red, as we do to Jack Benny. We accept him on a different basis, as we would accept a member of our own family. He and Jack are diametrically (Continued on page 76)

What keeps him "hot" in a medium which cold-shoulders most clowns? "Because there isn't one Red Skelton—there's a new Red Skelton every week," says the producer of his Tuesday-night show on CBS-TV. But that's only part of the answer.



How a Western Is Made



Ward Bond and Robert Horton (facing page) share the *Wagon Train* spotlight with different guest stars every Wednesday on NBC-TV. Each hour-long story requires five days of shooting. A typical day on location begins with coffee-and-sinkers for everybody (above).

WALKING THROUGH the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel was a tall, sun-bronzed man, perfectly poised in formal attire.

A lady from the East nudged her friend and asked, "Who is that?" The friend laughed, "Why, he belongs to the most exclusive club in America." The lady wrinkled her brow, puzzled, "What club is that?" "Oh," said her friend, "the million-dollar club of TV gunslingers." It's the simple truth: For fifty years, Westerns have been the bread-and-butter of the movies; now

Camera make-up is supervised as carefully as in the studios. Below, expert hairdresser Gail McGarry gives a finishing touch to tresses of guest star Phyllis Thaxter, as Ward looks on.



Meticulous care, know-how—and, yes, courage—go into the "building" of such mighty champions as *Wagon Train*

By EUNICE FIELD



Costumed for her role, Phyllis chats with Lorne Green (above, left) and Bob Horton. Then she and Bob climb aboard a cumbersome "prairie schooner." Both camera and wagon are ready to roll for another episode of the journey across the plains, as pictured on following pages.

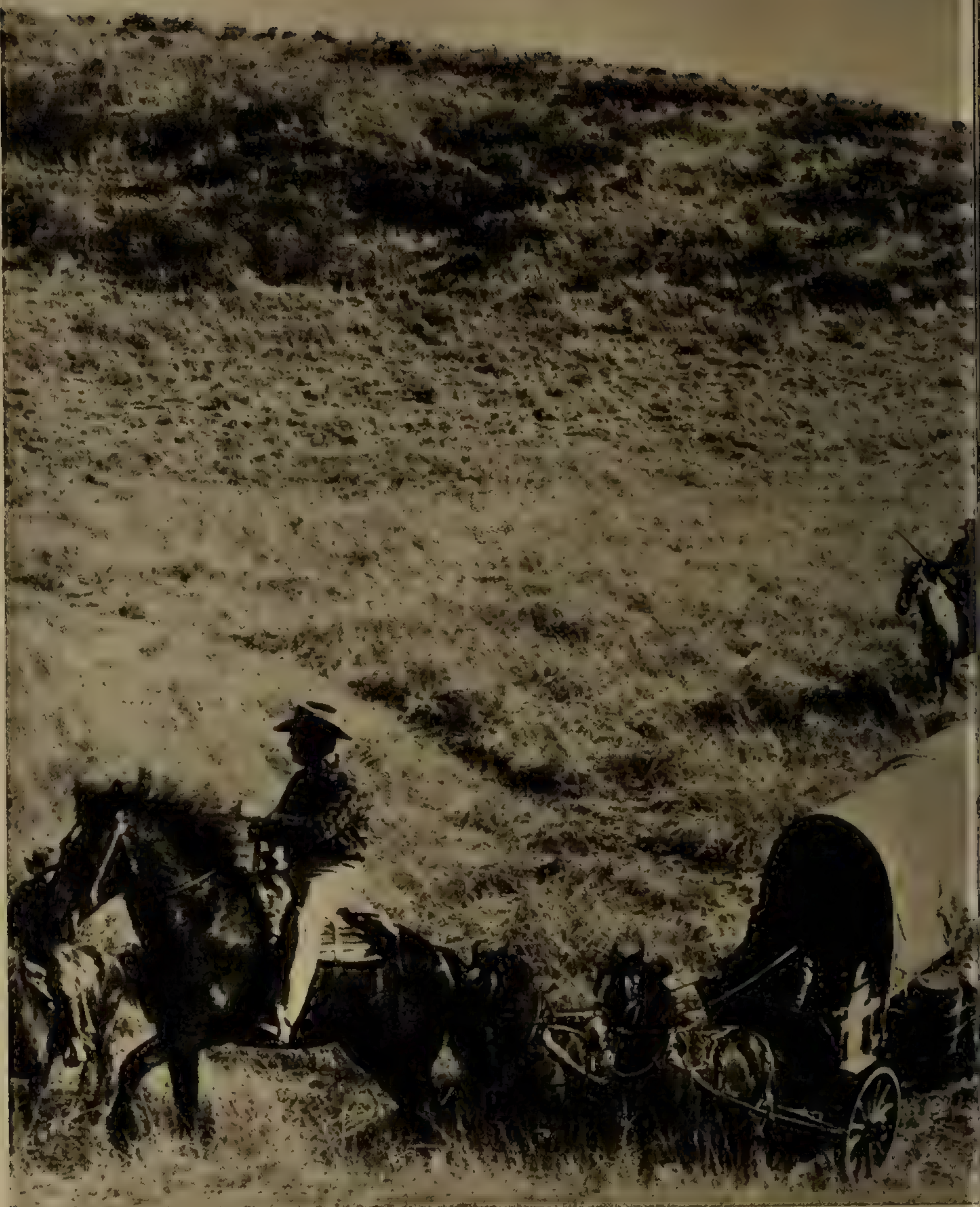




Director Joseph Pevney and crew work with—and atop—most modern equipment to shoot new story of *Wagon Train's* journey West.



Time for chow. Extras and crew—costumed, or clad in casual wear for '59—line up at chuck wagon, seek nearest shade to eat their lunch.



Hour for hour, task for task, each *Wagon Train* episode demands as much

they are the caviar of television. The public pulse still seems to leap at the sight of an Indian raid, a wagon train rolling purposefully across the plains, or a gun duel in some frontier town. Most other forms of entertainment have had their ups and downs in popularity. Only the Westerns, "adult" or otherwise, go on and on, their heroes holding a firm grip on the hearts of the populace.

Why should this be so? What are the secret ingredients that go into a Western and how are they put together? What is the recipe for this long-lasting magic?

The fact is, there's no one way to do a good Western. There is no set time, no set place. *Wagon Train* and *Gunsmoke* take five days to shoot, *Maverick* and *Lawman* six, while some of the half-hour sagebrushers, such as *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp*, *Tales Of Wells Fargo*, and *The Rifleman*, are whipped out in four days. Most of the Westerns are shot in part on California locations, such as Mt. Whitney at Lone Pine, Conejo Ranch, Red Rock Canyon near Mojave, Big Bear Lake and Squaw Valley, site of the 1960 Olympics. The red rimrock country near Gallup, New Mexico, and Gene Autry's La Placeritas Ranch are also popular locations. On the other hand, Warner Bros. does *Maverick*, *Lawman*, *Cheyenne* and *Sugarfoot* entirely on the studio lot. Even with regard to guest stars, there is no fixed pattern. *Wagon Train* has a guest star for each segment, while most of the others rely on top supporting actors to supply a change of face and pace. Though each (Continued on page 73)

Western Is Made



back-breaking effort as original trek of pioneer days.



Shooting a tense scene, in which Lorne Green tries to stop fight between John McKee and John Holland. Constant fast action in all Westerns calls for much advance planning to avoid injury and keep to schedule.

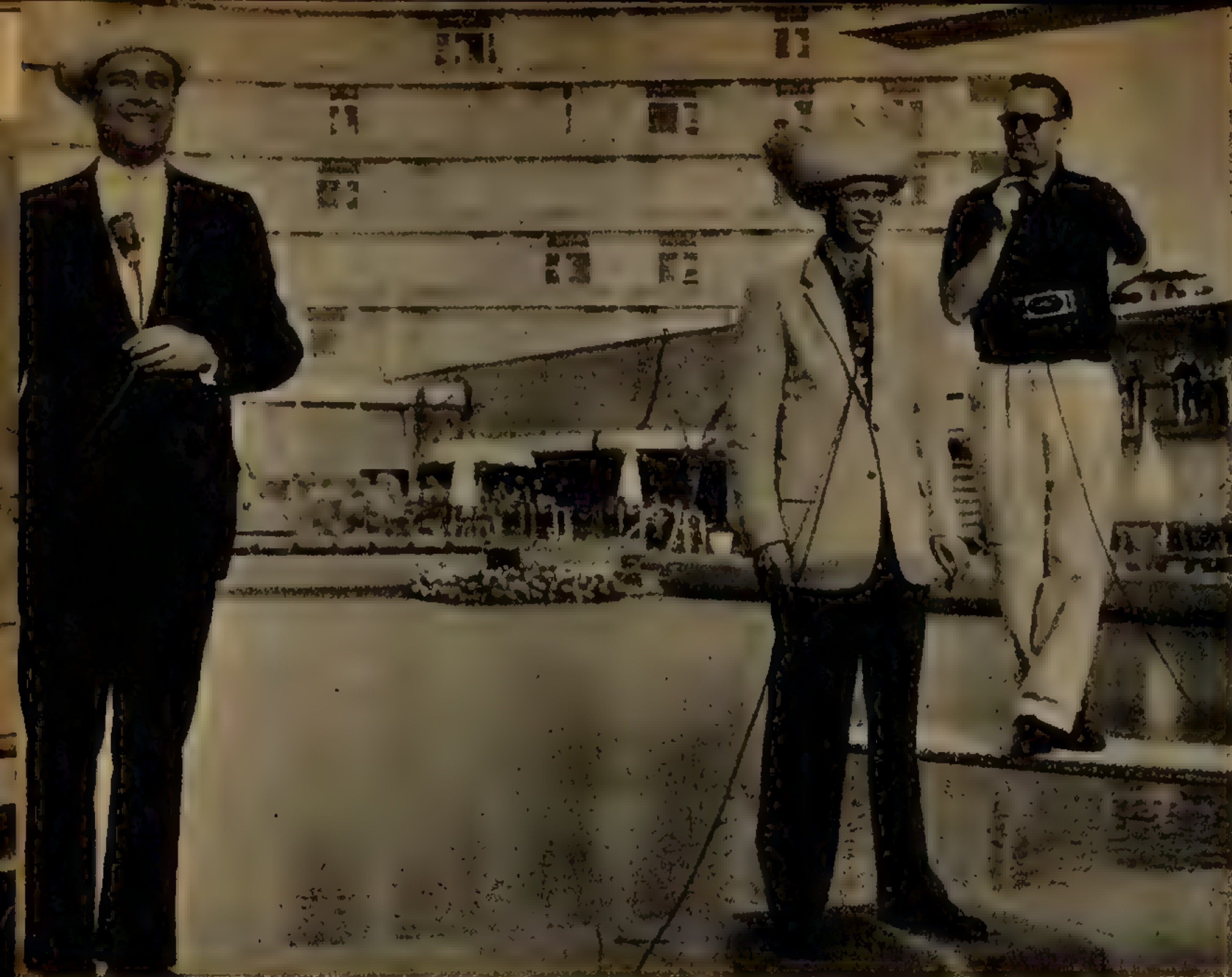


Bob Horton mounts stepladder for close-up, as Phyllis Thaxter feeds him dialogue cue off-camera. Crew has worked together for two years, an important factor for success in an exacting field.



Horses travel by truck, when not "acting." Below, Ward Bond with Frank McGrath (left) and Terry Wilson—stunt-men added to regular cast at his request to help guard against accidents.





Sunny Cuba and snowy Russia provided actual settings for two great NBC-TV comedy-variety shows. Above, Steve Allen (right) in tropical splendor with those noted men-by-the-pool, Louis Nye and Don Knotts. Below, Bob Hope on his much-acclaimed entertainment mission to Moscow.



Havana was also point-of-origin for last year's precedent-making telecast of NBC's *Jack Paar Show* (above)—relayed "live" to the mainland by method known as "scatter-beaming." Jack returned months later, after the Cuban revolution, to film exclusive interviews with the triumphant rebel leaders.



Alaska, magnet for many a top TV performer, got full documentary coverage on *High Adventure*. In fact, Lowell Thomas and his expert crew have ranged from polar ice to steaming jungle for this epic CBS-TV series—gathering unusual off-camera adventures of their own along the way.



Shows are really "on the road," with all the world their stage. Science paved the way—but on-the-spot human ingenuity helps bring this living panorama of the globe into our parlors

By DANIEL STERN

TELEVISION, the standard remark goes, is the "intimate" medium. This is generally supposed to mean that it's cozy, pleasant living-room entertainment, but not as stimulating as some of the other pleasures in life, such as a trip to Europe or an African safari. Well, those days are over. During the past season, and even more in the seasons to come, the people who plan your television time are inviting you to a global joy-ride.

Not only have the walls of the broadcasting studio proved too confining for today's expanding television world, but even the boundaries of the country are being eradicated by the TV camera. Oceans are just puddles to our jet-minded producers and stars. Science's contributions, via film and the new phenomenon of video-tape, are helping to bring the world right in front of your armchair. So who are the people who are in the foreground of these strange and fascinating landscapes of TV's international era? Unfamiliar Europeans or Asians? Dull academic lecturers? Perhaps . . . if you call Ed Sullivan, Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Dave Garroway and Steve Allen either "unfamiliar" or "academic"!

Suddenly, after a sedentary, relaxed existence in New York's temperate climate, Ed (Continued on page 90)

TV *on the move*



Portugal was one of two glamorous and completely authentic European backgrounds for *The Ed Sullivan Show* in a single month on CBS-TV. Ed has long been famous for bringing to American audiences the finest "acts" from all over the globe. On this latest trip, he, Julia Meade (above, right) and staff also traveled to Ireland. The result, for viewers: A pair of festivals featuring native and international talent.

The Horror "Kick"



"Monster" movies of the Frankenstein-Dracula type are a "must" on many a local station, their hair-raising effects tempered by late-hour scheduling and witty hosts. In New York, the Screen Gems collection called *Shock Theater* is master-minded by the fabulous Zacherley in mad-mad-mad scientist fashion on WABC-TV.

**Murder's no myth on TV, but is it
any worse than Grandma's fairy tales?
Here's what experts think of modern
taste—and its possible consequences**

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

THE CURRENT TREND in television today appears to be strongly in favor of monsters, murder and mayhem, and there are those who feel it has not yet reached its peak. Horror films, Westerns and adventure stories are enjoying greater popularity than ever before, and although there are viewers who protest everything—including Jack Paar's game of Russian Roulette, played with a can of hair spray—there are hardier souls who want their entertainment gory.

This latter group would probably be in favor of lynching harassed network censors who must cut from scripts such juicy morsels as: An ice-pick crucifixion of an old lady, a child's footprints in blood, a necklace made of human ears, and the close-up of a man's hand, clasped to his wounded chest, drenched with blood which gushes over his fingers.

A survey done by *Newsweek* indicated that networks are devoting an all-time record in prime evening hours



Coast to coast, the old films enthrall viewers—as on KPTV's *House Of Horror* in Portland, Oregon. Hostess in mummy case is Tarantula Ghoul, familiarly known as "Taranch" or "our favorite ghoulish friend," actually actress Suzanne Waldron. Thrillers made especially for network TV are more deadly serious in their mood.

to violence. Half of all the new programs are in "this grisly category," it reported, and nearly 150 "rock 'n' shock" non-network shows are syndicated and used over and over by stations across the country.

For those who seek an explanation for this current horror "kick," the point of view of a leading psychiatrist may be revealing. Such fare, he holds, appeals to "the aggressive and sadistic traits which everyone has." The witch hunts in Salem certainly proved that people are peculiar—and, as for that little game the Romans used to play in the Coliseum, this may well have been the forerunner of "What's My Lion?" Today, blood-soaked arenas are out. There are no such ghastly exhibitions to be witnessed "in the flesh" in this country, but there are always movies and TV.

Dr. David Abrahamsen, author of "The Road to Emotional Maturity," feels that adults who turn to their television screens for excitement do so for a variety of

reasons. They may have a dull nine-to-five job. Their home life may be boring. They may be lonely. "These adventure shows and horror movies," says Dr. Abrahamsen, "give them a vicarious thrill."

Is being exposed to violence harmful to children? "It depends upon the individual child. The emotionally healthy ones are not harmed. Those who are disturbed or suffer nightmares would be." Teenagers who are "inclined to be bad" tend to imitate the evils they see on the screen. Shows heavy with crime and violence set a bad example. Emotionally disturbed children are unwholesomely stimulated by them. "But in the final analysis," he holds, "it is up to the individual parents to decide what their children should see."

In discussions of juvenile crime, television—because it is found in the home—tends to become the whipping-boy. This is unfair. Famed TV critic Harriet Van Horne has gone on record as saying, "The wicked ways of



Violence is all in the week's work for these NBC-TV stars: *The D.A.'s Man*, played by John Compton in Saturday-night series created by Jack Webb (whose *Dragnet* was the pioneer police-documentary); below left, Monday eve's *Peter Gunn*—alias Craig Stevens, whose fists set a tempo for music.



The Horror "Kick"

(Continued)



Crashing right uncorked by Roger Smith is typical of fast-paced excitement in *77 Sunset Strip* over ABC-TV. Series has three virile heroes, runs a full hour Friday nights, with time to maneuver in murder investigations anywhere—up to and including Iron Curtain countries.

youth have been blamed on corruption at the king's court, the bad example of the aristocracy, the repeal of the corn laws, the introduction of tobacco, and the influx of immigrants. Today we blame television."

The blame, if blame there be, should be equally shared by producers of motion pictures, publishers of newspapers, magazines and comic books and, yes, even fairy tales! We were fed on horror literally from the cradle. Scarce is the one among us who hasn't shivered in delight at the sound of the gory words, "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman"—and wondered breathlessly if the giant would catch Jack as he made his slide for life down the beanstalk, clutching the stolen hen that laid golden eggs. Come to think of it, Jack and the Knave of Hearts who stole the tarts may well have been among the original juvenile delinquents. As for the wolf who ate Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, the less said about him the better. It is a moot question how many little girls have grown up to be



Mugging of witness to a crime was one timely subject of *Naked City*, seen Tuesday nights on ABC-TV. Jay Novello was innocent victim in this episode, which—like entire series—was filmed on actual locations in New York City.

poor cooks because they never really trusted an oven—not after Gretel succeeded in pushing the old witch into a roaring one and, ignoring her agonized cries, left her (in the words of the familiar old tale) “to perish miserably.”

The need for thrills has apparently always been with us and certainly no one could accuse today's television writers of letting us down! Even the straight dramatic shows are no longer above injecting a gruesome note now and again, such as the shot of a body hanging over the door of a wrecked automobile. NBC-TV's *The*

Loretta Young Show is about the only dramatic series one can mention in which the star has done nothing more violent than trip over a curbstone into the arms of the man she is going to marry.

At this writing, NBC-TV's top-rated adventure show is *Peter Gunn*, which includes plenty of hard, fast and sometimes brutal action. It introduced the use of the jazz-track background for action, which proved so successful that RCA Victor put out a top-selling album called “Music from *Peter Gunn*.” And there is a *Peter Gunn* book on the way. As (Continued on page 81)



what's ahead in TV drama?

Playhouse 90—ninety minutes each Thursday eve on CBS-TV—combines best "live" talents with latest technical discoveries such as tape. Result: Overwhelming experiences like "The Old Man," starring Geraldine Page and Sterling Hayden.

*Serious or gay—live, film or tape—
new stars, old favorites? Look at
this \$105,000,000 budget for 1959!*

By KATHLEEN POST

THEY TELL about two actors, one from Hollywood, the other from New York, who chanced to meet in the Midwest. "How are things on Broadway?" asked the movie actor. The other groaned, "Very slow. And how is it on the Coast?" The Hollywoodian sighed, "Also slow." Suddenly a thought struck them and, with one voice, they sang out, "But, thank God, there's still television."

It is a sentiment echoed heartily these days, not only by people in show business but also by the public. TV's Great White Way is offering an (Continued on page 86)



Promised for next fall on NBC-TV: One of Hollywood's all-time greats in *The Barbara Stanwyck Theater*.



"Cissie" will be newest entry in the big teen-age stakes—with Molly Bee herself playing the title role.



Coming to ABC-TV: Robert Taylor, long-time movie idol who will star as a police captain of detectives.

Filmed series, such as Sunday-night *Loretta Young Show* on NBC-TV, enjoy wide variety of backgrounds—as in scene below with Patrick Westwood, Richard Devon and the star herself. "Since television drama is now literally part of our daily home life," says Loretta, "entertainment must, of course, come first—but I believe it should offer more."



Parting of the ways, next season, for Dwayne Hickman and popular *Bob Cummings Show*. Dwayne branches out on his own, as youthful comedy star of *The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis*. But title proves how much he's learned from his gay bachelor "uncle." In fact, he'll have a different leading lady every week! Among the first—pretty Tuesday Weld, above.

The Q. and A. Business

Formats change—but human interest, never! And humans will always be interested in humans facing a “problem”

By MARY TEMPLE

DURING the past season on TV, the most dramatic development, so far as “hard news” was concerned, was the indictment of several of the major quiz shows. Following the fall-down of these major shows—sparked by threats of legal action and further impelled by lowered audience ratings—many prophets forecast the death of the question-and-answer format as on-screen entertainment.

Wiser judges, however, analyze matters differently. Why?

The q. and a. business has at its root one irresistible element—human interest. On any show where a professionally-unprepared person stands on his feet to answer questions, the audience automatically becomes his *alter ego* or competing contestant. This identification occurs whether the person is asked to punch his way out of a paper bag (a running gag on NBC-TV's daytime fun show, *County Fair*) or whether he is asked to name the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Thus there can scarcely be a reasonable forecast which does not include question-and-answer techniques as show formats for years to come.

Today, there are more than thirty shows on the home screen which invoke the q. and a. technique in one form or another. Many of these cannot be catalogued under any one heading, except that all involve audience participation of one kind or another, and all award prizes for “playing the game.” The prizes may come from answering questions which actually test a participant's knowledge—though the accent is often on quip rather than quiz, as on Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life*, while such programs as *Truth Or*



Jan Murray's *Treasure Hunt*, assisted by "pirate girls" daily on NBC-TV, is a guessing-game which can lead to fabulous rewards—or "booby" prizes.



Bill Cullen tests non-professionals' knowledge of values on *The Price Is Right*, weekdays and Wednesday nights on NBC-TV. Winners—housewife or sailor, businessman or eloping bride—may get surprise gifts in addition to the merchandise displayed on stage. And home audiences can also "get into the act"—by mail.

Consequences, *People Are Funny* and *Beat The Clock* provide handsome gifts for "good sports" willing to grapple with seemingly impossible (or at least improbable) requests and stunts.

Audiences also participate, although vicariously, in the popular celebrity-panel shows, such as CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret*, *To Tell The Truth*, *The Last Word*, and *What's My Line?* Not quizzes, not really games, but they are based on methods and skills used in both—on deduction and intuition and a knowledgeable background of who's who and what's what.

There is really nothing new about this whole business of quiz. It was popular entertainment 'way back when. Before TV, it had a long life on radio. In fact, many of the well-established q. and a. shows now on TV—with the obvious exception of such completely visual presentations as *The Price Is*

Right, such acted-out charades as *Pantomime Quiz* and *Masquerade Party*—began their careers without benefit of camera. One of the very first to appeal to the public ear, *Dr. I. Q.*, was seen on TV just this past season, in a form similar to the original radio program—even to the famous phrase, "I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor," and the handing out of silver dollars.

In early days at the microphones, there was also that panel-quiz, *Information Please*, performed by "egg-heads" before that word achieved such good standing. This was the program which made John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, Oscar Levant and Clifton Fadiman household names across the nation. There were "junior" panels on radio, too, represented most precociously by *The Quiz Kids*. And that forerunner of the big-money giveaway, *Take It Or Leave It*, the show that made

"the \$64 question" a part of our American language. A long line of radio shows was also based on the premise that anybody could get into the act by sending in right answers, even if not on the scene to participate in person. Can anyone, either watching or listening at the time, ever forget the frenzied national reaction to *Stop The Music* on both radio and TV? All such programs drew loyal listeners until, one by one, the quizzes, the games, the panels and their like found their way into the box with the screen, and deserted radio.

Perhaps it was inevitable that, by the year 1958, shows of this type should have increased in number until they practically overran the channels. The combination of the right format, the right quizmaster, host or emcee—by whatever name called—and the right contestants had always pulled in audiences. It was no new discovery to find

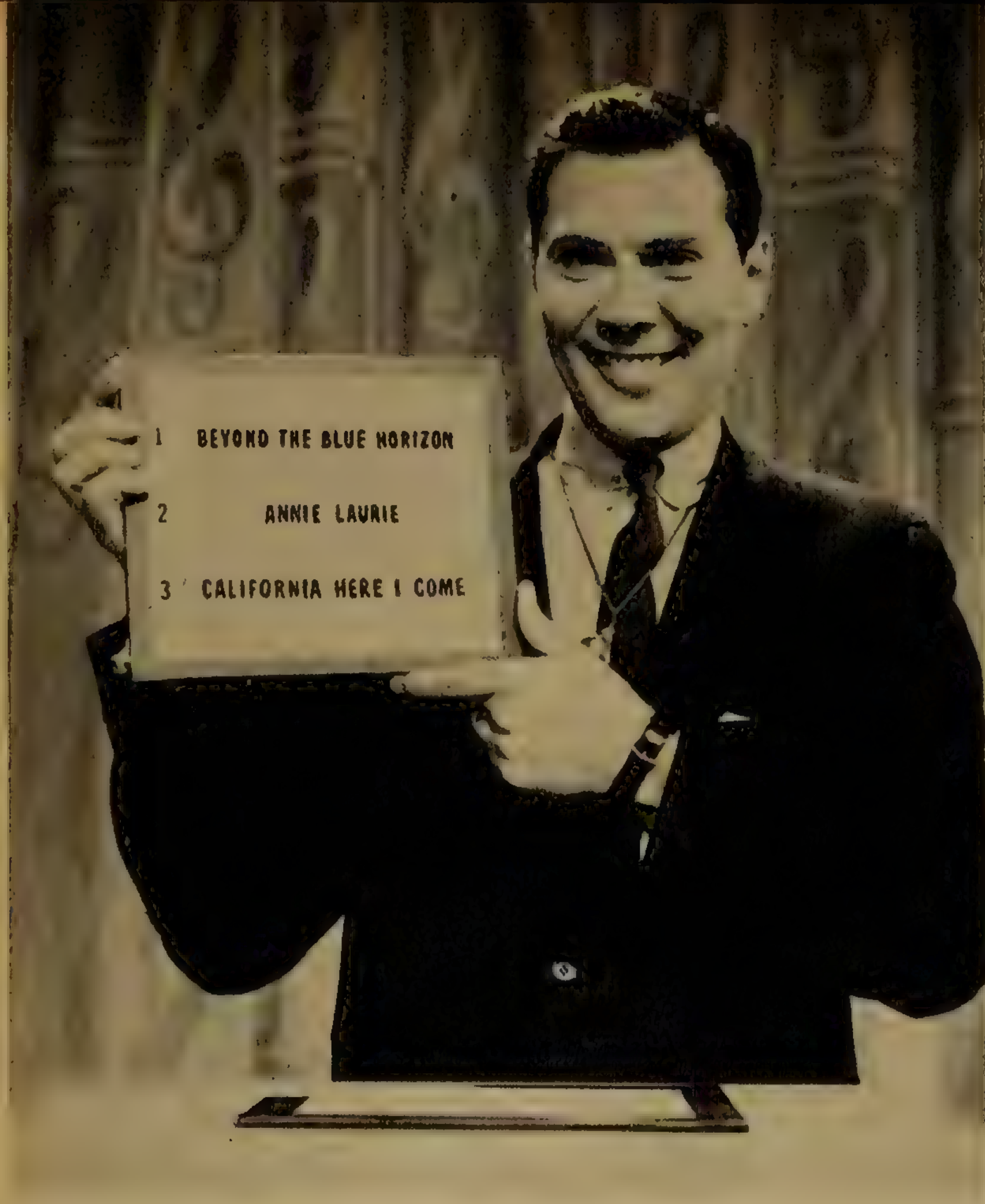
The Q. and A. Business

(Continued)

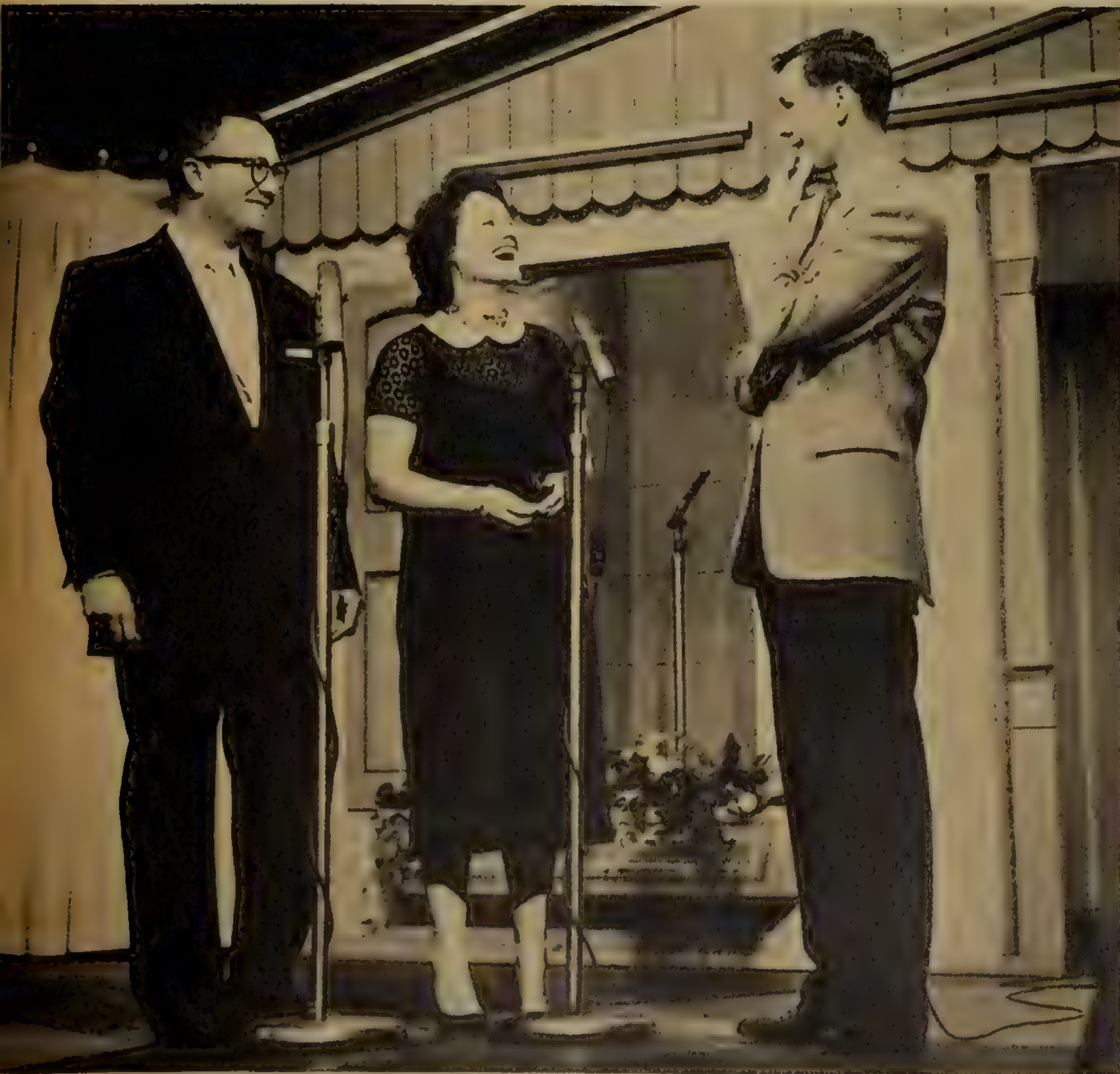
that people liked to match wits with both the experts and those more run-of-the-mill minds they felt were on their own level. It was also no new discovery that everybody loves a winner, especially a big winner who has been attractively presented. It's part of the American Dream that anyone can be snatched up out of the crowd and turned into a popular hero overnight.

Although many of the top-money shows disappeared from the air before 1958 was ended, the list of shows now alive and doing very well, thank you, is still long. Some lost their nighttime spots this past season, but stayed on daytimes. Some are destined to come back, day or night, as the winter season ends and the summer season begins.

Among those which definitely disappeared from view, for whatever reason, in 1958-59, here is a partial casualty list: *Dotto*, which had been on two networks, came under fire and departed from both in mid-August. *Twenty* (Continued on page 89)



Title of *Dough Re Mi* reveals modern spirit of competition for fun as well as prizes. Emceed by Gene Rayburn, daily on NBC-TV, show hands out real dough-of-the-realm to folks who can spot the do-re-mi's of well-known musical numbers.



Grammar takes a holiday, but viewers and contestants celebrate when *Who Do You Trust* telecasts, each weekday on ABC-TV. Emphasis is less on quiz, more on comic talents of Johnny Carson (above, right).





Charades are popular parlor fare—particularly when acted out by gifted guys like Stubby Kaye on *Pantomime Quiz*. The twelve-year-old Mike Stokey show is as sure a sign of summer on TV as the "blackout" of local baseball games in major-league cities.



Stunts test the contestants on *Beat The Clock*, emceed daily on ABC-TV by Bud Collyer (facing page). Prizes are valuable, but "participation" is the big thing—as on all such programs today.



Intuition gets its innings on *Play Your Hunch*, seen daily on ABC-TV with Merv Griffin as master of ceremonies. Like many other q.-and-a.'s—including panel shows—this game is a Goodson-Todman "brain child."

Fastest News Alive— RADIO AND TV

By RUTH NATHAN

WITHIN the past year, and up to the time this article went to press, radio and TV networks had chalked up ingenious news-break scoops over all other communications media. "Who'll be first, and how good can we make it?" was the byword of newsmen and officials.

Helping them crash the time barrier were the mechanical current-day wonders of "miracle" videotape, jet planes, faster trans-Atlantic phone, wire and cable services.

It takes radio about thirty seconds to get on the air with a wire-service flash from the standby teletype machines which rattle off 'round-the-clock dispatches from correspondents all over the globe. If no announcer is available to read the flash, the important headline is delivered by the news editor himself, traditionally a hoarse-voiced character. The accent is on speed, rather than mellifluous tones.

It takes television about six seconds to project an on-the-spot coverage of news with the new videotape machine. This extraordinary mechanism—which may be described as "taller than a man," and therefore is neither portable nor conceivably cheap—records for instant use both audio and pictures.

By comparison, it takes a newspaper about thirty minutes to put out an "extra," *provided* the presses are rolling; the bulletin must be set in type, the new front page run off, and distribution made to the newsstands.

Following is the exciting "play-by-play" of radio-TV's pursuit of the "big news." (Continued on page 79)

Firing of the 8,500-pound Atlas at Cape Canaveral, which launched U.S. satellite into orbit, provided a real out-of-this-world news scoop for alert NBC-TV cameramen on the scene.

Modern developments are adding daily
to the miracle of broadcasting—
where the word "flash" now has more
impact than any newspaper "extra."



Arrival in New York Harbor of atomic submarine *Nautilus*, after record voyage under the North Pole, was eye-witness event for viewers of *Today*. Thanks to host Dave Garroway's "charming persuasion"—as one staff member puts it—the sub surfaced almost directly in front of NBC-TV cameras.



Notable example of network and local station combining to bring the nation "the full story," on the spot, was CBS and WBBM coverage of tragic school fire at Our Lady of the Angels, in Chicago. Above, Hugh Hill interviews survivors, with Mike Kesmar handling sound, Irv Heberg at camera.



Coronation of Pope John XXIII was pictured for American audiences by CBS less than twenty hours after ceremonies in Rome. Such swift, accurate coverage was made possible by an unprecedented "pooling" of international facilities, video-tape, jet planes, technical and editorial know-how.



Radio's resourcefulness has proved itself in the air, as well as on it. Right, Bob Garrity with New York's famed "WOR Flying Studio"—from which the pilot-newsman has broadcast a genuine bird's-eye description of train wreck while earthbound reporters were still speeding to the site.

Music, U.S.A.



It was a good start for the new year when Paul Whiteman, the "King of Jazz," backed by top talent, presented an exciting jazz concert on the *Voice Of Firestone* program, ABC-TV in mid-January. Highlight was Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," introduced by "Pops" in 1924.



The first really new American band to hit the sound tracks on TV during last fall was Lawrence Welk's Little Band, a bright crop of youthful musicians who made their bow on Welk's *Plymouth Show* on ABC-TV. Youngest member is twelve, oldest twenty, all have top music talent.

The story of the big sound:
Radio waves and TV bands
have made Americans of all
ages tune-wise and music-
conscious from Bach to rock!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

FROM loudspeakers and screens came the sound of music and the sight of the people who created it. Music made news and caused controversy. It also crossed international boundaries to present a picture of a vital, happy America, and to win friends even in hostile areas.

Never has a nation made such full, enjoyable use of its richly varied musical resources. As Victor Borge pointed out to Sir Thomas Beecham during their conversation on Edward R. Murrow's *Small World* on CBS-TV, "Nowadays we have music wherever we go—in every drugstore, in every saloon." We also have it in homes, cars and factories. It poured out to suit every taste—classics and country; robust big-beat, romantic ballads and devout hymns; high-riding jazz and disciplined chamber music. There were folk songs and fugues, serious works and fun-loving foolishness. The hillbillies came to town and sophisticated harmony reached so far out into the hills that, musically, the backwoods doesn't exist any more.

The breadth and depth of America's demand for music was measured both by broadcasting hours and personal record purchases, which reached an all-time high of nearly \$400 million. Almost every type of music had its big show or big hit, and contrasts could be startling. David Seville's crazy little "Chipmunk Song," recorded on a 45 retailing for ninety-eight cents, grossed close to three million dollars, but Van Cliburn's LP of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto



Comedian, composer, conductor Jackie Gleason is the calm center of a jazz music hubbub. The occasion: *Timex All-Star Jazz Show*, an hour-long music treat of top talent who played up a storm for eager jazz buffs.

Perry Como surrounded by the Ray Charles Singers. Mr. Saturday Night's relaxed singing makes his weekly stanza required viewing for millions. Handsome production numbers add value for color-set owners.

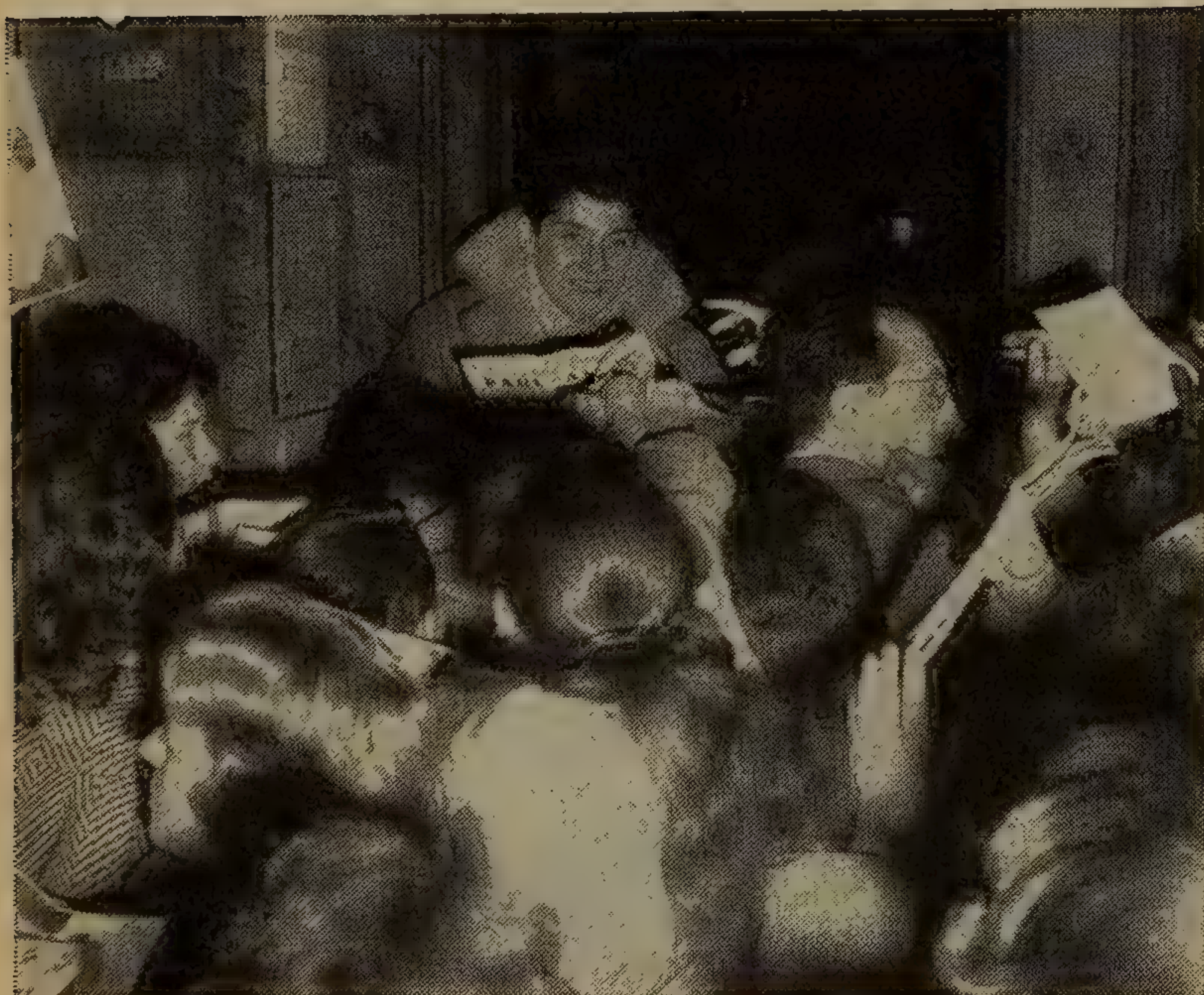
topped it, moneywise. Selling at \$4.98 for mono and \$5.98 for stereo, the Concerto racked up a gross of more than five million dollars and became the first classic LP in history to sell at a speed comparable to that of a pop single.

With pop singles, everyone played the rating game, following the charts of the professional weeklies—*Billboard*, *Cash Box* and *Variety*. For disc jockeys used the polls conducted by these publications as basic authority for their own programing, varying the score occasionally to conform to local trends. When this evolved into the policy of "The Top Forty," bringing an hour-by-hour repetition of the same booming big-beat tunes over some stations, maestro Mitch Miller of Columbia Records exploded.



Music, U.S.A.

(Continued)



For gifted young singers, teen-age adorers provide a gold-plated existence. Paul Anka, Canadian-born singer led with million-seller "Diana," followed with other smash hits. Tours to Britain and Australia broke attendance records.

At the disc-jockey convention, he blasted broadcasters for "abdicating" programing to the corner record shop, "to the eight-to-fourteen-year-olds, the pre-shave crowd that makes up twelve percent of the country's population and zero percent of its buying power, once you eliminate ponytail ribbons and peanut brittle."

A closer look at schedules revealed, however, that a discriminating dial-turner could find almost anything he wished. "Good music" stations emerged in almost every major city, devoting their schedules to the classics, light opera and standards. Some 125 radio stations were broadcasting in stereo.

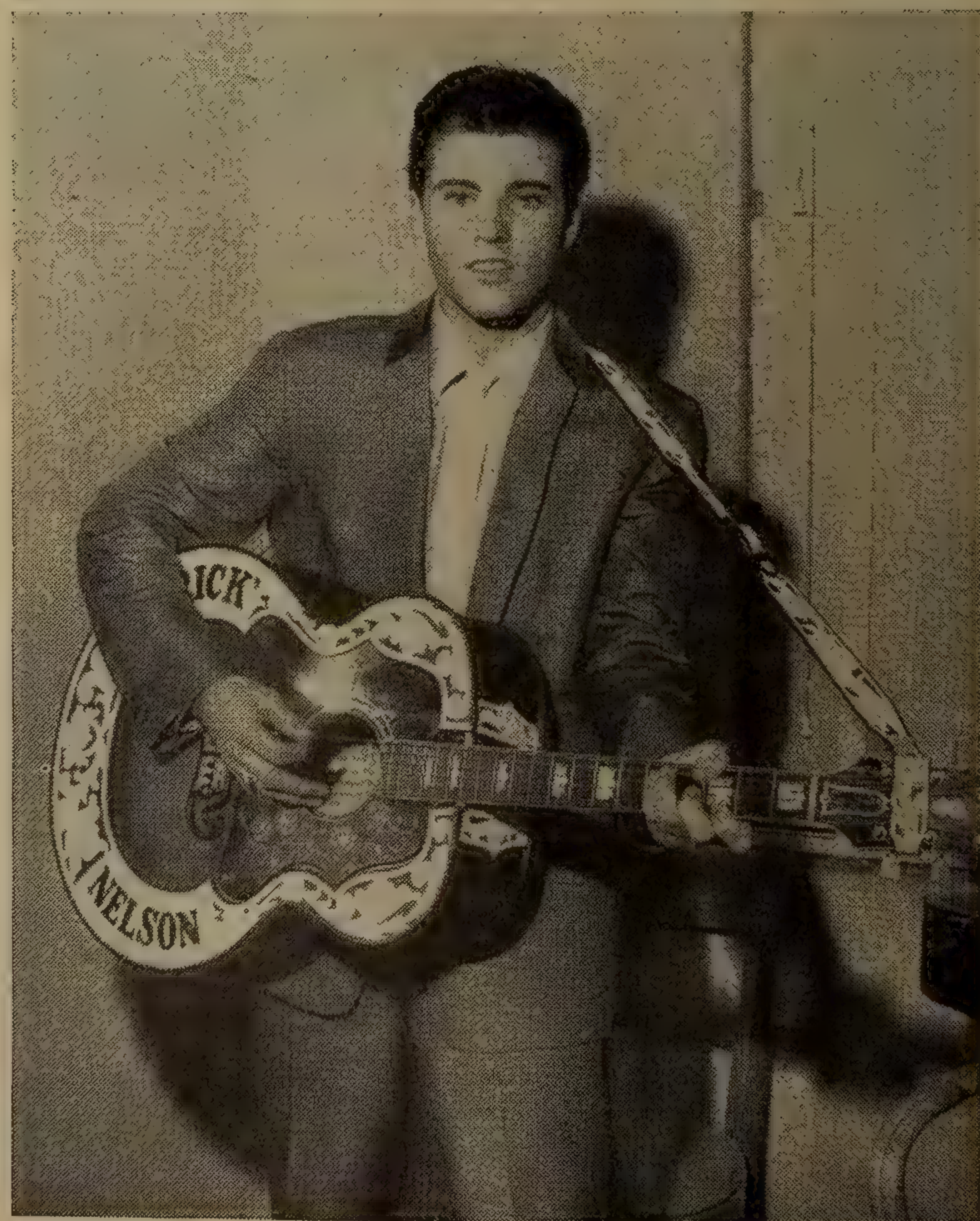
In television, the year brought new proof of General David Sarnoff's 1939 statement: "The richest man cannot buy for himself what the poorest man gets free." In "specials" and on regular programs, today's new artists met their admirers, great stars of the past bridged the years to make historic music live for a new generation, concert singers reached a larger audience than any hall could hold and advanced musical education became popular entertainment.

The great variety shows sought out the news-making artists as avidly as a city editor. Fresh from his Russian-tour triumphs, Texas-born and home-taught Van Cliburn made his American bow on Steve Allen's program on NBC-TV; Ed Sullivan searched the world for top talent to present on his CBS-TV hour; Perry Como, Patti Page, Pat Boone, Dinah Shore and *Your Hit Parade* found the cream of the contemporary crop.

For those who like their music bubbly, there was Lawrence Welk with his vintage (Continued on page 93)



Elvis Presley, now in second year of Army service, shot into prominence as a recording artist because of unique voice quality and sexy delivery. Several movies and a number of gold records later, he's still strong with fans.



Rick Nelson, truly a child of TV in his appearances with *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, blasted into outer space as a recording artist. Now Rick has "Rio Bravo" movie to his credit, seems to be assured stellar career.



Benny Goodman proved to be the Pied Piper when he sent them at last summer's Brussels Fair. Appearing to represent the United States at the expense of Westinghouse, his jazz orchestra wowed people of all nations.



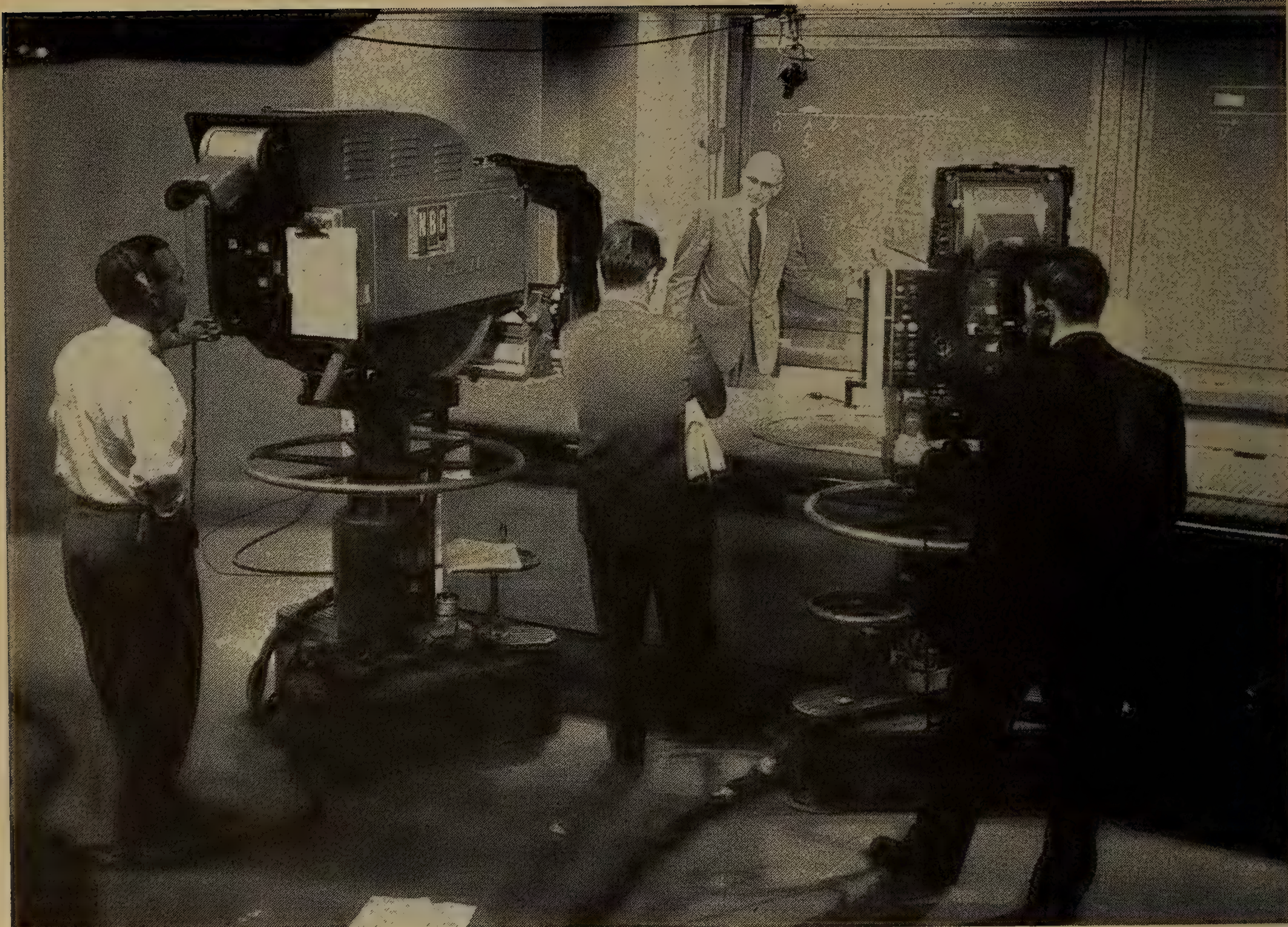
Van Cliburn, the Texas miracle, won international fame as a result of his Russian appearance—returned home for further plaudits as a unique piano virtuoso. His Victor Tchaikovsky B-Flat Minor Concerto is a major hit record.



For *American Festival*, an hour of American music sponsored by the Bell Telephone Company, Duke Ellington played his own special brand of music with a vocal assist from an international favorite, singer Ella Fitzgerald.



Leonard Bernstein, director of the New York Philharmonic, is America's most persuasive interpreter of fine music to a mass audience. Loved on *Omnibus* shows since 1954, he's also heard conducting on CBS Radio, seen on CBS-TV.



From Radio City studio, NBC-TV network is broadcasting a college-level course "Atomic-Age Physics," under the able instruction of Dr. Harvey E. White. Its acceptance is phenomenal: 250 colleges and universities are offering course, 5,000 students enrolled for credit. Estimated 300,000 viewers are non-credit.



On local level, WCBS-TV began offering *Sunrise Semester* in the fall of 1957, in co-operation with New York University. Response was overwhelming, and a sizable group of early-morning risers completed the initial course and turned up for examination (above). The 1959 curriculum includes four courses.

Probably most vital news this year is mushroom growth of education through TV

By LILLA ANDERSON

IN GREENWICH, Connecticut, before daylight on a chill morning last fall, police officers in a prowler car closed in on Robert Dean, age 15, as he trudged down a lonely road. Questioned, he replied that he was going to school. "At this hour?" said a cop. "Now we've heard everything. We're taking you to the station." Robert pleaded to phone his parents. They stopped at a diner to do so. There, at the counter, having coffee, they found his science teacher, Howard Leahy. He rescued Robert. "We're both bound for school," he explained. "There's a new physics course, *Continental Classroom*, on at 6:30 A.M. We're going to give credit for it."

In Alabama, (Continued on page 91)

TV'S NATIONAL CLASSROOM



During 1958, Dr. Harvey White instructed high-school level science class. In picture above, lecture on "falling bodies" was sent from Station KETC, the educational TV station on Washington University campus. Students at high school in Ferguson, in St. Louis County, view experiment, then conduct a similar experiment with class teacher.

•

Third-grade art is only one of many courses taught by closed-circuit TV in the Washington County schools, in and surrounding Hagerstown, Maryland. On screen Mr. Clyde Roberts acts as instructor to his intent young students. In Salem Avenue Elementary School Miss Mazie France is in charge.





Oldest daytime serial created just for TV, *Search For Tomorrow* stars Mary Stuart—who created role of Joanne on CBS in '51—with Terry O'Sullivan as husband Arthur and Lynn Loring as Patti.

For the Ladies...

That's the idea of daytime programs—but they're getting so interesting that many a male is taking time out to look or listen, too



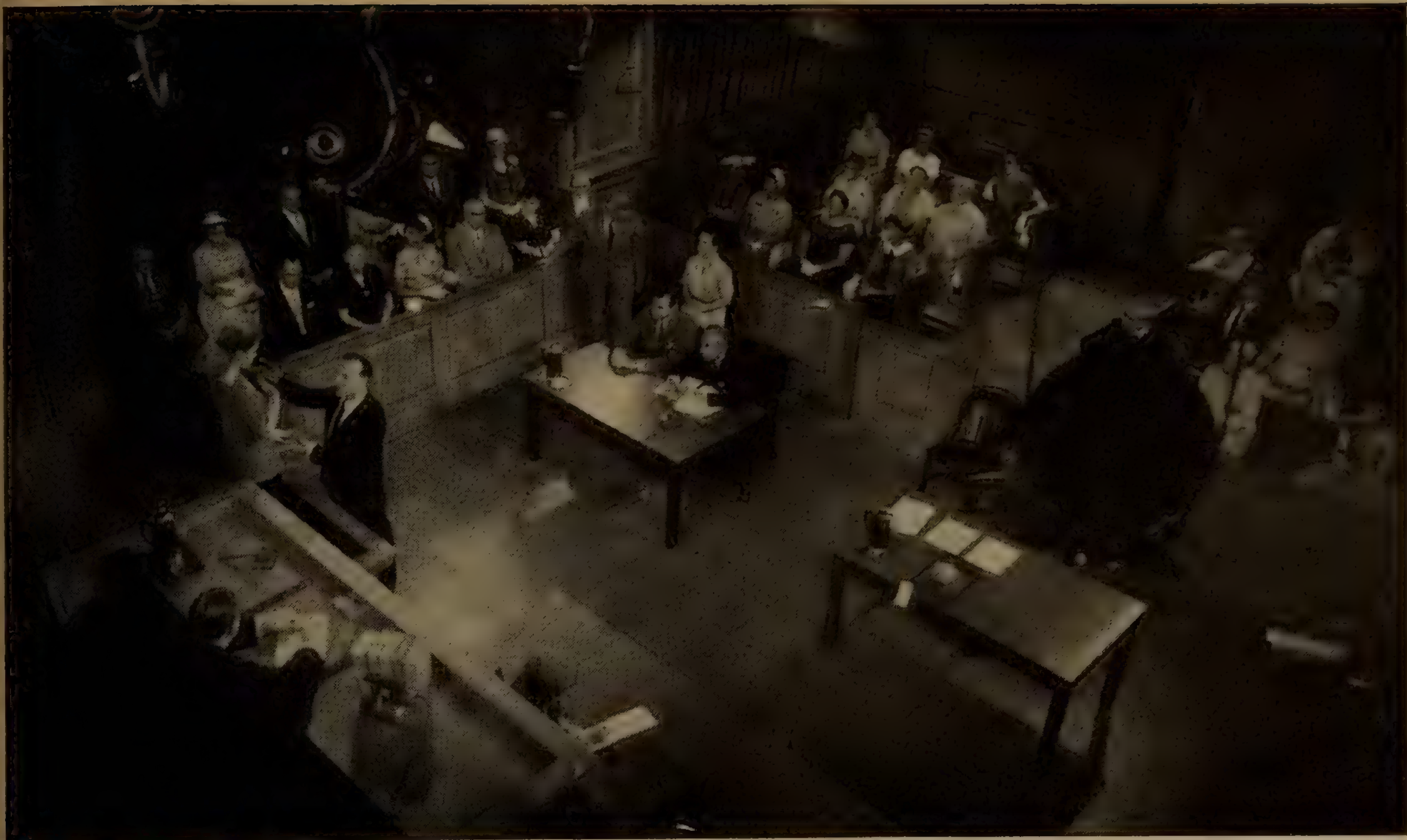
Patriarch of serial dramas, NBC Radio's *One Man's Family* began presenting its generations in April of 1932. Seated—Mother and Father Barbour (Mary Adams, J. Anthony Smythe); Carlton E. Morse (the creator-producer); Claudia (Barbra Fuller). Standing—Pinky (George Pirrone), Paul (Russell Thorson). Penelope (Anne Whitfield), Hank (William Idelson), Nicholas (Ben Wright).



Growing popularity of music and variety programs on television during daylight hours brought an engaging new personality to CBS-TV—the star of *The Jimmy Dean Show*, here with Jennie Smith.



Ma Perkins, on CBS Radio, has had the same title-star for more than a quarter-century. Left to right: Margaret Draper as Fay, Kay Kampbell as Evey, Edwin Wolfe as Shuffle Shober—Virginia Payne as Ma herself—Murray Forbes as Willy Fitz.



Refreshing new format in television, since fall of '57, is the realistic courtroom drama with trials presented in serial form. On CBS-TV's *The Verdict Is Yours*, legal talent is represented by actual members of the bar, with actors as the litigants. The daily "live" proceedings are mostly ad-libbed from a mere briefing on each case's circumstances.



Long beloved on radio, *Young Dr. Malone* now comes to NBC-TV with a new cast playing the familiar characters, in a new story-line. Above, William Prince as Dr. Jerry Malone, with Kathleen Widdoes (left) as daughter Jill, Virginia Dwyer as wife Tracey.

By FRANCES KISH

ARE YOU A HOUSEWIFE, feeling tied to home and kids and cooking? Worried that the world, with all its wonders and excitements, is passing you by? Or an older homemaker left with empty hands, now that the children have grown up? . . . Then, how TV and radio helped to fill your days and round out your life in 1958—and how it continues to do so in 1959—becomes enormously important.

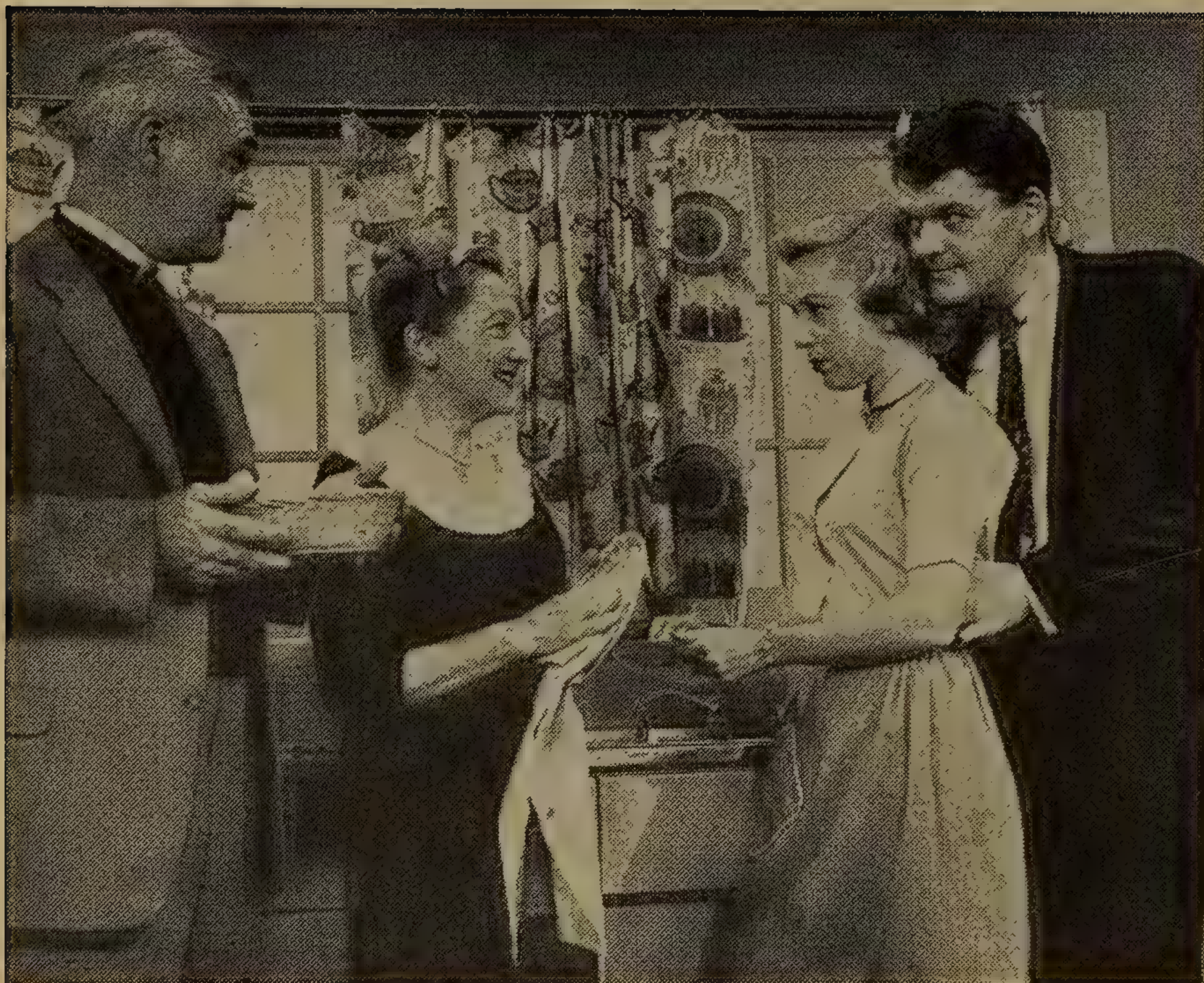
Just how important, just how much each contributes to your fun in living and your knowledge of what's going on in the



Daytime variety gets a boost on ABC from one of America's most talented married couples, in two forms: *The Peter Lind Hayes Show* on TV, *The Peter Lind Hayes—Mary Healy Show* on radio.

For the Ladies...

(Continued)



The Brighter Day, on CBS-TV, perpetuates the great popularity it enjoyed for so many years as a daytime serial drama on radio—and continues the story of Reverend Richard Dennis (Blair Davies) and the members of his family, including Aunt Emily (Mona Bruns), Sandra Dennis (Gloria Hoyer) and Grayling Dennis (Hal Holbrook).



CBS Radio's *The Second Mrs. Burton* focuses on an odd but not-unfamiliar triangle of everyday life: Terry Burton (star Teri Keane), husband Stan (Dwight Weist)—and Mother Burton (Ethel Owen).



The Secret Storm has been a favorite on CBS-TV ever since it originated on television five years ago. An exciting story stems from the day-by-day conflict between widower Peter Ames and his sister-in-law, Pauline Harris—excitingly portrayed by the fine performers who created the roles: Peter Hobbs, Haila Stoddard.

world around you, can be gauged, to some extent, by the time you spend looking and listening. Adults spend more time with TV than with any other pursuit except work, according to a survey. Children spend more time with it than any other occupation except school. Only the teenagers' viewing has dropped off, a logical result of all their outside interests and activities. But figures show that most people with access to television (which usually means in the home) spend an average of three hours and ten minutes every day, watching.

Because of TV, many women have radically changed their housekeeping habits. Everyone knows about the "TV dinners" and the tables arranged so that the whole family can face the screen. In some homes, the ironing board is now brought into the living room, so a favorite program can be watched while the daily chores continue. Home dressmakers have learned to sew a fine seam with one eye on the set. Busy mothers have mastered the art of watching the children and the set simultaneously, and of stirring the stew and basting the roast during the least gripping moments of their favorite programs.

Radio listening, which had dropped off as TV sets increased, had a powerful resurgence in 1958. The biggest radio news was the return of housewives to morning listening, the favored hours being from eight to ten. Experts estimate that housewives listened an average of close to eight hours a week, Monday through Friday. Radio now reaches forty-nine-and-a-third million homes weekly, equipped with a total of



NBC Radio's *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry* is one of the few comparatively new daytime dramas to capture listeners' hearts. Two good reasons are title-role star Madeleine Carroll, left, and producer Hi Brown, facing her across the table. Rehearsing with them are ace performers Phyllis Newman, Jackie Grimes, Ethel Owen.



Right To Happiness, on CBS Radio, dramatizes the daily courage of a widow accustomed to facing her problems alone. Claudia Morgan stars as Carolyn Nelson, Kevin McCarthy is leading man.



First of all daily serials to make the transition from radio to television, *The Guiding Light* shows every sign of duplicating the almost twenty-year run of its namesake. Its ultra-popular stars include Charita Bauer (left) as "Bert" Bauer, Lyle Sudrow as her husband Bill, and Ellen Demming as Meta Roberts, with Les Damon (standing) as Bruce Banning, Theo Goetz (right) as "Papa" Bauer.

95,400,000 sets (many families have an extra set in kitchen or bedroom, some have three or four). Radio-equipped automobiles account for still another 37,200,000 sets.

So much for the statistics, interesting as they are. To what do you listen? At what do you look? What variety of fare was spread before you in such profusion during the daytime hours—those hundreds upon hundreds of programs from which you, the readers, have now chosen your favorites for our 1958-59 TV RADIO MIRROR

For the Ladies...

(Continued)



My True Story, on NBC Radio, duplicates in sound the real-life dramatic impact which has made a household word of the magazine for which it's named. Host Ed Herlihy (above, left) introduces a new cast and story each day. Pictured left to right: Standing—Court Benson, Jane Amar, director Ken MacGregor; seated—Nancy Guild, Evelyn Juster.



Love Of Life has become so popular, since its early start on CBS-TV, it was increased to a half-hour daily a year ago. In this lively scene, central character Vanessa Raven (star Bonnie Bartlett) is circled by Allan Sterling (Jimmy Bayer), Barbara Sterling (Nina Reader), Bruce Sterling (Ron Tomme), Vivian and Henry Carlson (Helene Dumas, Tom Shirley).



ABC-TV's *Day In Court* re-creates for daytime viewers actual legal cases, with William Gwinn (left) presiding over the domestic ones, and Edgar Allan Jones Jr. (law professor at U.C.L.A.) handling the criminal and civil.

Awards? . . . There was everything to entertain and to divert, to inform and to educate. The delights of music in all its forms were yours. There was drama, a great deal of it—the self-contained show and the daily dramatic serials, many of them “live,” a few taped, some on film.

There were variety and comedy, discussion and interview programs, games and quizzes, religious programs, sports events, cooking and homemaking, movies and news. . . . There were also college-level seminars and foreign-language courses (mostly on local-station schedules). . . . There were programs to keep the pre-nursery-school set contented and happy and out from under mother's feet.

It wasn't all sweetness and soft light, by any means. Some of the so-called adult fare was infantile. Some of the old movies were very, very ancient. Some of the situation comedies were re-runs of re-runs, and not very funny to begin with. Some of the so-called “horror programs” were only horrible.

But there were increasing signs that the people responsible for morning and afternoon programs had at last decided that daytime viewers have minds—and use them. That women don't put their brains in deep freeze all day and take them out only at dinnertime, after their husbands have come home.

The male sex was taken into consideration, too—night workers, professional men whose office hours permit some daytime listening, retirees with new-found leisure, men who work in certain types of shops and stores and restaurants. An articulate group who frequently write to the programs, telling what they like and what they don't like.

A busy West Coast doctor has been listening to *The Romance Of Helen Trent* for many years, using that fifteen minutes, whenever possible, as a period of relaxation between his office (Continued on page 94)

How a Western Is Made

(Continued from page 46)

of the programs stresses some angle of its own, the producers (key men who build the organization, set the pace and inspire work beyond the call of duty) seem agreed that plots are less important than craftsmanship. They argue that practically every plot under the sun has already been used in the vast turnout of Westerns and, while a good story is invaluable, it takes talent and know-how to bring it across.

"Many a good story has been ruined in the making, and many a poor one has been lifted into high-class entertainment," says Howard Christie, producer of *Wagon Train*. His emphasis is on top craftsmen "who can work fast without short-changing on quality." Christie, Norman Macdonnell, producer of *Gunsmoke*, and other top men also put great store on harmony as a factor for success. Says Christie, "A team that can get along under rough pressure is the foundation on which you can build a hit. *Wagon Train* has had the same crew for two years and every individual is tops in his own field. When each has confidence in the other, an air of relaxation prevails. The technicians work without strain and the actors give their best. Even the animals behave better."

In the case of *Wagon Train*, only the director, assistant director and prop men are changed every week. Most of the other Westerns follow this pattern, but Frank McDonald, the helmsman for *Wyatt Earp*, Earl Bellamy of *Wells Fargo* and Jesse Hibbs of *Gunsmoke* handle every episode.

While there are many points of difference among the Westerns, there are certain aspects that are common to all. To watch the development of a *Wagon Train* segment, from the idea through the synopsis, script and actual shooting, is to have, in a general way only, an understanding of similar developments in other TV sagebrushers. The following example from *Wagon Train* throws a light on some problems faced by other programs.

When Joseph Pevney, former actor and director of "Man of a Thousand Faces," was invited to read "The Vivian Carter Story," he knew it was the first step toward undertaking to film it. The script had already passed through the critical hands of producer Christie and Fred Hamilton, Director of Filmed Programs for NBC. "My responsibility," Hamilton explains, "is to see that no show is approved which might offend masses of people." Pevney, who had never done a Western before, liked the story and agreed to try his luck with the new format. He reported on the Thursday before starting date—which, for *Wagon Train*, is usually a Tuesday, the shooting running through Monday.

His first task was to meet with Christie and Ralph Winters, casting director at Revue Productions, where the series is shot. In what Pevney calls a "collective, collaborative effort, ending in full agreement on some matters and compromise on others," the featured players in the cast were set. The guest star had already been decided upon, and the small parts were left to the casting director. Ward Bond, as the wagonmaster, and Bob Horton, as his scout, are the fixed stars of the show, of course. Many of the "bit" players, such as Vallery Mitchel and Kathleen Ellis, are regulars because they are part of the pioneer group moving across country in the story.

The next step was to choose a location suitable to the script, and to activate the prop man, Bill Smallback. Because he was searching for an area that looked "barren, an expanse of sun-scorched plains," Pevney chose the Conejo Ranch in the San Fern-

ando Valley. Meanwhile, the properties (all furnishings, decorations and physical items used in a scene) were being meticulously assembled. On Monday, there were a number of huddles with Christie on script changes.

"Few scripts are perfect all at once," comments Pevney. "The Vivian Carter Story" was first typed up on December 2, 1958. First revisions were inserted on December 29, others followed in mid-January, when actual shooting began."

Pevney was picked up by a studio car at 6 A.M., for delivery at the Conejo site. More than a hundred extras, technicians and real-life cowboys reported to Revue Studio to be driven there by bus. "I might say," Pevney smiles, "this hour of travel gave me a chance to formulate my ideas for the day's scenes. It also gave the grips and extras a chance to catch a few extra winks."

It was bitter-cold when the director arrived, but already his crew was bustling about. Covered wagons were being pulled off huge trucks, and the wranglers were harnessing horses to them. The cast were in portable dressing trailers, changing into their costumes, as make-up men and hairdressers fussed over them. Technicians were setting up the camera and sound equipment. As Pevney conferred with his actors, a commissary wagon from a studio catering firm was serving hot coffee.

"By 8:15, it was light enough for our first shot," Pevney recalls, "but since minutes count so much on a TV schedule, it was just as well we got there early. Here's where know-how weighs heavy. We had just one day's shooting on location and, luckily, nobody messed anything up. It would be too costly to hold a group of actors over for some leftover shots."

Special credit must go to the crew, Pevney claims. "They must be top-drawer, seeing the handicaps they labor under. I take my hat off to the cameramen—they gave me the visual effects I was after, in spite of difficulties."

Benjamin Cline, head cinematographer on *Wagon Train*, admits it was "tough all the way." The wind was strong enough to blow men and equipment over, he relates. One canyon was so narrow that the wagons couldn't turn around and had to be pulled out with jeeps. Meanwhile, the make-up man was having his problems, contending with the wind, dust, pollen particles and glaring sunlight. In this connection, Jack Barron, head of make-up at Revue, points out: "Often, by the time we've finished an actor's make-up, the wind has shifted our way and spoiled the effect. *Wagon Train*, with its wide variety of stories and weekly guest stars, is especially challenging. There's always something different. One week, Willon Fields, the regular man on the show, was called on to simulate smallpox marks on Anne Baxter—just enough to depict the disease, without destroying her familiar beauty."

Barron reads every script in advance and will notify Fields of any unusual items he must have on hand—such as a false eye, or three different styles of beards. Each make-up artist tries hard to "personalize" his bearded characters and Indians, and he achieves this by refusing to merely duplicate from one story to another.

The most terrifying prospect before a director (as well as everyone connected with the show) is the ever-looming chance of an accident that might disable the star or some other key character half-through his scenes. During the filming of *Have Gun, Will Travel*, Richard Boone was practicing the quick draw and firing at a target set up in a "safety area." The site was down a

ravine, above which a stagecoach was being loaded onto a truck. Suddenly, the stagecoach slid away from the workers and came crashing down the ravine, shattering into bits as it bounced. As the company stood by in mute horror, the front wheels and wagon tongue flew past Boone by no more than a foot.

Wagon Train has had some lulus of its own, Ward Bond reports grimly. In an early segment, a passing horse brushed against him, twisted his leg from the stirrup, and pushed him against a wagon, injuring his hip. Because of this accident, Bond insisted that Terry Wilson and Frank McGrath, old friends and top stunt-men, be written into the script as regulars. "The accident would never have happened if the scene had been plotted out by stunt-men," Ward points out. McGrath, playing Wooster, and Wilson, Hawks, also work out fight scenes and other possibly risky actions.

Since horses play an important role in Westerns, great care is exerted in their selection. Many of these animals are rented from the Ace Hudkins Ranch or Fats Jones Stable, and some are owned by actors who ride them. Dale Robertson has had his own mount from the beginning of his series. Rory Calhoun and Dick Boone ride horses furnished by Fats Jones. The *Maverick* brothers travel mainly by stagecoach, train and steamboat, and saddle horses play a small part in this show. The same is true of *Gunsmoke* and *The Rifleman*. Rental fees for the animals are twenty-five dollars for a sleek one, ridden by a star, and seven-fifty for the ordinary variety ridden by featured players.

The major networks take diligent counsel with the American Humane Association with respect to the proper care and use of animals. Often, horses are used in dangerous stunts. Special camera effects create the illusion of the imaginary falls, spills and collisions. In a recent Western, horse and rider were to tumble from a cliff to their death. The cameras moved in, and the "fall" was accomplished with miniatures dropping only forty inches. Just as stuntmen sub for actors, so stunt horses fill in for ordinary animals. Trained "falling" or "lay-down" horses are brought in for the long-shot stunts while the regular horses get the close-ups.

It is, of course, not all hard, fast, dangerous work. There are lots of laughs, too. One segment of *Have Gun, Will Travel* had Dick Boone fighting with four miners near a cold mountain stream. One after another, Boone tangled with stunt-men and pitched them into the stream. Then, carried away with it all, he spotted a fifth man close by, grabbed him and hustled him into the icy water. This fifth "heavy" turned out to be a fan who'd come out to the location to "see how a Western was made." He found out.

In the climactic scene of "The Vivian Carter Story," Bob Horton clobbers the villain. "Joe," said the actor to the director, "I ought to have a line here." Pevney looked at him blankly. "What line?" "At this point," replied the actor, rubbing his jaw, "I ought to say 'Ouch!'"

Tonight, when in your hushed and dimmed living room there's a sudden crash and saloon doors flap wildly and two men rush into the road, face each other solemnly and draw—as the bullets fly, remember that this exciting story took an enormous amount of brains, brawn, talent and technical skill. It also took a team of many persons planning and working. No Western is ever whipped together "at the drop of a gun."

he is the MUSIC MAKER

As the title of his current Dot album makes plain: Kane Is Able—to write, arrange and conduct the best in music for the best in CBC-TV entertainment



COMMUTING being a relative thing, Jack Kane “commutes” about as easily to New York from his regular Toronto TV commitments as he could from a “nearby” suburban homestead on Long Island. The energetic young orchestra leader is known to Canadian viewers as the maestro of *Music Makers '59* and in the States as music director of last summer's Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme show. In either port, there's plenty to keep Jack jumpin'. “Some 90% of our programing on CBC is live,” says Jack, “and for the big recording names and guest stars we depend, of course, on the U.S. industry.” . . . For something new in sound, the States depend on the multiple talents of Jack Kane. A first-class arranger, he has written club and recording material for Dorothy Collins, Denise Lor and Connie Francis, and has completed five albums of his own varied material for Dot. Jack has a B.S. in music, but learned arranging the hard way. “There are more than basic principles involved,” says he, “so you just have to keep doing it. As a kid, I wrote for the teen-age dance bands. When it sounded bad, I remembered and did it another way, next time.” Acknowledging that the style of a performer influences the arrangements, he notes that Lawrence and Gorme are very musical. “Being good ‘projectors,’” he adds, “they aren't afraid of a solid instrumental backing. You could say, a good singer is a frustrated arranger—and a good arranger,

Like Kane's earlier *Summertime*, *Music Makers '59* brings finest jazzmen to guest, like George Shearing.



Allan, just three, took to conducting *Music Makers* toy ork last Christmas like a maestro; now, there's no keeping him down, as dad Jack will good-naturedly tell.



Fern, seven, shares dad with his musical homework.



One place Kanes will never move to: The Country. Says Jack, "Clare grew up on a farm, so she's had it." But fun facilities are a-plenty in Downsview neighborhood.



a singer at heart." . . . Jack himself started out as the half-pint of the London music-hall team of Barnett and Son—the senior member being his dad. "In a typical act," Jack recalls, "Dad would do his stuff, I'd follow with a challenge to him from the stalls, then he'd retort: 'If you think you can do better, come up and show us.' At eight, my specialty was 'Mother.' This would really get 'em." . . . Jack had always wanted to arrange and conduct. Home from Europe, where he had toured with an entertainment unit from '44 to '46, he went back to school to prepare for a music-teaching career. But before he'd graduated, he had worked up from part-time clarinetist for the CBC to doing an occasional scoring or conducting job. . . . Though he's now moved to the pinnacle of Canadian entertainment, Kane will weigh very thoughtfully any plan to move his career full-time to New York. "We both love New York," says he, in reference to himself and his wife Clare. "But we're very happy in Toronto. On two occasions on *Music Makers*, the children were featured on the Christmas shows." At his home in suburban Downsview, Jack has set up a studio-office. "Yes, I guess I do have to lock the door," he admits. "Every time the latch is up, the kids pile in on me. Then sometimes, Fern gets the devil in her and hides my key so I can't lock the door." In the tradition of Barnett and Son, Kane and Kids claim that music's a family affair.

The Tragi-Comic World of TV

(Continued from page 43)

opposite. Some professional critics may acclaim Jack the greater comedian, for he is able to look solemn while putting over his most outrageous lines. Occasionally, Red is criticized because he breaks up over some of his own gags.

"What some professional critics criticize, the public loves," says Seymour Berns, director of *The Red Skelton Show*, a quiet, serious, bespectacled gentleman who smiles frequently but rarely goes into gales of laughter—though Red can always break him up. "Red sometimes enjoys a joke he is telling so much that he bursts into laughter. Technically, perhaps he shouldn't do this—but who really minds it? The public shares his enjoyment. He's so obviously having a heck of a good time, he's fun to watch.

"There is a close personal feeling between Red and his audience. It shares his happiness and his heartaches. When his little boy was sick, a fantastic amount of mail arrived for Red." When Red's son died of leukemia last year, it was as if every member of the audience had suffered a personal loss. Every one of them had been praying for the miracle that would save Red's beloved son.

Red stayed away from TV for only about two weeks after the death of Richard. Then he came back, seemingly as merry as ever. The members of the crew were told by the director and the producer: "We know you're sorry for Red. He knows it, too. But don't keep telling him. It will only make it harder for him to do his comedy act, if you remind him of his loss."

When he was performing, Red's comedy was as uproarious as ever. But, for a while, when he wasn't acting, his eyes would stare into the distance. The men in the crew could guess his thoughts; they didn't intrude on them. Little by little, Red went back to his former extrovert personality. Once again, he lives in a world of shared jokes, laughter, and merriment. But there is a difference.

"In some respects, Red Skelton's comedy has become more poignant since then," says Cecil Barker, producer of the Skelton show. Mr. Barker looks as though he were Seymour Berns' brother—approximately the same build, similar glasses, similar seriousness till he laughs at some gag of Red's. "Whenever Red has appeared in a scene with children," he continues, "it has always had a sympathetic overtone. But now, when he plays such a scene, there is noticeably more heart within him."

The greatest comedy has always had an undertone of sadness. A friend of Red's once said: "Comedy and heart are opposite ends of the same pole; and Red has both."

All this doesn't mean that Red is a great comedian merely because he is a great guy. "It's true he has the traditional heart of gold," says Seymour Berns. "He is a complete patsy for anyone who wants him to contribute his time and talent for any cause. But no comedian ever lasted simply because he was a nice guy. Basically, Red is an overwhelmingly funny clown; and even the bit of pathos that underlies his comedy has been part of the tradition of the great clowns."

"He's the last clown in the business," says Mr. Barker. "People accept prat-falls, water thrown at other people's faces and similar visual gags, in a Red Skelton show, that they wouldn't accept from anyone else. Who else could make acceptable the outrageous idea of a 'Murphy bathtub' in the wall of Freddie the Freeloader's dingy quarters at the city dump? Freddie, the

big-hearted, wanted to accommodate his friend, Mr. Hanger-on. But he could hardly do so in a bathtub just large enough to hold one sleeper. So what, as Red played it, could be more logical than a Murphy bathtub that folds into the wall like a Murphy bed?

"People accept these things from Red. They are an integral part of his broad comedy. In addition, he is the greatest pantomimist in the world today."

Red himself loves pantomime. "I think pantomime is a wonderful universal language," he says. "Anyone, anywhere, can understand good pantomime."

For years, Red had dreamed of a TV show done entirely in pantomime. It would be a great challenge, a great gimmick, a great gamble. At first, his producer and director shied away from the idea, for if such a show flopped, the flop might be heard around the television world.

Finally, they got the spark of an idea, and put Red's script writers to work on it. With Red cooperating to the limit, they emerged with what Mr. Barker and Mr. Berns consider Red's greatest TV show—last year's Thanksgiving program about Freddie the Freeloader's attempts to stir up some philanthropist's willingness to bestow a Thanksgiving dinner on him.

"Red Skelton will probably go on forever in TV," explains Mr. Barker, "because there isn't one Red Skelton—there are at least eight of them. There's a new Red Skelton every week. If you see Freddie the Freeloader one week, you might not see him again for five or six weeks. In the meantime, you may see Willie Lump Lump, the drunk; George Appleby, the henpecked husband; Clem Kadiddlehopper, the yokel; Cookie, the sailor; punch-drunk Cauliflower McPugg, San Fernando Red, or Bolivar Shagnasty. In addition, there's Red himself.

"An astonishing facet of the show is that Red achieves his transformations without make-up. One moment he can be an old man dozing in a chair; a flip of his hat, and he's a youngster, playing with his first chemistry set."

Where does Red get his inspirations for these characters? Just ask Red. "Freddie the Freeloader?" he says. "Why, I got the idea from my father, who used to play a tramp clown in the circus. He played a sad clown, and had a special make-up of his own—white on his eyelids, white on his mouth, absolutely no red on the nose—I wear identically that make-up. My father used to do the routine of pretending to sew up his fingers with imaginary thread and needle. It's one of my favorites. He also did a clever bit about a girl getting up in the morning."

"And you watched your father's routines and copied them?"

"Oh, no," Red says gently. "He died one day in May. I was born the following July. But my mother told me all about my father's routines. She told me how he used to recite the ABC's, as though he were mouthing a great speech. It gave me an idea. One day, I said I'd like to do a routine reciting the alphabet on TV. Everyone thought I was gone. But they let me try it, and the public seemed to like it.

"I played a man who carefully prepares a speech he's to deliver before his lodge. Then along comes his kid with the day's homework—the ABC's. He puts the paper right on top of his father's speech. The father grabs the kid's homework by mistake and takes it to the lodge with him. When he gets up to read his speech, all he has with him is the kid's homework. He recites the alphabet with great fervor,

putting into the ABC's all the changes of expression he had originally planned for his speech."

Red Skelton personally creates all his characters. Possibly his favorite is Willie Lump Lump, the drunk, who, for obvious reasons, always gets a glow. "I used to follow and study drunks," Red explains. "I patterned Willie Lump Lump after them, and—surprising as it may seem—after children. I love to watch children. The way in which a child learns to walk, getting up, stumbling, then getting up again, is similar to the way in which a drunk stumbles along. When I do a drunk, I'm really doing an adult child."

His eleven-year-old daughter, Valentina, likes Freddie the Freeloader and George Appleby, the henpecked husband, best of all his characterizations. "I patterned George Appleby after J. Newton Numbskull, a character I used to do in radio," says Red. "People like Appleby because he reminds them of themselves or of someone they know."

Ask Red: "Were you ever shy like George Appleby?" He fumbles a bit with his cigar. "I still am," he confesses. "I'm very self-conscious. That's why I ad-lib all the time—to cover up my self-consciousness. All these gags I pull really represent a kind of false courage."

The actual gags and situations in the Red Skelton show are pre-tested. Skelton's three writers get together to work out the original script. Sherwood Schwartz, the head writer, puts the script together, and Red receives it Sunday night.

By Monday, he's ready to rehearse. The first rehearsals are done without an audience, except for members of the crew and occasional studio visitors. Red is completely uninhibited, saying and doing almost anything that comes into his head. Very often, his improvisations are so effective and funny that they go into the final show.

The pre-testing before an audience takes place at a dress rehearsal on Monday night. Again Red improvises, says whatever comes into his head. At one such preview, Red was supposed to throw a stale egg out of the window. A dense cloud of smoke arose. "Liquid smog," said Red, beginning to cough and sputter. A prop man offered Red some water. Red sipped it, then tossed the rest away. "It's nothing but water," he said indignantly. At the moment, he must have been dying for water—but his love of a gag prevailed.

One reason Red lasts year after year is that he is not only a great comic, but also a creative one. His producer and director both proclaim him a top idea-man. One week, the three script writers, director Berns and producer Barker were at a loss for a good gag for the show which was to go on "live" that very evening. At three in the afternoon, Red Skelton said: "Wouldn't it be a riot if we had a picture of a bear with fur pasted on it hanging on the wall, and I walked over and pulled off the fur? Then the bear could throw up his arms protectively to cover his nakedness."

"That's a great idea, Red," they said, "but will it work?" Red thought it would. Special effects men got busy with bearskins and animated arms. Two minutes before the show went on the air, the picture of the bear was ready, complete with bearskin and arms. Everything worked perfectly.

A scene in one show called for Red to keep trying to find a male foreign spy behind a screen, while the foreign spy waltzed around to the front of the screen

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Calling All Fans!

(Continued from page 41)

is as much a part of the American scene as the television aerial and the juke box. A performer couldn't escape it if he wanted to.

On the contrary, most of them encourage it. As a result, fan clubs now operate across the country with the precision and power of a well-oiled political machine. And the most energetic of the lot are those which function in behalf of Pat Boone.

There was a time when Elvis Presley, now wearing olive drab for Uncle Sam, drew more correspondence than Pat. Perry Como's office estimates that his fan clubs sometimes produce as many as 10,000 letters a week, and Rick Nelson recently had to hire a battery of secretaries to cope with his uncounted mail. Before them, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, in their heyday, helped boost the postal deficit and they still get more letters than they know what to do with.

But when it comes to organization, Pat Boone makes them all pale by comparison. His is in a class by itself, both in scope and operation. The sentiment that flows from the pens and hearts of Pat Boone fans comes from each of the forty-nine states of the Union and from such distant lands as Japan, South Africa, Indonesia and Ghana. Even Czechoslovakia which is behind the Iron Curtain, and Yugoslavia, which is under its shadow, have their Boone pen pals.

Officially, there are more than 350,000 registered Pat Boone fans. They are organized into 4,200 clubs (at last count), which in turn are governed and transfused by an international headquarters with offices at 6 West 57th Street, New York, 19, N. Y.

Teenagers, of course, dominate the ranks. But, unofficially, there are tens of thousands more whose affections and fervors belong to the twenty-four-year-old baritone with the silky voice and eleven gold disks to his credit. Ministers (he's a devoted member of the Church of Christ), educators (he was graduated from Columbia University *magna cum laude*) and assorted other grownups are among them.

The 5,000 fan letters Boone receives every week at his business offices in Manhattan and at his home in Teaneck, New Jersey, provide eloquent testimony to his unlimited appeal.

"I am confident," wrote a North Carolina father, "that if there is anyone who can bring back to the entertainment field the dignity that has been taken from it by some who want only publicity and fame, you are the one who can do it."

A California minister wrote him: "My motto with kids has always been, 'Any means to an end, as long as it's honest, clean and fair.' And the jive provides an 'in' with kids that is mighty helpful in leading them on to Christ."

This from a college professor in Mississippi: "As an argument against cynicism, we would like to be able to point to one young man whose marriage and balance have stood the extreme test of great success."

From a mother in Colorado: "You are also an excellent husband and father. This is even more important than your professional career. Our country needs more entertainers that show the sense of responsibility you do."

And from a teen-age boy in Kansas: "I recently graduated from high school and, thanks to you, have decided to continue my education, although it won't be easy. I think that Pat Boone is a wonderful boy

who believes in living a clean, wholesome life and leading the crusade of teenagers to the belief that there is still a God Almighty."

There is, to be sure, the flood of letters which merely gush, or ask for an autographed picture, or plead for a lock of hair. But the solid majority of them are inspired by admiration for Pat as a husband; as the father of four daughters; as the sometimes lay preacher; as the college student who used to "work around" TV rehearsals to avoid cutting classes, and as the singer who refuses to accent his beat with anything more than the snapping of his fingers and the tapping of his white buckskin shoes.

The first Pat Boone fan club was organized in his hometown of Nashville, Tennessee, five years ago, by a teenager blessed both with foresight and a genius for persuasion. Pat was an unknown at the time—had sung only in local theaters and on small radio stations and hadn't even cut his first record. But bright-eyed Vicki Woodall, now a student at Memphis State College, must have sensed that her fellow townsman would some day become the most famous Boone since Daniel—of whom, incidentally, he is a direct descendant.

Vicki did her job so well that she now heads up the National Association of Pat Boone Fan Clubs, composed of the presidents of most of the 4,200 clubs. She edits the thick quarterly and annual bulletins the group turns out. Mimeographed or printed in offset, they are masterpieces in public relations and virtually guarantee that anything Pat does will be a sock success.

They keep the Boone public posted on everything about him but his blood pressure. Constantly in touch with Pat's offices in New York, they plug his records, his movies, his TV shows and his public appearances. They also are a compendium of just about everything that gets into print about him.

The treasury is fed by dues of one dollar a year and by subscriptions to "Pat's Pages," the annual publication, which sells for fifty cents. In the true Boone tradition, surplus money is donated to the March of Dimes, the Red Cross, the Community Chest and other such charities, with Pat usually donating an equal sum out of his own pocket.

An astute businessman as well as a natural-born do-gooder, Pat himself contributes to the fan club publications, with chatty personal messages that read like

letters from home. "I've got stacks and stacks of clippings from newspapers all over the country mentioning how the Pat Boone fan clubs have raised money for charities, how they have contributed in various ways to worthy organizations. . . . This makes me happier than I can say. I know you'll all keep it up and continue to work in your own communities for good."

The same issue of "Pat's Pages" told of a Nashville grandmother weighing 250 pounds who went on a severe diet and took off more than fifty pounds because she "could not bear the thought of having to meet Pat, wearing a size-52 dress." As president of a club made up of youngsters ranging in age from six to seventeen, the determined grandma also staged a party that raised forty-eight dollars for charity.

Fan clubs spring up in such profusion that some are in existence for as long as two years before Pat learns of them. As a rule, however, permission to organize a club is sought from him in advance. An instruction sheet, autographed photos, membership cards and buttons bearing a smiling photo of Pat and the legend, "I am a Pat Boone Fan," are promptly dispatched. The president is urged to join the national association and to register the names of the officers with the New York office.

Two associates on Pat's staff, Don Henley and Len Gochman, maintain a close watch over the correspondence and see to it that a file containing a thumbnail record of every club is kept up to date. Contact with the foreign clubs is in the hands of another staff member, pretty Susanna Silver, and five secretaries are on hand to answer those letters which Pat cannot answer personally. Letters written in a foreign language sometimes have to be farmed out for translation. As a rule, however, some member of the staff is able to make them out.

Pat insists on a personal reply to letters with a religious theme or with those containing a genuine problem. "I feel that if people are sincere and take the time to write about something troubling them, the least I can do is try to help, to let them know I can be reached," he said in a recent interview. "I wouldn't be worth their support if I didn't do that much. These fan clubs have been pretty wonderful to me. I owe a lot of my success to them. That's why I try to keep in touch with them as much as possible."

Club presidents frequently visit his New York offices, where they are greeted by him personally or by his personal manager, Jack Spina, or assistant Len Gochman. When he is on tour, he never misses the opportunity to chat with a president or a delegation backstage.

"I can't speak for other fan clubs," he said, "but I know that the kids in mine are a pretty wonderful and well-behaved bunch. They don't tear at my clothes or anything like that. Usually, all they want to do is shake my hand, or say hello, or chat for a minute."

That personal touch is the icing on the cake for all true fans. But the warmth of their friendship, the test of their unswerving loyalty, glows in every word they write to or about their idols. Singing idols, it might be added. For, by some strange alchemy between performer and audience, it is the great popular singers like Pat Boone who most inspire the fans to use their "secret weapon." The star makes a nation's music. It's his fans who buy the records, watch and listen—and make his stardom endure.

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(Continued from page 60)

The Cuban Rebellion. CBS news commentators Stuart Novins and Larry Smith happened to be staying at the Nacional Hotel in Havana when the grand coup took effect. They now have a deeper appreciation of the old line: "Comes the revolution." On a hot tip in pursuit of rebel leader Fidel Castro, they chartered an airplane to Santiago, then rented an auto. By acute lookout and a great stroke of luck, they caught up with Castro while he was riding a jeep in Santa Clara. This resulted in the very first Castro interview—albeit a wildly hasty question-and-answer tape recording—heard over the network at seven the next morning.

But then followed the most hair-raising interview in the memory of CBS newsmen, again starring the victorious Castro, who consented to *Face The Nation*. Still around to get the fastest news alive, but almost dead in the process, was Stuart Novins, moderator of that show.

Though *Face The Nation* is no Western, the Havana studio where it was filmed was a spectacle replete with tommy-guns; glaring, suspicious eyes; unkempt, rip-roaring beards; swaggering six-footers, and gun-poking threats (none of this seen, of course, by the TV home audience). Mr. Castro had entered the studio with a .45 automatic, two .30 caliber rifles and more than two hundred of his gun-toting adulators.

"I had had less than two hours' sleep in two days," producer-of-show Ted Ayers recalled, "and my eyes were about three-quarters shut—but when I saw all those 'fast draws' around me, I didn't need any pep pills!" Carbines, knives, and assorted small arms were all over the place. The TV cameramen had guns levelled at them, as did all the others, including four American newsmen and famed TV director Robert Miranda. The interview, however, came off with calm and nobody got scratched; just shook up.

The Death of Pope Pius XII. WOR, which bills itself as "New York's Number One News Station" and feeds some twenty-three states, dispatched radio commentators Henry Gladstone and George Brown to Rome to cover the death of the Pope. The two became the *only* American press representatives invited to tape-record the private funeral ceremony held for the Pope's family. This is how Gladstone and Brown did it: As soon as they got to Rome, they visited the American College, a Jesuit institution for Americans in Rome studying for the priesthood. There, they won the respect of a student who put them in contact with the Pope's relatives. This was an interfaith scoop . . . both Gladstone and Brown are Protestants. WOR was the first station in the United States to air direct broadcasts of the Pope's burial.

The Coronation of Pope John XXIII. An unprecedented combining of skills resulted in the CBS news presentation of an hour-long video-tape broadcast of Pope John XXIII less than twenty hours after the conclusion of ceremonies in the Vatican. The singular electronic achievement developed this way: At the start of the coronation ceremonies in Rome, the Italian TV network, RAI, covered all phases of the four-and-a-half hour event and fed the program to Eurovision, the international network which services about a dozen nations. The telecast was sped to the Granada TV network, Ltd., in Manchester, England, where Reginald Hamman, chief engineer, tensely supervised



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PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—One-Man Invasion (Elvis Presley) • A Big Time in the Big

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the final naturalization process of the coronation picture to fit American signal-line usage, on a unique electronic machine he had built.

Specially flown in from New York were CBS tape engineer George Zavales and CBS news producer Don Hewitt, who edited the video-tape. CBS news correspondent Winston Burdett, present at the Eurovision broadcast in Rome, recorded his own narrative commentary which was inserted as the editing proceeded. Less than two hours after the Eurovision broadcast ended, Don Hewitt, hugging video-tape, was boarding a chartered twin-engine plane to Paris. From there, he hopped a Pan American Boeing jet. Hewitt and tape were at New York's Idlewild airport that same evening. The tape was once more scrupulously edited and shown early next day.

The Near-Fatal Accident of Roy Campanella. When celebrated Dodger catcher Roy Campanella lay near death as a result of an auto smashup, fans across the nation offered prayers for his recovery. Reporter Cliff Evans, who has been with NBC-TV's *Today* show since its start seven years ago, scored one of the biggest human-interest "beats" of 1958 by obtaining the first interview with the severely injured baseball star. Even *Life* magazine, which had been trying hard to obtain a written interview, came off two weeks behind.

"For five months, I tried to get him," the energetic forty-two-year-old Evans related. "One day, Campie was well enough to talk with me on the phone and he promised I'd be first, that I'd have an exclusive over the papers, magazines, everybody. He came through by June first, even though he'd been offered a huge sum of money by another network for an exclusive interview about ten days before."

The tape-recorded interview was made on the fourth floor at the N. Y. U. Rehabilitation Institute in New York City, where Campanella was living-in for treatment. The patient was still flat on his back and upholstered with all kinds of muscle-bracing devices, but he talked to Evans for about seven minutes. The interview ran on June 4, the first time the public heard this baseball "immortal" speak since the brutal collision in January.

Campanella was sufficiently recovered to allow Cliff Evans two fourteen-minute filmed interviews about two months later. This time, again from the Rehabilitation Institute, Campanella was seated in a wheelchair, his neck in a brace, his body paralyzed from the waist down. But his eyes sparkled with a hopeful liveliness and his handsome face exuded courage, serenity and optimism. When asked by Evans, "Will you walk again?"—Campanella replied: "Certainly I believe I'll walk again. If you don't believe, you won't . . . it's my intention. Even if I never do, I'll still believe I will." All the newspapers picked up these moving words of spirited good sense from one of the nation's greatest sports heroes.

"This interview," Evans said, "had the most tremendous influence on the audience. As a matter of fact, viewers are still talking about it and writing in about it."

The Voyage of the Nautilus. Dave Garroway, personally, is said to have been responsible for another *Today* break of a major story in '58—the arrival in New York of the atomic submarine *Nautilus* after its spectacular underwater polar voyage. *Today* was the only show to give the event live coverage. "It was Dave's charming persuasion," a staff spokesman put it. Garroway, host-star of the early-morning program, reported: "We got such marvelous cooperation from the Navy, they even changed their timing schedule so that the

sub surfaced practically in the face of our cameras!"

The Chicago School Fire. The shocking fire which claimed the lives of eighty-nine children and three teacher nuns was a CBS "first," emanating from its Chicago station, WBBM. When news of the blast first reached Miss Lu Bartlow, who is one of the few women radio-TV news assignment editors, she thought it was "just a fire." In minutes came more news of the beginnings of the tragedy—two children dead, thirteen dead. . . . Now Miss Bartlow went into a fury of action, alerted by Hugh Hill, special events director of the station. Hill was one of the first at the scene, together with reporter Frank Reynolds, cameraman Irv Heberg, and soundman Mike Kessmar, the first of the three teams which were to cover the story so vividly the rest of that day and the next.

Mike Neigoff, Chief of the Chicago News Bureau, and reporter John Calloway took turns reporting from St. Ann's Hospital and Garfield Park Hospital, where the small burned bodies were brought in by the dozen. TV news editor Hal Fischer bravely took a "beat" at the morgue. And thus one of the most tragic and memorable stories of 1958 was covered with amazing swiftness. Hill's accounting of the scene on tape went on the radio network about a half-hour after the conflagration started. The first film, narrated by Frank Reynolds, came over the network from Chicago at 6:45 P.M. At 11:15 P.M., CBS-TV, from New York, carried an edited production of the heartbreaking fire in a fifteen-minute special news show.

The General Elections of 1958. There were 33 Senate seats, 432 House seats and 32 Governorships to be won. For this tremendous election show, ABC-TV introduced a magnificent at-a-glance "tote" picture of the returns, complete with faces of the smiling candidates and their party affiliations. The versatile and debonair John Daly, vice-president in charge of news and public affairs, was "anchor man" for this exhaustive coverage, narrating minute-by-minute developments, while veteran newsman Quincy Howe analyzed implications of the returns.

At Number One Park Avenue, New York City, newscaster John W. Vandercook was on assignment with the Underwood Election Data Processing System, a new electronic brain which tosses off things-to-come wisdom at fifteen calculations per minute. Noted political analyst Louis Bean fed the machine selected data. With Bean's help, UEDPS—pronounced jokingly as "Oedipus" because it's so complex—came out practically dead-right, predicting the Democratic landslide. Unheralded off-camera were about one hundred newsmen, technicians, tally clerks, aiding the staff of fourteen commentators, thirteen of whom were members of the team which had already won a Peabody Award for its 1956 Election Night broadcast. ABC remained on the air with election returns two hours longer than NBC and one hour longer than CBS.

There were other big stories that got the full treatment of radio-TV's remarkable speed and quality. Viewers and listeners can recall the Adams-Goldfine case, the Little Rock integration crisis, U.S. troops in Lebanon, General De Gaulle's ascendancy and the French-Algerian crisis, the firing of the 8,500-pound Atlas satellite, and the recent Chionchio baby kidnapping, to name just a few.

Behind all this excellent relay of news are studio executives who apparently feel a great sense of responsibility to the public. They make decisions that often cost the networks plenty, in both money spent and money lost—such as interrupting sponsored pure-entertainment programs—pre-

ferring to keep the people fully informed twenty-four hours a day.

Red-haired, blunt spoken John Day, CBS News Director, has this to say: "If Johnny can't read, he's bound to listen with his ears and see with his eyes. When a news story is important enough, we interrupt any program—Johnny's favorite hero's show or not—and deliver a bulletin. This is a great form of preventive intelligence for youngsters and adults alike. We get the most complaints when we interrupt dramatic-suspense programs like *Studio One*, but most people appreciate the service of these immediate bulletins and feel personally that they got the news first—ahead of their neighbor, shall we say. We like to cater to intelligence and the gratification of enlightenment."

At NBC, there have been decided changes in news organization and policy since news-minded Robert Kintner became president and, in June 1958, split off news as an independent operation. Kintner appointed dynamo William R. McAndrew, vice-president in charge of news, to do the job.

"Everything's accelerated these days, and centralized, with all kinds of hustling, bustling and news digging," a spokesman close to McAndrew said. "Under his leadership, a staff of almost 400 specialists at home and abroad ship an average of 5,000 feet of film to New York daily, and turn out more than 30,000 words in news scripts each day, or enough to fill a short novel."

NBC, it is conceded by the other networks, has the lead on the startling, complicated and costly new video-tape machines. This lead was gained from its connection with RCA, which first purchased the machine from the Ampex Corporation. NBC engineers, hoarding "top secret new tricks," hold the record for the six-second transmission they are able to achieve with this hulking, cumbersome, yet exquisitely executing tape.

Fiftyish, amiable news veteran Francis N. Littlejohn, Jr., ABC's Director of News, cites ABC Radio's new "bulletin warning system" which went into action on April 21, 1958, paving the way for the network's "scoop" in the fatal collision of an airliner and an Air Force jet trainer over Las Vegas. "The system," Littlejohn explained, "utilizes a series of electronic signals to alert newsroom personnel that a bulletin is coming. The first tone trips a warning device—light, bell, buzzer—in each station in the system. Then a series of coded 'beeps' informs the affiliates that a bulletin will follow in thirty seconds; the combination of beeps indicates the character of the news."

Over at WOR, New York, where the past year's record sits proudly with such major national news breaks as the Levittown, Pennsylvania housing riots, there is a feeling of more personal ingenuity and not so much machinery. "This is partly because we just can't afford it," a high source in the news department stated frankly.

An example of human resourcefulness is WOR's flying reporter, Bob Garrity, an experienced pilot who flies a Cessna. In September, 1958, young Garrity first described the terrible train wreckage of the Jersey Central Railroad from his panoramic vantage point in the air, while able staff-man Harry Hennessey was shortly covering the story from the ground. On another mission, Garrity recalled: "I watched with horror while a woman threw off her coat and jumped off the George Washington Bridge. My instinct was to try to help her and I got so frustrated I almost lost control of my plane." The woman was, however, rescued by an alert policeman.

Never in the history of news dissemination—which includes the hardworking carrier pigeon and strong-throated town

crier—has the news been so constant, compelling, and breathtakingly speedy. For the television viewer, there is the dramatic impact of being really an “eye witness” to satellite launchings, fires, kidnappings, international crises, political scandals, revolutions, and the foibles and acclaim of famous people.

What to expect in the future? How much faster and better can the news output get? News officials and their science engineers predict that, “within the near future,” we shall have live news events and film in actual color; facsimile machines instead of teletypes for more rapid movement of raw news copy and scripts, and, “in about four years,” trans-Atlantic and eventually worldwide TV networks through the “scatter system of bouncing signals off the ionosphere.”

Will the radio-TV audience get to be a bunch of space listeners with nuclear-anointed heads? That, nobody would predict.

The Horror “Kick”

(Continued from page 53)

one NBC spokesman put it, “We really hit pay dirt with this one.”

Dragnet is credited by NBC as having been the “real trail-blazer” for the police documentary. Made in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, it debuted on TV in January of 1952 (prior to that, it had been highly successful on radio). Today, it has more than a dozen imitators, among them NBC-TV’s own *M Squad*, Ziv Television’s *Highway Patrol*, and CBS-TV’s *The Lineup*. *The D.A.’s Man*, another Jack Webb package seen on NBC-TV, puts more of an accent on violence, in keeping with the current trend, as does locally popular, fast-moving *Mike Hammer*—the tough-fisted, hard-hitting detective created by Mickey Spillane and played by Darren McGavin.

ABC-TV’s *Naked City*, filmed in New York, is no slouch in the thrill department. A recent newspaper ad, heralding a typical episode, read: ‘For Hilda Wallace, the numbers game finally paid off in a savage beating and a warning not to talk.’ Savage was the word for Hilda’s beating, all right. You’ve heard of kicking people when they’re down? Well, that’s what Hilda got instead of the \$1600 due her for winning the daily double. Moral? Place your bets with elderly bookies who won’t have the strength to hit you, should you be unfortunate enough to win.

The same network’s 77 *Sunset Strip* differs from the thrill-packed *Naked City* in three respects: It is an hour-long show, as against a half-hour, it has private-eyes instead of police as heroes, and it is free to switch to a more colorful locale whenever the writer decides that, after all, a punch in the stomach is twice as entertaining when dealt by an Arab in native dress.

Viewers who prefer monsters to mayhem owe a nod of thanks to Screen Gems, Inc., television subsidiary of Columbia Pictures Corp., which to date has sold a total of seventy-two horror movies—including all the “Frankenstein,” “Dracula” and “Mummy” films—to more than 150 TV stations across the country.

“Horror films were always big box-office in theaters,” says Jerome Hyams, Screen Gems’ vice-president in charge of syndication. “The release of Screen Gems ‘Shock’ packages to television has given them a tremendous new audience and they have garnered big ratings wherever they’ve been shown.

“Incidentally, we were the first to put

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together a thematic package of fifty-two of these films for television—a package in which all of the movies were built around a single theme. We called it 'Shock.' A second package of twenty was labelled 'Son of Shock.' Most of them are 'A' films and show the high budgets and careful production which went into them."

According to Mr. Hyams, the horror "kick" on TV started in the fall of 1957 when "Shock" was first released. "Many stations change the nomenclature of their evening programs to fit the theme," he explains. "For example, about a year ago in New York, WABC-TV's *The Night Show* became *Shock Theater*."

Nationwide publicity and exploitation steam-rolled and, by the time "Son of Shock" was released in April of 1958, "Shock" fan clubs, horror-film societies, horror recordings and similar off-shoots were thriving. Manufacturers of Frankenstein masks and other such mementos have never had such a busy two years.

"The supernatural and the macabre have always fascinated people," Jerome Hyams declares. "Psychologists tell us that horror movies offer a release from everyday tensions. By seeing their fantasies acted out, viewers become more relaxed. The appeal of such classic chillers as 'Dracula' and 'Frankenstein' dates back many years."

The resurrection of these old movies has introduced to television a new breed of entertainer known as the "horror host." From Fort Worth, Texas, where "Gorgon" spoofs a mean spook, to Portland, Oregon, home of a charming Charles Addams-like creature known as "Tarantula Ghoul," fiendish rituals are performed by these specialists in the underground novelties field, most of whom prefer their viewers "sick, sick, sick!" Should these masters of terror-monies ever choose to organize, their headquarters might well be known as the Crypt Club, and their motto: *A short life but a scary one.*

New York's Zacherley, perhaps the best known nationally of the "horror people," has been curator of WABC-TV's *Shock Theater* since last September. Casually referring to himself as the "Dick Clark of Transylvania" (Note: To readers who don't dig the graveyard bit, Transylvania is the home base of Count Dracula), former actor John Zacherley claims his entry into the world of midnight madness came about because he was "too weak-willed to go look for work." On *Shock Theater*, his main chore is providing introductions and intermission commentary on the films, but he also has a delightful way of popping up in the middle of a scene, on camera, in appropriate dress, with such comments as, "Why don't you send that girl to acting school, for pity's sake?" Once when a character in the picture said, "We'll be going home soon," Zacherley sighed and remarked, "I wish we were going home soon, and that's the truth of it."

His chief concern is finding new bits to do during intermissions. The thought of "running dry" horrifies this master of the macabre. "How often can you dissect a brain?" he asks plaintively. Yet his originality knows no bounds. He once opened a cardboard box, removed some shredded paper and announced, "Some kid sent me his entire nervous system!" His prop list, which is enough to raise the hair on a mohair couch, includes such choice items as a bat, a bent leg, a coffin with the lid ajar, "a lovely bone," and some tanna leaves—"The juice of three," he explains, "keeps a mummy alive. The juice of five inspires him to murder."

And what does he feel is the effect of all this horror on the kiddies? "I can't say," Zacherley replies. "I was never allowed to see such movies when I was lit-

tle. But, as I understand it, some psychologists seem to feel it's just as well to scare 'em while they're young."

ABC's Ted Fetter, Vice-president and Director of Programs for Network TV, points out that children have enjoyed being frightened by one thing or another since the beginning of time. He cites as an example the last line of the lullaby "Rockabye Baby": "When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall and down will come cradle, baby and all."

"Mothers love to sing this one," says Mr. Fetter. "It doesn't seem to bother them that the poor kid is lying mashed on the ground. And take your classic fairy tales. The old witch in 'Hansel and Gretel' fattening children so they can be eaten—how gory can you get? There are those who would imply that some of today's television shows are harmful to children. I think the ground must be fertile before any influence will take hold in a child. If it's a well kid and has a happy home life, it will take action shows in stride, the same as the fairy tales."

Does he feel that the emphasis is on violence in some of today's adventure shows? "I think the emphasis is on action," he declares firmly. "People like thrills. They always have. 'Cut to the chase,' we used to say. The popularity of the Westerns and adventure shows proves it. Maybe, one hundred years from now, the current TV action series will be the folklore of our great-great-grandchildren."

"I am concerned," he adds, "as all responsible executives are, about criticism whenever it is levelled at the industry. There are some things that *could* be bad taste, and I think it's fair to say that, if things of that nature happen, they are to be regretted. We have high standards of self-censorship in television."

"The heads of the television industry make a sincere effort to fulfill their obligation to the public. We try to please most of the people most of the time. But you can't please all of the people all of the time. In the final analysis, it is the public who decides the program content. When you go too far in any direction, the public will let you know and you listen because it means only this—to—this." He gestures as though switching channels on a television set.

Is it true that the action shows are still increasing in popularity? "We think that action things are going to be popular," Mr. Fetter states. "77 *Sunset Strip* and *Naked City* have proved that to us, rating-wise. We have five mystery or adventure-type shows under consideration for fall production now. *Dial M For Murder*, *Target Public Enemy*, *Fat Man*, *Amazon Trader* and *Torrid Zone*."

Speaking for NBC, Robert Lewine, Vice-president of Television Network Programs, appears to be in complete accord with Mr. Fetter on the adventure show. "It is a basic commodity in television, as it is in all forms of the entertainment business. We have several planned for next year."

Mr. Lewine feels that the basic appeal of this type of show is conflict, plus self-identification with the hero. "The good man and the bad man are clearly defined and the viewer knows it will turn out all right in the end. It's an outlet. A release. An escape. Everyone has fantasies. These shows satisfy that very natural tendency."

On the subject of violence, Mr. Lewine feels that perhaps it might be found in some of the syndicated shows but not in the network shows. "Occasionally, there may be more action in one show than another in a given series, but I must protest the use of the word 'violence,'" he states firmly. "I prefer to say 'physical action.' Every adventure story needs conflict, and at what point does it stop being conflict

and become violent?"

The dictionary has an answer for Mr. Lewine on this point. "Violence," it says, is "profanation, outrage, desecration, ravishment." It is "unlawful exercise of physical force, specifically an act calculated to intimidate by causing fear of personal injury."

But whether it be called violence, conflict or physical action, this force is obviously a subject to which NBC has given considerable thought. Stockton Helffrich, Director of Continuity Acceptance for the aforementioned network, states that, "in approaching conflict, broadcasters of any degree of responsibility endeavor very conscientiously to approve only that which is intrinsically essential to making a point and to restrict those detailings of mayhem which in length and in manner go beyond the minimum necessary to suggest what the plot requires."

"Conflict," continues Mr. Helffrich, "frequently appears in material of this nature as a fact of life, which it is, existing in the real world on all fronts and all too often in that real world spilling over into overt clashes between contending parties."

Carl Watson, Manager of Continuity Acceptance at NBC, says, "It is true that some of our programs reveal the real world in which we live, without a sugar coating to temper the sordidness often present, and the conflict. But conflict itself must be evaluated in the context of the story going forward. On this point, the network is meeting its keenly felt responsibilities."

If the word "violence" seems to be taken more in stride at CBS than elsewhere in the television industry, it may be because they have comparatively fewer Westerns and adventure shows than the other major networks. Michael Dann, Vice-president in Charge of Network Programs in New York, agrees that there is violence "in some shows, not particularly ours." He adds: "I'm not saying we don't have any violence. It's true that there is a little more trend toward action today as against the situation comedy. Within certain limitations, we have no policy against it—it's so easy to do. But one should be clever and think things out."

"The basic appeal of the action show, I believe, is the very same that's found in movies and books and I would think that they would be around for a long time." CBS-TV brought back *Richard Diamond Private Detective* last February, and not re-runs, either—all brand-new. They have two new series coming up, "The Blue Men," which appeared as a one-shot on *Playhouse 90* last January, and *Nero Wolf*.

"Nero will be much more cerebral than most," declares Mr. Dann. "The emphasis will be on the solution of problems. I think it's more stimulating for a viewer to have to guess how things are done than to actually see them happening."

This more subtle type of thriller can currently be found on CBS-TV's own *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, a series which relies almost exclusively on the short-story formula, with a surprise twist at the end. Mr. Hitchcock, the English master of murder and mayhem, is about the most likeable and appealing crime-worshipper on the tube.

As host of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, which debuted on CBS-TV in October, 1955, his typical opening remarks run something like this: "I'd like you all to join us for another half-hour of group therapy. I understand there is nothing like a nice juicy murder to help you work off your aggressions."

Whether the accent in television is English or American, it is certainly on monsters, murder and mayhem. In short, the M's have it!

Godfrey Talks Up A Storm

(Continued from page 38)

such a show. How are people selected? How do you make them talk? For the answer to these and other questions, we sit down for conversation with Mr. Godfrey.

"If they insist on calling my present programming a change," he says, "I'll go along with them, but I don't call it that—except to this extent: In the past, conversation was secondary to so-called entertainment—music, songs, dance and comedy. The people in the control room, producers, directors and vice-presidents in charge of advice, said, and mistakenly, that conversation was dull.

"When I first went into television, some eleven years ago, I sat down with these people and I said, 'Look, I have made a very fine living for some twenty years in this business based on the fact that I don't have more than 1.6 listeners per radio set. That is the audience I work for, because I am not a singer or actor who performs for the millions. My relation with the listener is intimate, that of a good friend.' Then I reasoned that television compounded the intimacy, for the listener would now see my face and get a better look at my insides. It was my idea that we must find a format which would make the viewer feel a part of the show, a method I had used with a certain amount of success on radio for so long.

"A program was scheduled called *Godfrey And His Friends*. It was my title, and my idea was too simple to be accepted. I didn't want a studio audience. I didn't want production gimmicks. I merely wanted a few people whom I genuinely liked to sit in the studio with me, as they would in my own living room, and we would talk and joke and, once in a while, someone would stand up and sing a song. Well, I got all kinds of opposition to this. They said, 'You must have an audience and applause.' They said, 'Talk is boring.' And I listened to these people and we did the program their way and it did well, and so I thought for some reason maybe I was wrong."

Godfrey And His Friends had a nine-year run and developed into a thematic format, an hour-long version of a musical comedy or stage show. Another evening show which held tremendous public interest was *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. In this instance, Arthur tried to preserve his concept of intimacy by keeping himself apart from talent scouts and contestants until he met them on the air. For most viewers, it was the conversation between Arthur and the 'talent scouts' that made the show interesting and intriguing, but it was still basically a kind of variety show with orchestrated production numbers, scenery changes, prizes and an audience. Last season, *Talent Scouts* closed a ten-year run.

"I don't say the advice I got in the beginning was thoughtless or stupid," Godfrey points out. "I'm not sure that the time was then ripe for the conversational show. Television was brand-new and the audience expected gimmickry. Now we've had everything, and everything has been spectacularized until it's nothing, and now they and we are ready to accept something a little better than razzle-dazzle.

"Now, after eleven years, television is having its shakedown. The sheer novelty has worn off, and each viewer will tune in the program that suits his needs. He will have escape entertainment—Westerns, whodunits and plays. He will have some music, popular and classical, and he will

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have some vaudeville. These forms of entertainment have been transplanted from the stage, the screen, concert halls and theaters, to television. But the intimate show, where a few people come into your home to visit, is a form of entertainment which had its natural beginning in radio and naturally belongs in television, a medium which is even more intimate.

"The explanation sounds easy, as if I'd known it for a long time. I have. But, in the past few years, I got so fouled-up with external pressures that I couldn't see the forest for the trees. About twenty-seven years ago, when I was an announcer in Washington, D.C., they programmed my music, typed out announcements and commercials. One morning I got fed up, threw away the paper and began to gripe. I griped about being up early. I griped about the commercials. If something made me feel happy, I said so—but, if I didn't like the first eight bars of a record, I took it off the turntable and smashed it.

"This wasn't an act. I had previously lain in a hospital for six months, listening to what passed for radio, and I was doing nothing more than honestly reacting to the stuffiness of the situation. So 'Godfrey' was born, and eventually the idea of intimacy in radio became accepted nationally. Those of us who have stuck with this concept have outlasted everyone else and we're still cooking good. So, knowing this, how did I get sidetracked in television? It is complicated and deep stuff.

"I had griped and I had razzed. I razzed network vice-presidents and musicians. They didn't care. They knew it was in fun. They were individually drawing four hundred a week. The audience didn't mind, for they knew my voice and knew I was only kidding. And, in the beginning, the newspapers didn't care. They paid no attention, until one day someone discovered they could sell more papers if they wrote about TV personalities.

"There are some writers who make a business of stirring up emotions and they looked around for a target and, for a while, it was me. They wrote, 'Look at his face when he's talking. He's bitter. He hates people.' They worried the public about my income. Suddenly, it became a crime to have saved my money and to own more than one horse.

"When you pick up a paper and find you're getting the knife, something happens to you. Without being conscious of it at all, you get sick between the ears. You're not conscious of it but you're on the defensive. You know you haven't changed, but something is happening. You begin to sweat. You can't sleep. Now you're friends say, 'Be careful, Arthur. Be nice to everyone. Smile.' So you sit there like a blithering idiot with a jolly-boy grin on your face. And what does it do but make you a phony. And you're miserable.

"Well, within the last year, I got to a point which I can best illustrate by a series of news pictures I saw recently. One of Batista's men was about to be executed. In the first picture, he stood before a judge pleading for his life. The second showed him pleading with a general. Seeing no way out, in the last picture you realize that he has said to hell with it and has suddenly relaxed to the inevitable. He's going to get it, anyway.

"I was at that point and I said to myself, *Okay, Arthur, there's nothing to lose. You can't drop any lower, if these ratings are as projectable as they say they are. Stop trying. Relax and enjoy yourself. Live a little.* And I went to the show to have some fun and afterwards someone came up to me and said, 'Arthur, you were in good humor this morning.' A few days later, my close friend and attorney, Leo DeOrsey, called to say, 'I'm beginning to

have people ask, 'Did you see Arthur this morning?' This hasn't happened in a couple of years. People are beginning to talk again.'

"I quickly said to myself, *Now, wait a minute. How are we going to do this? If it's bad taste to kid around with musicians or vice-presidents, then we must get the bigger guys.* So we got Jackie Gleason. That was the idea of my producer, Charlie Andrews. We found the higher up they are, the more fun they are. They can kid me and I can kid them. And they've come willingly, knowing that I'm not going to cut them up. All I want to do is to genuinely get to know them, to show the side that the audience doesn't see. Most of these great performers aren't what some people say they are. They are nice and, when you get to know them inside, they are fine."

Mr. Godfrey was asked to comment on some of the others who do conversational shows—David Susskind, Jack Paar, Henry Morgan. He said, "I have many interests and I don't get to see everything that is programmed. I watch Ed Murrow and John Daly. I love the way they work. I watch the panel shows that come to terms with reality. Now, I do know Henry Morgan. He is a much misunderstood man. He is a good man and a brilliant one. He is not a pseudo-intellectual but a real intellectual. But Henry has been bugged by his own brilliance and the resultant pressures. He can and should be on the top, for he has integrity.

"I hope that, one day, the same thing happens to Henry that happened to me. That, one day, he says, 'Ah, to hell with it. I've got a brain. I've got a nice voice. I've got a personality. If that isn't good enough, to hell with it.' And then he will sit down and talk to people on his own terms. Of course, there will be others attempting the same thing in television but those who succeed will be the Dalys and Murrows and Morgans, who have a genuine interest in other people. Ultimately, it is the man himself who makes the format in an intimate show and, to do so, he must be true to himself."

At this point, Mr. Godfrey was asked about the techniques used in doing a conversational show. "I'll tell you how we select our guests," he replied. "Charlie Andrews comes to me with a list of people. I read down the list and scratch off some names. I eliminate one man because I don't believe in his philosophy. Then there are a few guys who, fifteen years ago, made headlines when they got dishonorable discharges from the service for trying to bribe their way into soft jobs during the war. A lot of people have forgotten. Maybe mine isn't a good Christian attitude, but I can't forget my buddies who were killed. Or there may be a woman who is common, sexy, brash. I'm not going to put her on. I think that is violating the confidence the viewer puts in me when she turns on the set and says, 'Come on, kids, let's watch.' I am a guest in the house and I will not violate my position.

"We have no tricks to make people talk. We bring them to the studio fresh and accomplish this by having someone else sit-in while the lighting and cameras are set up. Once we're on the air, there are two men who must be especially alert, the director and myself. It works this way: Suppose you are my guest. I ask you a question. We kick it around and take it to a laugh. Now, it is my job to make you look good, to know when to cut away. Unless you're a Gleason, I know the next thing you will do, after making your point or getting a laugh, is to lay an egg.

"So I cut to someone else. Now, from experience, I know you're not going to

listen. You'll be thinking of what you will say next. The camera is off you and that's all to the good, for now you're in a fog. So my next job is to pop up with something that will animate you and bring you back into the conversation. The director cuts back to you and we have a take that is exciting or funny. Of course, it's not always that simple. Years of experience innately guide me in the timing, but even that is worthless unless I have a genuine interest in the person. That is the important thing. There is beauty and fun in truth. If I sit there and try to outwit you, we both look like jerks."

Mr. Godfrey was then asked to discuss the future of the conversational show. He said, "To talk about this, we must discuss the advertiser and the whole future of television. It is my opinion that television is going to be an "escape" medium for people who are bored and frightened, who don't have anywhere to go and don't have anything to do. The more labor-saving devices we have, the more time people will have on their hands and they will turn to Westerns or their equivalent.

"Unfortunately, so many people, poor things, prefer to escape from themselves rather than living, learning and doing. So escape entertainment will have a tremendous audience and my feeling is that this escape thing will eventually be just as ineffective as an advertising medium as the ten-cent Western novels were. They sold by the millions, but no one advertised in them. Advertisers knew better.

"This is not to say that the TV Western today is an ineffective advertising medium, if only because of the size of audience. Some Westerns have almost fifty percent of the viewers. Now, if you have around sixty-five million people watching a show and you stand up there with a cigar, you're bound to sell a million. That's only one in sixty-five—yet, even if you sell a million matchbooks, you make money for someone. But that isn't selling, just as it isn't fishing if you drop sixty-five lines to catch one fish. And you've still got two other networks, plus independent stations, on the air at the same time. They have to divide up the rest of the audience, and they damned well better have someone who knows how to sell effectively.

"I have to sell a lot of merchandise because I have just about twenty-five million viewers. This means I must believe in what I sell. One of the sponsors may come around to me and say, 'We have

a new pen here. It's a good pen and worth \$1.95. You try it, Arthur, and if you agree, if you feel as enthusiastic about it as we do, we'll stock the stores. But, if you can't enthuse, we're not going to make them because we can lose our shirts.' So, if I honestly think they are good pens, we go to work and move them, and the client is happy. We don't need an audience of sixty-five million, because our viewer is not sitting with glazed eyes in front of an escape program. Our viewer is participating in the show. That is what makes the conversational or intimate show worthwhile for the advertiser.

"In radio, I always conversed with the listener. It was that simple. Now, when I'm talking with a guest, the viewer is still participating. He is either identifying with my viewpoint or the guest's, or he may be arguing with both of them. He is sharing my interest in what the guest has to say. The atmosphere is friendly with laughs or controversy—just as it may be in your own living room when friends come in—and, in this case, the television living room and the viewer's become one. The total audience is not so large as that of the escape program, but the total satisfaction for the viewer is tremendous. We have not led him away from reality but joined with him to meet some people, drop a few new ideas, spill a couple of laughs, enjoy the beauty of a song, and then leave him with the warmth that distinguishes us from animals.

"For the future, the project of taking over Murrow's *Person To Person* will give me added scope in conducting interviews with interesting personalities. That will be great fun, but otherwise I plan no big changes. I have had a great thrill, many such thrills, in discovering a young talent and in seeing him emerge into a major performer. There are still others, and I wouldn't want to drop them and let them just wither on the vine. So these youngsters and the big names—the Gleasons, the Sam Levensons, the Rodgerses and Hammersteins, the Pat Boones and the Red Skeltons—will join us. We will sit and talk and I will pick up the uke and someone will sing—as they do in my own living room.

"The secret, if it is such, of the conversational or intimate show is to be yourself," says Arthur Godfrey. "It's disturbing that artists with experience and great talent sometimes forget that the first qualification for a great performance is integrity. You cannot connive or "gimmick" your way into people's hearts."



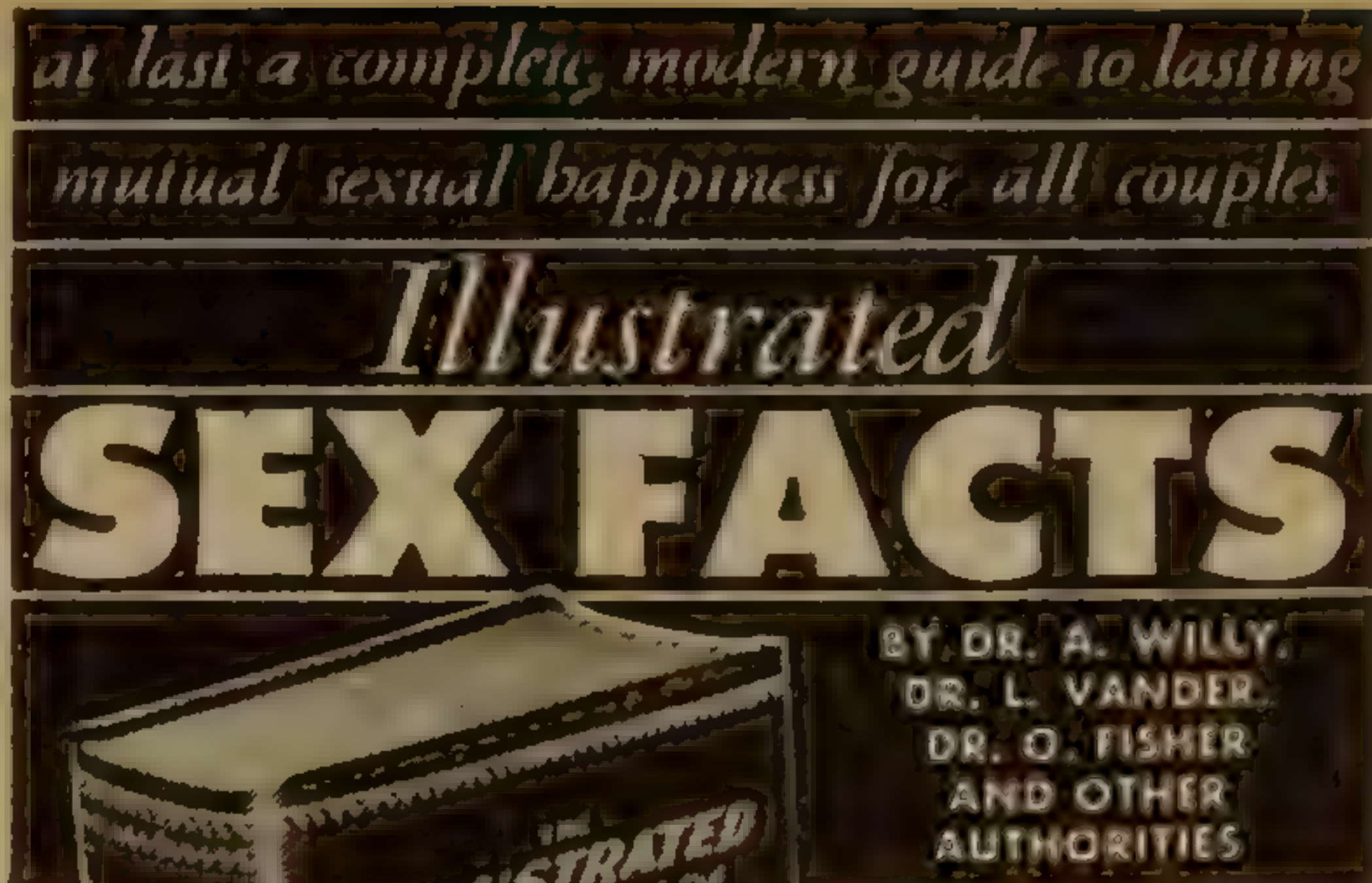
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What's Ahead in TV Drama?

(Continued from page 54)

ever more varied and exciting selection of dramatic programs. Whether it be a live teleplay (such as *Playhouse 90*), telefilm (*General Electric Theater*), "family situation" (*Father Knows Best*), "anthology" (*The Loretta Young Show*) or comedy (*The Gale Storm Show*), video theater is maturing and getting rich in the process. And, with ninety percent of Americans within range of at least one station, the prospects for dramatic TV look rosy indeed.

Not that this side of TV was ever really neglected. Among the shows that have held their high rating for years are such dramatic offerings as *Schlitz Playhouse*, now in its eighth year; *The Adventures of Ozzie And Harriet*, seventh year; *The Danny Thomas Show* and *The Loretta Young Show*, sixth year. Many others, such as *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame*, *United States Steel Hour* and *Armstrong Circle Theater*, have had equally long and popular runs.

Most of the dramatic shows are filmed, and this has elicited an occasional sour note from certain of TV's top echelons. Thus it is reported that Paddy Chayevsky, one of TV's most famous writers, has ceased doing regular scripts, and the same is held true of Reginald Rose, Tad Mosel and others. John Frankenheimer, honored for his work with *Playhouse 90*, states that most video plays are declining in quality and he lays the blame at the door of sponsors who are too timid to "produce anything controversial which is the stuff of which great drama is made." In this "what's wrong with TV" department, Frankenheimer is joined by producer Blake Edwards, creator of the *Peter Gunn* series, who deplures "a lack of originality in both format and content."

Firing back at this criticism, Dan Duryea, whose *China Smith* adventures are having many a successful re-run, chuckles, "The trouble is the big-picture tube. When we had nothing but a seven-inch screen, nobody rapped TV." Also for the defense, Dick Powell, president of Four Star Films, says, "Live TV is not necessary for good drama, and is on the way out. TV's future lies with tape or all film. Look at the top ten shows and you'll see that the public prefers plays on film."

Perhaps the most effective reply to the criticism of TV plays may be found in the fact that an estimated \$105,000,000 will be spent on TV productions in 1959, and a generous share of this record-breaking sum will be earmarked solely for telefilms. These do not include the so-called "adult Westerns" which, in becoming "adult," have actually passed over into the category of filmed plays. A partial check of production schedules shows that most companies are committed to doing dramatic shows. A few, picked at random, are: Brennan-Westgate, *The Real McCoys*; CBS-TV, *December Bride*, *The Lineup*; Desilu, *Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse*, four *Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz Shows*; Walt Disney, *Zorro*, *Disney Presents*; Hal Roach, *The Veil*, *The Gale Storm Show*; Revue, *Lux Playhouse*, *General Electric Theater*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*; McCadden, *Flight*, *The Bob Cummings Show*, *The George Burns Show*; Screen Gems, *Father Knows Best*, *Alcoa-Goodyear Theater*; Ziv, *Highway Patrol*.

Moreover, for those who like their drama live, original and soul-wrenching, *Playhouse 90* has scheduled twenty-six programs—a drop in numbers from 1958, but with increased emphasis on quality. Classics such as "Of Human Bondage," "Madame Bovary" and "Victory" are

slated; also a number of "originals" by top writers like Rod Serling and A. E. Hotchner.

In the anthology format, the trend toward enlistment of movie stars as hosts and hostesses continues with news that Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford may introduce and appear in new series. Still another trend is toward the exploration of the occult and supernatural in plays, exemplified by *Alcoa Presents* and *The Veil*.

As an instance of what's to come, Alan Miller, executive producer at Revue Productions, calculates that, of the programs set by his studio, about sixty percent will be in the dramatic anthology field (including family-situations such as *Bachelor Father* and *Leave It To Beaver*); thirty percent in action and adventure shows (including Westerns); and ten percent comedy. "Bearing in mind that syndications are getting bigger all the time," he says, "dramatic series and anthologies of one kind or another are the order of the

dertaken by a movie company." Some of the shows already slated are: *The Peggy Lee Show*, a comedy series set against a musical background; *Mr. Belvedere*; *Five Fingers*, a spy series; and *The Esther Williams Show*, an anthology of drama and comedy.

A well-tried theme of the past is cropping out this year in a major trend. Shows dealing in good part with the complicated world of teenagers have been doing well, and this has led to the making of a substantial number of pilots for prospective series. Four leaders in this class are *Cissie*, with Molly Bee; *You're Only Young Once*, with Dean Jones; *The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis*, with Dwayne Hickman (who will exit as the nephew on Bob Cummings' show), and an as yet untitled series slated for the West Coast football star, Ronnie Knox.

Several familiar faces are to emote in unfamiliar frames. Bill Bendix (*Life Of Riley*) will lend his burly talents to Alan Ladd's *Ivy League* series. Gerald Mohr leaves the pitfalls of *Foreign Intrigue* to follow the lure of adventure in Mexico with *Bravo*, while Bill Lundigan—who served so ably as host and occasional actor for *Climax!*—will pursue another type of adventure, that of science-fiction in *Moon Probe*. Macdonald Carey, Jan Clayton and Jim Backus are others who have switched from the security of a successful old series to the hazards of new ones.

As new series replace old ones, and the old ones begin the lucrative process of re-running, the question of residuals, taxes and syndications becomes acute. A case study was recently given by Peter Lawford in an account of what's been happening with his *Dear Phoebe* series which was so popular a few seasons ago. Over the past three years, the episodes have grossed more than \$800,000 in residuals for him and his producer-partner Alex Gottlieb, and it shows signs of going on and on. Peter, of course now, stars in *The Thin Man* and has every reason to look forward to making a neat profit from that, too.

An example of shrewd syndication was the sale by George Burns of 240 episodes of the Burns and Allen series to Screen Gems for \$6,000,000. Such fabulous returns, especially for those who own stock in the productions, have led star performers to seek series in which they can own a share. By becoming stockholders as well as performers, they can do better tax-wise and also reap a larger harvest of "residuals" by getting a producer-actor return. In this connection, David Niven, Charles Boyer and Dick Powell, partners in Four Star Films, were able to sell their stock in *Four Star Playhouse* for \$2,000,000. Not all stars are going with this trend, however. Ann Sothern, currently starring in *The Ann Sothern Show*, states: "It's true, I've been offered several hundred thousand dollars for my *Private Secretary* series residuals, but I refused to sell out. It's not only bad for me tax-wise, but I put so much of myself into that program that I enjoy seeing the results as evidenced by continual re-plays. Last but not least is the fact that it will make a nice nest-egg for my darling daughter, Tish."

Perhaps the most striking development in dramatic programs is their flow toward foreign markets. TV exports are expected to equal motion pictures in five years and to reach forty to fifty percent of the telefilm profits. This has some odd sidelights. An author whose book on grassroots politics sold quite widely approached a TV producer with the idea of dramatizing it for television. "Oh, no, we couldn't do a

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Along this line, Mickey Rooney points out: "Actors with any prestige at all would rather not appear in 'junk' plays, even if it does pay well. They're crying for stories with ideas and heart in them, and they're on the lookout for off-beat casting. Nobody wants to do one thing over and over. That's why I flipped over that one-man 'Eddie' show I did for *Alcoa*."

At 20th Century-Fox, Martin Manulis, production chief for TV, has outlined plans for filming "at least ten series" this year. Having fired an opening gun by signing James Michener to write a South Pacific series, *Adventures In Paradise*, Manulis was urged on to new and more daring projects by president Spyros Skouras and executive producer Buddy Adler. Skouras has promised that the studio's schedule will be "the largest and most extensive TV programming ever un-

series on local politics," the producer said. "It just wouldn't be understood abroad." Director John Peyser of Screen Gem's *Behind Closed Doors* wryly points out that he is worth millions in the exotic currency of the countries where the series is now being shown. As a gag, producer Sidney Marshall had given him this foreign money. "But," explains Peyser, "what he didn't tell me was that, when reduced to cold hard cash of the United States, it's of no value other than sentimental." Yet huge profits are in the making for American producers with an eye to foreign markets, insists Dick Powell and almost every other top leader in the television field.

Wherever it is shown, American TV is having an influence on the lives and manners of foreign populates. In merrie England, for example, where the pub was once a favored haven for hubbies on the lam, wives are getting to see more of their men, who stay home to watch American programs. And cabbies abroad are complaining that they are losing money, what with "Yankee" TV keeping former customers at home. American styles, humor and customs will very likely be imitated and adopted not only in Europe but in Latin America.

Nevertheless, some resistance is to be expected. Already, Goar Mestre, president

of the CMQ network in Cuba, has warned that American telefilms must be careful "not to offend our traditions by excessive use of brutality, sex or crime, otherwise curbs may be imposed." However, if the taste and variety exercised on such shows as Loretta Young's anthology series, *General Electric Theater*, and the simple "homey" series such as *Lassie*, *Rin Tin Tin* and *I Love Lucy*, were used more widely as a standard, there would be no problem. In upcoming series, the networks are bearing this sharply in mind and the future indicates that telefilms will be exported to all parts of the world by the end of 1960. Already many of our series are going strong in England, Canada, Australia, the Latin American countries, Hong Kong, Spain, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Iraq, Japan, Thailand, Belgium, the Philippines, Denmark and Sweden.

In television circles, there is a general glow of optimism these days. But the feeling of those concerned with dramatic shows on TV is perhaps best expressed by Jeff Morrow, presently basking in the sunshine of the syndicated success of his *Union Pacific*. Said Jeff, "From every angle, whether live, taped or filmed, the future of video dramatics sparkles like a diamond. We are heading for a great and new renaissance in drama, flowering out of the rich soil of television."

The Spectacular World of TV

(Continued from page 36)

anyone. Every time I get into a conversation about spectaculars, I wonder what my great grandparents would have to say! Pretty fantastic, to say the least."

The networks are the first to lavish praises on each other for "spec jobs" well done.

Hubbell Robinson, Jr., executive vice-president in charge of programming at CBS, commented in the anniversary issue of the show-biz tradepaper, *Variety*, that spectaculars have lifted TV out of the humdrum status the nation's journalists like to assign to it. Mr. Robinson cited "evenings with such worthy items as the Fred Astaire show, 'Wonderful Town' with Rosalind Russell, 'The Winslow Boy,' 'The Hasty Heart,' Bing Crosby's show, *Twentieth Century's* memorable two-part-er on drug addiction, Art Carney's wonderful romance with Peter and The Wolf." He points out "the wide range of basic material . . . ranging from the melodramatic documentary to musical comedy," and the fact that sponsors themselves are overjoyed by the overwhelming response to spectaculars.

"Specials," Mr. Robinson explained in an exclusive interview, "provide freshness, uniqueness and are a challenge to the skill and imagination of the entertainment world's top talents. The basic goal is simply to make them such rewarding and memorable entertainment that they will live in the minds and memories of viewers long past the night of the performance. All the specials that can meet that requirement should be produced, and the more spectacular they are, the better!"

Over at NBC, Robert Lewine, vice-president in charge of programming, had his to say: "Specials this season covered—and will cover—a broader range of interest than ever before. They run the gamut from Mary Martin's Easter show, a two-in-one-day musical recapitulation of her dazzling career, to the distinguished musical experiments of the new *Bell Telephone Hour* series."

Asked what he considered to be the highlight of last year's spectaculars, he

pointed out, "This is like asking a chef what his favorite dish is—and that, as we all know, depends entirely on the taste of the people he's trying to please . . . and there's no end to taste! But few could argue against the critical acclaim which greeted the TV premiere of the popular Broadway musical, 'Kiss Me, Kate,' with Alfred Drake. Or the dramatic skill of Maurice Evans in 'Dial M for Murder.' Remember the poetry of Julie Harris in the original Hallmark drama, 'Little Moon of Alban'? What about the whimsical fantasy of the Shirley Temple *Storybook* series?"

"Each spectacular has its own particular delight, perhaps some more than others. But, in the long run, they all add to the total and ultimate effect of the spectacular world of TV."

At the American Broadcasting Company, John Green, network executive in charge of programming, commented, "Specials create a wonderful one-time impact. But over here, at ABC, we don't always throw a lot of eggs in a 'special' basket."

"Our simple production of 'Peter and The Wolf' proved a special is an idea, not necessarily a Madison Square Garden extravaganza. Now don't get me wrong. There are specials that *should* have glitter and gloss—and stars galore. Bing Crosby, for instance, likes the atmosphere of stars on his specials. But then, again, look at our 'Peter and the Wolf.' One star. The rest? Puppets!"

"But even with only one star and twenty puppets (not to forget the seven wolves), more than two hundred people were involved with the production. Stagehands, engineers, musicians, designers, singers, administrators and others. The cost? It looked like an easy show, didn't it? Well, I'd say the budget was roughly \$500,000!"

On the other side of the TV fence are newspaper men and women whose responsibility it is to appraise the efforts of the TV performers and producers. A number of top critics were polled for their comments, and every one of them rous-

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ingly agreed spectaculars have enhanced television's prestige in the entertainment market.

Jack Gould, the leading critic of the influential *New York Times* whose high reviewing standards keep the TV industry buzzing between the East and West Coasts, believes, "Spectaculars have contributed to better TV and are a much-needed relief from monotonous routine fare."

In breaking down what he considered the outstanding spectacular achievements of 1958, he said, "I don't think it's wise to try to lump all types of 'spectaculars' together, so I wouldn't want to pick one or two. Among the ones I enjoyed were 'Little Moon of Alban' (of the dramas), Fred Astaire (of the musical revues), Winston Burdett's report on Kuwait (for 'news'), the *Omnibus* study of capital punishment (for 'politics'). Each show should be judged in its own terms, for what it's trying to say."

Gould adds, however, "Like much of TV, the spectaculars wouldn't be hurt by more substance. If TV isn't going to perish from sameness, there must be more special efforts!"

His colleague at the *New York Times*, J. P. Shanley, who alternates with Gould on TV criticism, wants "production ideas to be emphasized with spectaculars, rather than star names. But spectaculars have helped the medium considerably by showing large audiences what can be done when true creative artistry is employed." Shanley's own choice for the spectacular of the year? The Fred Astaire show.

Harriet Van Horne, the "tough" reviewer for the *World Telegram and Sun*—the Scripps-Howard newspaper, also selected this show as the best spectacular of 1958.

Her comment on the spectacular world of TV? "Let's have more of it," she said. "Dramas, musicals, anniversary shows, grand opera. Just make them special! I'd love more color specs on CBS and more original dramas like 'Little Moon of Alban.'"

To her thinking, specials have contributed "excitement, color, a sense of importance, and a break in the deadly, oppressive monotony of Westerns and crime shows."

Over and over again, in TV RADIO MIRROR's poll of top reviewers, the two shows most frequently mentioned were Fred Astaire's unforgettably exciting evening which was acclaimed for its beguiling blend of dance and music. One critic claimed that Fred Astaire, who is fifty-nine years young, according to his admirers, did more for the dance on TV than anyone else since the birth of television.

Astaire's partner, the beautiful Barrie Chase, hitherto an unknown, skyrocketed to stardom overnight from the show. When asked for her impression of the show, she said, "Everybody thinks it just kind of happened—like magic. They think Fred's a conjurer pulling dance tricks out of a top hat. Nothing of the sort! Fred's a perfectionist. We rehearsed daily for ten weeks with him, all of us who were on the show. It may have seemed effortless, but believe me, it appeared that way only because of hard work. Fred's motto is practice makes perfect. And he's right. It does."

Of the two other spectaculars which impressed the TV reporters, one was "Little Moon of Alban," by the young writer, Jimmy Costigan, who was commissioned by the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* to write an original drama specially for television.

The warm praise subsequently accorded it came as a surprise to Costigan, who says, "I wanted to write about something I knew, and when I visited Ireland a

couple of summers ago, the seed of a story about the Irish revolution began growing in my mind. Of course, I loved Ireland. It's a dark country, tragic and sweet and green. And if you love what you're writing about, I guess some of the love comes through. But I was lucky to have two wonderful actors in the leading roles—Julie Harris and Christopher Plummer."

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was the other 1958 spectacular singled out for special mention. Adapted from the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Thornton Wilder, it was presented last January on the *DuPont Show Of The Month*, with Judith Anderson in the commanding role of the Marquesa de Montemayor. Set in Peru, the drama dealt with a handful of travelers who plunge to their deaths when a bridge breaks. The theme? There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge . . . is love.

So far, in 1959, spectaculars have yielded many memorable evenings, from song-and-dance jamborees to the Old Vic's production of "Hamlet" and the two-part presentation of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," based on Ernest Hemingway's best-selling novel and starring Maria Schell and Jason Robards, Jr.

Scheduled for later this spring are "The Human Comedy" by William Saroyan, a touching and humorous story centering about a small-town boy who works in a telegraph office at night to support his widowed mother and learns that no one ever dies as long as he lives in the hearts of those who loved him. Hallmark is preparing a production of Eugene O'Neill's family comedy about young love, "Ah, Wilderness!" There will be several Jerry Lewis shows and a Dean Martin special, a Gene Kelly musical variety program and a two-hour musical comedy, "Meet Me in St. Louis," starring Jane Powell and Tab Hunter.

But these are only a sampling of what's to come!

Later this year, NBC-TV will have the honor of presenting Sir Laurence Olivier in what is already being talked about as the "colorcast spectacular of the year," the adaptation of Somerset Maugham's famous novel, "The Moon and Sixpence."

Shooting on the production was completed earlier this year, and Sir Laurence's performance was so powerful it received a spontaneous burst of applause from the cameramen, electricians and stagehands upon completion of the filming. Sir Laurence, who was paid \$100,000 for his role, was so taken with his TV "debut" that he worked around the clock during the last two days of shooting, catching catnaps from time to time when he wasn't performing in front of the cameras.

In "The Moon and Sixpence," Sir Laurence plays a man who renounces his wife and children to become an artist, encounters many struggles in his travels and ultimately settles in the South Seas where he at last finds the beauty he is seeking.

The networks wisely plan repeat programs of past favorites—"Art Carney Meets Peter and The Wolf" (already chosen by one award-giving group as the best children's program of 1958), the musical version of Marc Connelly's Pulitzer Prize play, "The Green Pastures," and others.

"Spectaculars," says David Susskind, one of the top independent producers, "have helped TV grow up. In the short span of five years, they've offered millions of viewers the best from Broadway, Hollywood, the world!"

Their future?

At every network, the consensus is the same: Spectaculars should have a field day. The sky's the limit!

The Q. and A. Business

(Continued from page 58)

One, also under fire, went off the air in October, after its rating took a dive. The \$64,000 Challenge went off, amidst accusations—and The \$64,000 Question departed, too, without accusations but with lowered ratings. It was reported at the time that Question had poured out prize money to the tune of well over \$2,000,000, and had given away twenty-nine Cadillacs as consolation prizes.

Other shows went off for other reasons—mostly ratings, though some were unhappy about their time-slot, loss of sponsors, worry that dwindling audiences for quizzes in general would eventually affect them. Among the departees were *Anybody Can Play*, *How Do You Rate?*, *Make Me Laugh*, *Wingo*, *Lucky Partners*, *Win With A Winner*. Lack of a suitable time-slot was given as the reason for the September demise of *Bid 'N' Buy*, with Bert Parks as host. *The Big Game* ran only from the middle of June to the middle of September.

Chance For Romance went on in mid-October and, before mid-December, was replaced by *Music Bingo*. *Mother's Day* stayed from the middle of October until the first week in January. A program called *ESP* (the initials designating extra-sensory perception), bowed in on July 11 and exited August 22, in spite of a change of format midway in its short career, and despite a change of title to *Tales Of ESP*.

As mentioned earlier, *Dr. I. Q.* returned for several months this season. It's interesting to note that Lee Segall, who created the show almost a quarter of a century ago and is its owner, still supplied most of the questions. He was managing a dairy in Houston, Texas, in the 1930's, and a local show called *Vox Pop* plugged its products. *Vox Pop* went to Hollywood and the networks, and Segall came up with *Dr. I. Q.* in its place. He played the Doctor himself, but decided performing was not for him. There have been a number of *Dr. I. Q.*'s and many assistants working in the famous "balcony"—probably the most famous of the latter, a fellow now known as Garry Moore.

Quizzes ran into a season of sober senseness in the year just past, and perhaps the feature of the present-day ones that is most appealing is their more light-hearted approach. Their pace is swift, there are no long silences filled with suspenseful music, the tensions have lessened. The questions, and even the correct answers, are frequently spiced with humor. It's more fun this way.

Many shows have fascinating by-products, besides the money prizes, merchandise, trips, etc. Last January, a twenty-one-year-old girl from Ohio, appearing on *The Price Is Right*, was asked by Bill Cullen why she happened to be in New York, where the show is broadcast. "Eloping," she said. Before the program was off the air, a bridal suite had been reserved for the eloping couple at the Waldorf, and there was a champagne reception for them after the next day's show. These in addition to prizes she won in the regular way—household furnishings, clothing and, finally, even a boat.

Cullen gave a male contestant a "bonus" in another show. Asked to name as many European countries as he could think of in ten seconds, the man was able to come up with six, got an extra prize consisting of a trip to all of them. Viewers from coast to coast gasped at this kind of magic, which in ten seconds' time could whisk a contestant away over ocean and land to places most of them dreamed of someday visiting. This element of the unexpected

sparks many of the programs and gives the folks at home some vicarious thrills.

That quizzes and give-aways bring out sidelights on human foibles and frailties has long been known but was pointed up by some incidents last year uncovered by news reporters. One concerned a man accused of attempting to bribe two young boys employed as mail sorters for a quiz show. He had an ingenious plan for winning, but the human factor failed: The boys told their boss.

A woman who appeared on a show and got several hundred dollars complained later that her agent wanted to claim half of her winnings. The Secret Service found it necessary to issue an official warning that alteration of currency with intent to defraud is a Federal offense, with penalties of imprisonment and fine, after dollar bills with altered serial numbers had been received by *Top Dollar*.

At this point, it is time to bring out our crystal ball and try to read the future for you. It is pretty plain to everyone concerned that last year's frenetic flurry of quizzes which started during the spring and summer is not likely to be repeated. The rumors, the direct accusations and the resulting publicity have had their effect—one packager quipped at the height of the publicity that the next quiz should be called "Spot the Fix." But these were not the only factors. Saturation, satiation—call it just plain boredom—had begun to set in. Everybody was getting tired of so many, so similar. Nobody wants to repeat that mistake.

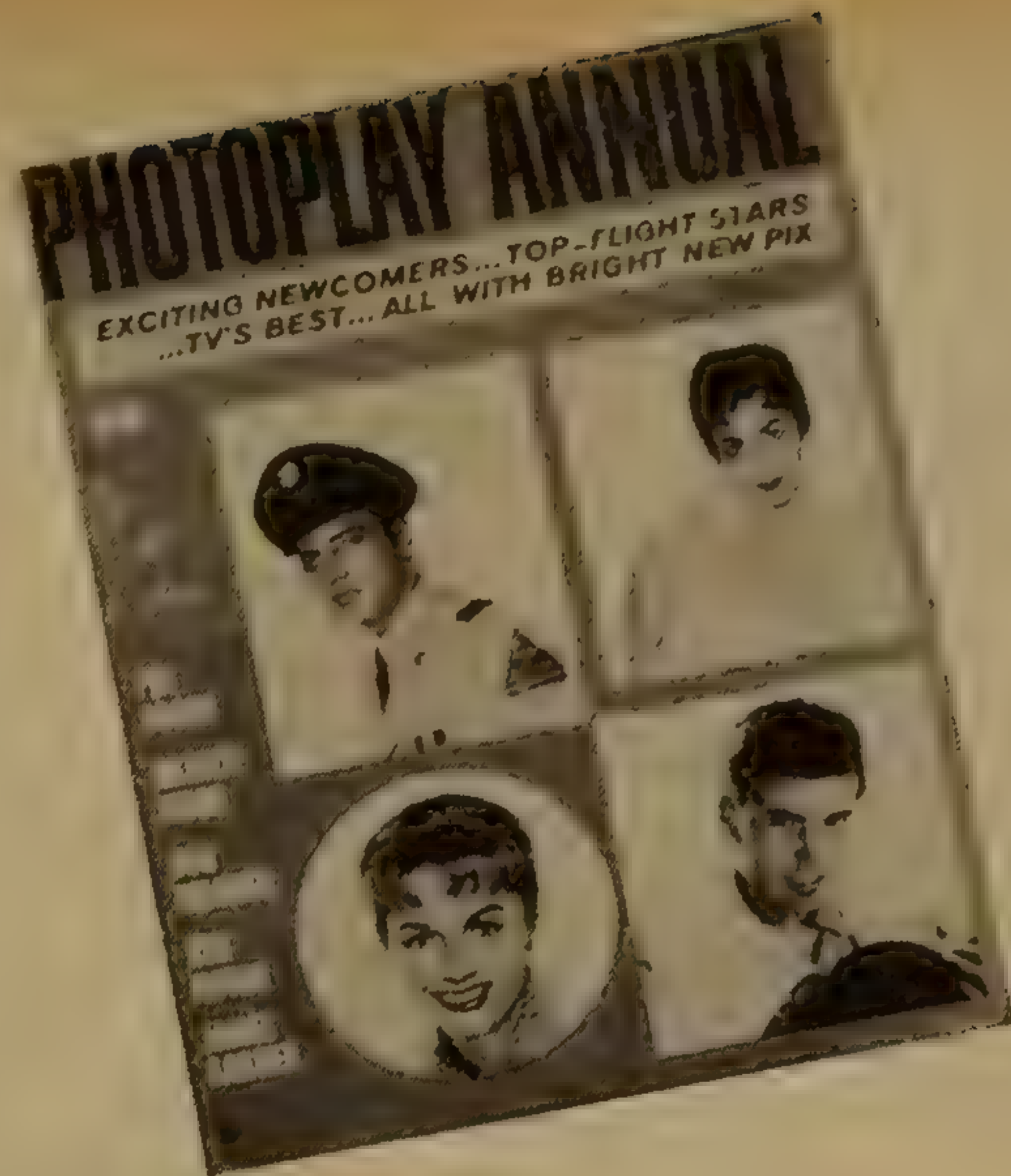
There is a lot of time to be filled, and an audience just waiting to be entertained. As in every other field, there is always room for some new ideas—or old ideas dressed up in a new way. A number of these will be popping up in the months to come, some not quite ready, some still solving problems of format, casting, scheduling, sponsorship.

One, which you may not see until fall, is a brand-new version of an old TV favorite, *This Is Show Business*—to be hosted by Dick Clark who, up to now, has been associated mainly with music for the young and the adult young-in-heart. There is talk, as there has been for months, of bringing back a one-time favorite panel-type comedy, *Can You Top This?*—a show which had its beginnings on radio and a run on TV.

And there is always *Pantomime Quiz*, twelve years on TV, the past six as a "permanent" summer replacement. It will undoubtedly serve in this capacity again this season. Still owned, created and hosted by Mike Stokey, and featuring a covey of talented charaders recruited from show business. You may remember that this is the show that won the first Emmy award in its class, and that Stokey himself won an Emmy the following year.

"Plus" factors for all the shows we have talked about include the fact that, with few exceptions, they are broadcast "live," and that informality is their keynote. The little amusing things that happen unexpectedly, the way a wise emcee handles an awkward moment and relieves a contestant of embarrassment. The celebrity guests who, appearing as themselves and not as performers in roles, show a side the general public might not otherwise see—and very often a more interesting side.

The quizzes, the panels, and all the programs that come under the rather loosely-knit grouping of "bringing audiences into the act," have been overdone, over-complicated, over-publicized. But it seems likely that, in one form or another, they will always be with us.



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(Continued from page 48)

Ed Sullivan is seen shivering in the icy winds of the newest state in the union, Alaska. And it's not a comedy sketch. It's the real thing. Steve Allen basks under a Cuban sun, before your eyes, and the sun is no cardboard prop.

Shirley MacLaine goes Japanese-style on *The Chevy Show* . . . Bob Hope plunges behind the Iron Curtain and shows Moscow, first-hand, to Mr. and Mrs. American Viewer . . . Jack Paar and Dave Garroway, those perennial stay-at-homes, have joined the great "remote" revolution . . . and Lowell Thomas's show, *High Adventure*, earns it's name indeed by inviting you to a ringside seat at a rocket's blast-off to the sun, from a South Pacific island. . . .

Because of this wave of geographical movement which has struck TV, people working on the big shows are doing things not usually required in show business. When Ed Sullivan took his outfit to Alaska in December of last year, the script, as always, had been carefully prepared in advance. One of the comedy numbers called for comedienne Dody Goodman to do a sketch in a log cabin. Simple enough? Well, it just so happens, on arrival in Alaska, they discovered that, in this pioneering country, there was no log cabin available.

In this emergency, there was only one thing to do. The man who produced and directed the show, Robert Precht, together with his camera crew, chopped down trees and made their own cabin . . . and Dody's comedy sketch went on as planned.

On the same Sullivan Alaska show, singer Jill Corey was scheduled to sing "I'm Sitting on Top of the World," while seated, appropriately enough, atop a real-life glacier. Taking her place during the first rehearsal, Jill suddenly leaped up. "Bob," she called out to the director. "I can't sit on that. It's too cold." She shivered, wrapping her thick covering of furs closer around her.

"My dear Jill," Precht grinned at her, "this is world-famous Mendenhall Glacier, near Juneau, Alaska, near the absolute top of the world. Of course, it's cold. But I'll see what we can do." One by one, blankets were brought for Jill to sit on, until finally, when American viewers saw her sing the song, they didn't know it, but she was sitting on a pile of seven blankets—the best-insulated singer in television history.

"What's the big deal?" one technician was heard to grumble recently. "What've they got abroad that you can't do better right here in the studio?" Sullivan did his best to answer this question. For the first time, TV audiences saw native ceremonial dances, a blanket toss by the Eskimos of Kotzebue, and the amazing pursuit of an Arctic seal by a gigantic polar bear. Just try to do that one in a telecasting studio.

Of course, without the existence of regular movie film and the recent invention, video-tape, TV would not be on the move in this spectacular fashion. Until now, film has of course, done most of the job. Lowell Thomas, creator and producer of *High Adventure*, can testify to what a phenomenal job film has done. Thomas trekked deep into the Belgian Congo, a while back, in the hope of recording initiation ceremonies never before filmed.

"We encountered tough opposition from the chief," Thomas says with a reminiscent grin. "He didn't trust us, or our cameras . . . though, apparently, he knew what a camera was."

What turned the trick?

"I was taking snapshots of the village with a Polaroid camera. When the chief saw a small machine that made a picture in a few minutes, right before his eyes, he

had to own one. I presented him with a Polaroid as a gift, and in return he let us shoot films of the initiation ceremonies."

The old chief was so happy with his gift that he selected two Bantu girls and offered them, as wives, to Thomas's director, Willard Van Dyke. For a moment, it looked as if trouble might be brewing. But, thinking fast, Van Dyke graciously declined the young ladies on the grounds of "religious differences." And, in a few hours, the film was on its way.

Not only personal problems but business difficulties become more complicated as TV crosses the oceans. The problem of insurance—without which no TV company could operate—becomes a grave one. As Lowell Thomas says, "When you have camera crews working in some of the most desolate, remote areas of the world, the brokers don't exactly come running."

His company spent months trying to get insurance coverage in Switzerland, England and America. Even those famed "gamblers," Lloyds of London, refused to insure the cameramen, mountain climbers, gun-bearers and technicians who work for *High Adventure*. Finally, in the conservative city of St. Paul, Minnesota, the daring insurance company was found, and the show could go on.

Such are the difficulties of international television. Sometimes, however, the toughest-seeming problems turn out to be solved in an almost ridiculously easy way. Thomas was on the South Sea island with the unlikely name of Puka Puka, preparing to film for television the first rocket observations of an eclipse of the sun. At one point, it was necessary for him to speak to his producer in faraway New York City.

Puka Puka, however, is unreachable by phone. End of story? Not at all! Thomas's inventive producer in New York simply dialed a nearby ham radio operator in Rockaway Beach . . . the ham then relayed the call to Thomas in the South Seas . . . and it was picked up by a radio operator on Puka Puka.

Another good trick was the one pulled off by *The Jack Paar Show*. Not using film or video-tape, Paar took his entire cast across the waters to Havana, before the revolution, and broadcast his show live.

This was done by a method called "scatter-beaming." The program is beamed to stations in nearby Miami, which then scatter the signal through the air, to be picked up by the network broadcasters.

Ranging farther afield, Bob Hope has done his bit to lighten international tensions as well as to brighten up video programming. Poking his famous nose into the hidden corners of the city of Moscow, Hope took American viewers on a "misguided" tour of that mysterious place.

This, by the way, is an important by-product of television's new wanderlust. With the world growing smaller every day, as jet planes reach Europe in six hours, the viewing audience wants to see every kind of performer there is, regardless of nationality. Ed Sullivan has become a sort of video good-will ambassador. For recent shows, he gathered together both the most famous of international stars and other performers whose talents have seldom been seen outside their native lands.

As a secretary to a TV producer recently quipped, "You know that show, *Wide Wide World*? Well, they ought to change the name to *Small, Small World*."

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TV's National Classroom

(Continued from page 66)

it was a legislator who was in trouble because of educational television. His constituents, in a remote district, couldn't tune in on the lessons and they were angry about it. When the appropriation bill for the state's three-station network was introduced, he arose to protest. "I'll vote for it," he stated, "provided that next time you get the signal into my county." But in Detroit, a seventy-seven-year-old retired undertaker was having the time of his life. He wrote WTVS, "I never had a chance for education when I was young, but you're sure brightening up my old age. Before I die, I'm going to get my high school diploma."

Such stories multiply as educational TV extends. The same thirst for knowledge which once led a young Abe Lincoln to learn the Rule Of Three by the midnight-light of a pine-knot torch today brings young—and older—students to the television screen, sometimes before dawn, to study nuclear physics, sociology, history, literature and other courses. The NBC-TV-originated *Continental Classroom*, the first coast-to-coast instruction program, is aired at 6:30 A.M. on 149 commercial and educational stations, with nearly 300 colleges offering credit. In New York, WCBS-TV's *Sunrise Semester* was the first to prove that city people would schedule farmers' rising hours if given an opportunity to study.

Many people view simply because they want to learn. Others take examinations and earn academic credit.

Classroom work is keyed to broadcasts in the areas served by the thirty-four educational television stations and by the commercial stations which sell or give time to educational institutions. A recent count showed that some 125 colleges televise their own courses and that about 600 school systems make regular, systematic use of television instruction.

A number of bills are now before Congress to appropriate funds for educational television. All are similar to that of Washington's Senator Warren G. Magnuson, which calls for a grant of one million dollars to each state to establish an educational television station or improve existing facilities. Persons supporting them call for the use of television to achieve a "breakthrough" in teaching methods. Educational TV, long the poor step-sister of glamorous commercial television, is now being courted as the attractive schoolteacher who will help solve the nation's educational problems.

The need for new educational solutions was obvious even before the Russians scared us with their sputniks. It is personally felt by the young suburban mother—who must turn full-time chauffeur to deliver her children to split-shift schools—and by the elderly, pensioned property-owner whose budget is shot when school taxes double. Its distress is shared by the overworked, underpaid teacher and by the small-town student who can't meet college-entrance requirements because his school fails to teach required courses. One of its serious economic costs is advertised by industry's frantic search for qualified engineers.

A more formal definition of need comes from the report of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. It points out that we not only are faced by the problem of numbers presented by a rapidly increasing population, but by too few classrooms and teachers. Beyond that lies the fact that the body of knowledge itself is expanding beyond the imagination of yesterday and continues to grow at a rate which baffles realization. "The

average citizen, young or old, needs to know so much more today . . . just to navigate successfully in this highly crowded and complex world." It just about adds up to the fact that all of us need to go back to school and that only the communication offered by radio and television can take us there.

America has been slow to use the educational potential of television, but educators were among the first to develop the techniques of broadcasting. In 1917, the University of Wisconsin went on the air with the nation's first educational radio station, WHA. At one time there were 176 educational radio stations, but, according to one historian, Richard B. Hull, director of radio and television, Ohio State University, many of these were simply experimental outlets for physics and engineering departments. In the mid-30s, there were fewer than thirty-five stations and educators then rallied to demand that the F.C.C. allocate channels to education. In 1957, there were 138 noncommercial AM and FM stations. The first educational TV station was the University of Iowa's W9XK which went on the air in 1932, with a scanning disc system built by the electrical engineering department. World War II brought a blackout, and, in 1948, according to Mr. Hull, only five educational institutions were involved in any way with television. In 1950, at Iowa State, WOI-TV went on the air as the one-hundredth TV station in the United States and the first non-experimental educational-owned TV station in the world.

The fight for educational channels was on and it became a bitter one. Arrayed against the penniless educators were well-financed commercial interests which valued a construction permit as at least a million-dollar asset. The F.C.C.'s 1949 TV allocation proposal left out education, but in 1952, the contention was resolved by a reservation of 80 VHF and 162 UHF channels for education. Total allocations now are 86 VHF and 171 UHF.

How the comparatively few stations which have utilized these reservations went on the air is a story of begging, generosity, devoted public service and just plain scrounging. The drive for WTTW in Chicago is one example. It began when mothers in the North Shore suburbs went from door to door asking for a dollar. It found inspired, competent leadership when Edward T. Ryerson, chairman of the board of Inland Steel, retired and devoted full time to organizing the station. It now is possible for one to get a college degree by watching WTTW and taking examinations for credit.

Alabama, which had the first state network of three educational VHF stations, offers an example of the scrounging. In 1953, Governor Gordon Persons, who had himself been in communications, supplied the driving power which led the legislature to appropriate the first \$500,000 to activate their three VHF channels. When Raymond D. Hurlbert, general manager of the Alabama Educational TV Commission, appeared before the Magnuson Committee, in 1958, he set the state's total investment at about a million dollars. Asked how they could build and broadcast on so small a sum, he told how he had persuaded commercial stations to donate thousands of dollars worth of equipment and also bought a \$12,000 microwave relay for \$1,200. "I was brought up as a schoolteacher," he explained, "to buy things ten cents on the dollar. My experience for thirty years in public schools taught me that you never are supposed to pay full price."

Another case of ingenious operation



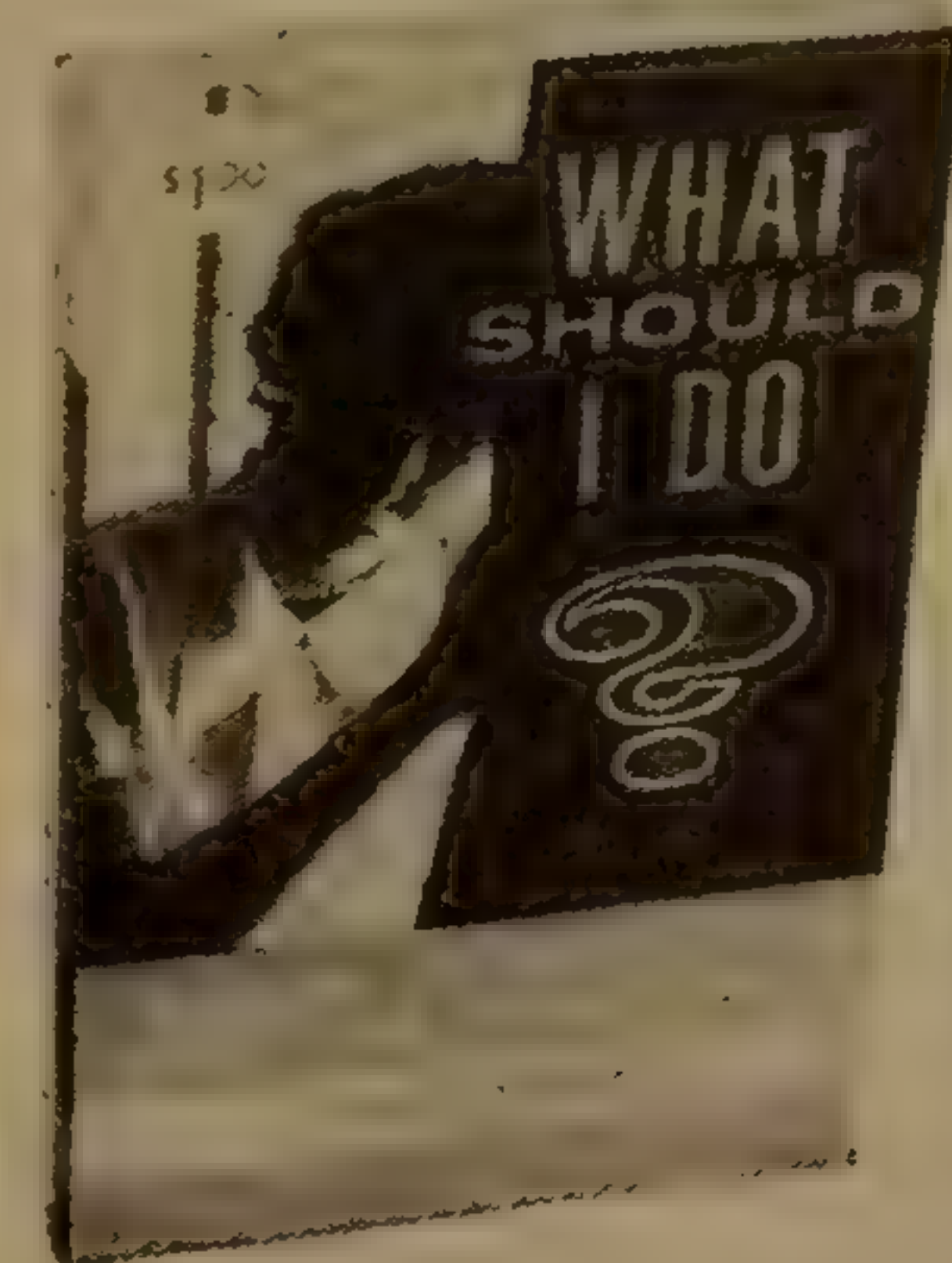
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which may set the pattern for other areas comes from Lansing, Michigan, where both the Michigan State University outlet and a local commercial station had problems. They solved them by shared time. The college station, WMSB, built the transmitter and uses it to broadcast thirty-nine hours of education a week. The NBC affiliate, WIXL-TV, leases the transmitter at other hours. Its rental fees will, over a period of time, pay the entire cost of transmitter construction.

A number of philanthropic foundations have contributed to educational television, but some of the largest and most effective grants have come from the Ford Foundation through its Fund for Adult Education and its Fund for the Advancement of Education.

A grant in 1952 helped establish the Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and further funds have supported it. This center is a clearing house for educational television program material. It collects and distributes completed films, exchanges kinescoped programs and contracts for the production of new programs. This spring it moved to New York with the expectation that it will find "a gold mine of educational television sources" when the Lincoln Center for Performing Arts is opened.

Given the signal and substance of educational TV, what happens in the classroom?

Two authoritative studies are available. The most concentrated one comes from Hagerstown, Maryland; the widest one is covered by the first year report on The National Program in the use of television in the public schools, issued by the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education.

All of the 48 schools of Washington County, Maryland, were linked in a project which began in 1956. This is closed-circuit, with the signal being carried by cable on six channels to receivers in classrooms. It is not sent out on air for general public reception.

The essential method is to have a master teacher give one section of the lesson from the studio. A classroom teacher then follows up, leading a discussion group. Such a master teacher has ample time for preparation and has materials and films available which an individual teacher would not have. The smallest school gets a quality of instruction which not even the largest could previously afford.

The full cost of such instruction cannot yet be determined because the telephone companies are participating in order to find a basis for establishing future rates. However, Supt. William M. Brish presented these comparisons to the Magnuson committee: Working from the television studios, 3.4 teachers presented lessons which otherwise would have required 33 teachers. Thereby they secured instructional benefits which otherwise would have cost \$171,600, for \$17,680. Per pupil, it meant a TV instruction cost of \$1.71 per pupil as against a cost of \$16.78 for face-to-face instruction.

The National Program in the Use of Television in Public Schools is a large, cooperative project which, in 1957-58, involved nearly 40,000 students in more than 200 elementary and secondary schools. They ranged in size from two-teacher high schools in Nebraska to big city schools in Detroit and Philadelphia.

There were problems with physical facilities. Some few schools had large auditoriums where TV receivers could be spaced at regular intervals. Others had to hold their TV classes in cafeterias amid noises—and odors—from the kitchens. At the elementary level, television classes ranged in size up to 175; at junior and

senior high level, they went up to 500.

One or two teachers were present during the telecast in most schools and led later discussions.

Control groups also were set up in which students received only conventional classroom instruction. Evaluation of tests showed that the TV-taught students equalled or surpassed the control groups. Teachers, too, reported that they benefited by watching the master teacher in the studio and, as a result, tried to improve their own methods of instruction.

Two side benefits appeared repeatedly in the reports. Because TV teaching is eye-to-eye, person-to-person communication, however large the class might be, the kids didn't get bored. "We had no disciplinary problems," said the teachers. The teachers, too, enjoyed an escape from the boredom of repetition. Instead of teaching the same lesson over and over, they could go on to new ideas.

Those were the in-school benefits. The community benefits can be measured only by the number of adults who want to learn. Parents, even if they don't study themselves, tune in and know what their children are being taught. Other adults advanced their own education.

The usual method for securing academic credit is for the serious student to secure a lesson guide and reading list from the school or college offering a course. At the end of the term, he pays a fee and takes an examination. He then receives the same credit as for class attendance.

What does this forecast for America's future?

John P. Cunningham, chairman of the board of the advertising agency of Cunningham and Walsh, Inc., drew one picture of it when he called for advertising men to help harness educational television to the upgrading of the national mind.

Relating the need to survival, he stated, "Our cold war with Communism is no longer a conflict between two classes of thought. It is a conflict between two million classrooms of thought and we must throw the greatest cross-country classroom of all into it—the TV set. We need to make available to every single farm, tenement and garret in this country a full-time twenty-four-hours-a-day TV educational channel."

He criticized the fact that most educational TV goes off the air at the time the working population gets home and might want to look at educational TV.

He called for more money, citing New York City's paltry, annual budget of \$400,000 for its daytime use of the facilities of commercial station WPIX. "This is less than the cost of two *Dinah Shore Shows*."

What can the average citizen—the reader of this magazine—do about advancing the day when anyone who wants it can secure a high school or college education by television and when every adult who chooses can keep up with new discoveries and extend his own areas of knowledge?

The first thing is that familiar phrase, "Write your Congressman." You don't even have to remember the numbers or titles of bills. Just say, "I want you to appropriate money for educational TV." Indifference killed last session's appropriation. The Magnuson Bill passed without a dissenting vote in the Senate, but the House bill got lost in the closing-day confusion.

The second effort should be made in your own hometown. Almost every community has a far-seeing group which is campaigning for a new educational TV station or to extend existing facilities. Give your dollar. It will come back to you many-fold in savings on school taxes, better-taught students, and, perhaps, in the just pure personal pleasure of learning something new.

Music, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 64)

champagne, while Sammy Kaye catered to the scotch-and-soda set. Tennessee Ernie Ford served up a caviar and country-cider combination of hits, hymns, hill-billy, sophisticated satire and earthy peapicking philosophy.

The oldest variety show of them all, Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, now on CBS-TV, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with Ted numbering many of the brightest names of show business among his graduates. His pop-field roster was almost endless. He also counted eleven of his young hopefuls among those who grew up to go into the Metropolitan Opera.

The venerable Met, on the air since 1931, wasn't doing so badly, either. Its Saturday-afternoon broadcasts, via CBS Radio, continued to reach distant opera-lovers who might never see the Golden Horseshoe. On Saturday evenings, the New York Philharmonic, as directed by Leonard Bernstein, took over.

Bernstein himself had his busiest year. Television-seasoned by his earlier work on *Omnibus*, he emerged as one of TV's egghead glamour boys—a serious, learned artist with great popular appeal. He presented four once-a-month concerts for young people, Saturdays at noon, on CBS-TV. With the Philharmonic providing the audible illustration, he began the series by answering the question, "What makes music symphonic?" By entertainingly extending their musical horizons, he became the darling of the pop and rock set.

His companion programs, on certain Sunday afternoons, were in the same vein. Reviewing Bernstein's "Jazz Is Serious Music," the *New York Herald Tribune* critic, Sid Bakal, wrote: "Mr. Bernstein, who has the happy faculty of being able to discuss longhair music in articulate, crew-cut terms, traced the relatively modern marriage of jazz and ragtime on one hand and serious concert music on the other, in interesting and informative fashion... (it) was a magnificent and artistic hour and an example of television at its finest."

The Telephone Hour, long a radio favorite, turned TV on NBC this season with a series of "adventures in music" which featured outstanding artists from several fields. Starred on the first one were drama's Maurice Evans, the Baird Puppets; prima donna Renata Tebaldi, the New York City Ballet and singer Harry Belafonte.

The Firestone Hour, on ABC-TV, changed format, and planned to devote each program exclusively to one field of music, alternating classical, semi-classical and popular. It was on this show that the man who, in 1924, "made a lady out of jazz," returned to conduct "Rhapsody in Blue," which he had commissioned George Gershwin to write. Paul Whiteman, whom his contemporaries called "The King of Jazz" and whom his devoted admirers call "Pops," was in fine fettle. Pops was just as proud of current hit-maker Frankie Avalon—who scored his first childhood triumphs on Pops' old *TV Teen Club*—as he was of his earlier musician, Tommy Dorsey. But backstage, Pops confided that, musically, he thought the rock 'n' roll kids were a little overdue. "No one has yet taken the beat and put everything together into a serious rhapsody—with a beginning, an exposition, and a conclusion—to tell what it all means. It's time someone did."

Other makers of America's musical history turned up on numerous "specials," such as the Bing Crosby shows on ABC-TV and Jackie Gleason's big jazz bash on CBS-TV, which included in its breath-

taking aggregation of talent Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, George Shearing, Gene Krupa, Dizzy Gillespie and other big names.

NBC-TV did a learned and enjoyable educational series titled "The Subject Is Jazz." The Western fan got a jazz theme with his *Gunsmoke* and the whodunit addict heard it on *Peter Gunn*. Garry Moore, on CBS-TV, kept it on the front burner as good week-to-week programing. Classed both as serious music and current popular entertainment, jazz had a revival year.

Those who followed the mandate to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord," also found listeners. As it had done since it first went on radio in 1929, the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir continued to set standards in sacred music. Gospel singers found encouragement when a spiritual, Laurie London's "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," reached Number One in the pop charts. The thirteen-year-old English lad followed the styling of an earlier record by Mahalia Jackson, and, in turn, focused new attention on her. With this and other devout spirituals, she was often a guest on major shows.

Thriving lustily at the grassroots level, country-and-Western music had a special of its own when Roy Rogers and Dale Evans gathered together such old network neighbors as Red Foley, his son-in-law Pat Boone, Jo Stafford, Eddy Arnold, Homer and Jethro and others for a super-hoedown on NBC-TV.

Red Foley, whose *Jubilee, U.S.A.* on ABC-TV carried a passel of fun from Springfield, Missouri, each week, undertook at the beginning of his season to explain the difference between country, Western and pops: "Strings—guitar, fiddle and bass—are the Number One need for country music. Drums and piano may be added for better rhythm. A Western not only has to do with horses, saddles and the plains, but it has a different sound and treatment. Country music hits can be adapted to pops, but rarely vice versa. It takes a great song to adapt to all fields."

The great granddaddy of country shows, *Grand Ole Opry*, continued to radio its fun and frolic from Nashville and was copied by many local stations. Aside from entertaining a multitude, all were important as both incubators and preservers of tunes and talent. Many a youngster made such shows a first objective; sometimes an oldster brought to such microphones a tune he had heard his own grandpappy sing—a tune which had been handed down from away back.

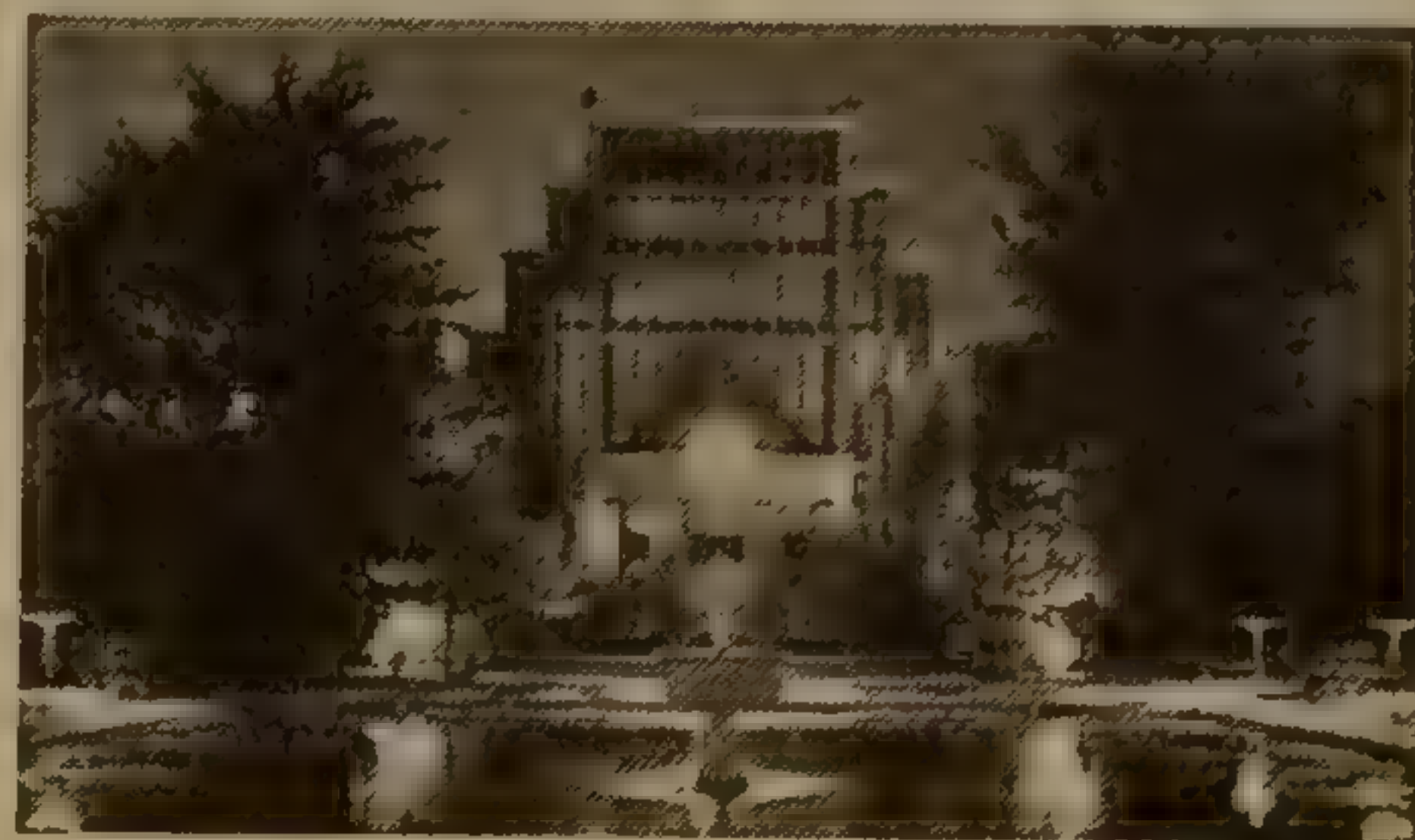
To cite just a few for-instances: Radio provided the only music school Elvis Presley attended. Young Jack Scott, in Detroit, "couldn't go for that Gilbert and Sullivan stuff in school," but plunked out his own guitar accompaniment to every Hank Williams tune he could find on radio. Johnny Cash, at the so-called "corn" stations, brought to the microphone "the same beat my grandfather, a music teacher, played." Jimmie Rodgers found his first hit, "Honeycomb," on a country record. *Grand Ole Opry* and similar shows were the kindergarten for the Everly Brothers, Bobby Helms and many others.

With the upsurge of folk singing, the role of the c & w station as a preserver of a cherished art-form became apparent. For the past half-century, the folk song has alternately been regarded as either the anthem of the ignorant or the preciousness of the ultra-intellectual. Now again, with the popularity of Harry Belafonte, Jimmie Rodgers, Johnny Cash, the Kingston Trio and others, it is back in its own deserved realm as currently enjoyable music.

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This season, the effect of all this great and varied wealth of music, made by broadcasting—the common currency of listening—was most felt in the pop music field. The rock 'n' roll revolution, which had jolted the music industry away from patterns so long-established that they had become trite, had matured. It took more than just a frantic beat and a raucous voice to make a hit. Some of the kids who had kicked the door open were no longer around. Others, like The Platters, had grown with their times. Certain new singing groups created unstudied harmonies in a counterpoint more intricate than they realized—an audible evidence of their absorption of the classics. Johnny Mathis directly translated a classic-music education into today's terms—and had nothing but hits. Rick Nelson drew from Ozzie and Harriet's heritage of swing and jazz, to come up a second-generation star. He and Presley tied at the top with four gold records each, during 1958. Connie Francis took her father's advice, cut an oldie, "Who's Sorry Now?" and became the first new girl to crash through the all-male r. & r. barrier to popularity. Domenico Modugno, belting out "Volare" in operatic style, moved from the top of the Italian Hit Parade to No. 1 in America.

So it went, and the parade was almost endless. *Billboard* reported that they received for review approximately 100 singles and 75 albums per week.

Another sign of growth was that the first of the "Juilliard boys" appeared on the Big Beat scene, and it just might be that the pair of youngsters capable of writing the new rhapsody that Pops Whiteman thinks is due, are now warming up in the wings. Neil Sedaka—nineteen years old and a scholarship student at Juilliard school of Music—and his lyric-writing partner, Howard Greenfield—who is only a couple of years older—got onto the charts when Connie Francis recorded their tunes "Stupid Cupid" and "Fallin'." They followed it up with Neil singing a single, "The Diary." Still stored away at home they have dozens of unpublished songs, plus a musical comedy of the Rodgers and Hammerstein type.

A primary objective of all the young recording artists is ABC-TV's *The Dick Clark Show*, seen Saturdays, and his daily *American Bandstand*. "Get your record on

Dick Clark's shows and you've got it made," they say, for, by playing young people's music on a young people's dancing party, Dick has become the hero of teenagers across the country.

How does it all add up? Sometimes the best perspective comes from beyond our own shores. The great jazz musicians have been our ambassadors—without portfolio, and the State Department has sent them on tours which have won friends for us in troubled areas.

Their music alone has gone places where they could not go. Benny Goodman, who was unable to secure Soviet permission to tour Russia, returned from a recent European engagement to say that he believes there is a jazz-underground in Russia, with musicians gathering to play their hot licks secretly in cellars. Russian leaders, he says, oppose jazz because it is completely "Western," and so could serve as a strong tie between the West and the Russian people.

Realization of this may have been the motivation for the fast switch of the party line on rock 'n' roll. In February, 1957, on the day prior to the arrival in England of Bill Haley and His Comets, *The London Daily Worker* praised r. & r. as "a strong, proletarian expression." The day after he received the most triumphal welcome any visiting artist has ever had, *The Worker* damned him and his music as "utterly decadent." They may also have been perturbed by the rumor that Presley singles were selling for twenty dollars each on the Moscow black market.

Although our State Department has not yet sponsored a tour of any of our new young artists, that hasn't kept them at home. In a strong, international demonstration of free enterprise, they have taken off on their own, financed only by the sale of tickets at the shows they staged. Britain, Australia and Germany have particularly welcomed them. Perhaps the farthest traveling of all of them is not an American, but a Canadian. Young Paul Anka has, during the past two years, sung on every continent and in almost every non-Iron Curtain country of the world.

America's young music-makers are a potent force in winning friends for us and our way of life. They help to shape the attitudes of other young people who will be tomorrow's leaders in many lands.

For the Ladies

(Continued from page 72)
hours and hospital rounds. "I wish Helen weren't always a fiancée and never a bride," he said. "Especially when played by lovely Julie Stevens. But I find Helen and her story fascinating. I think everyone does a bang-up job with the show, and have come to look upon all of them as real people, with interesting problems." (Readers again chose Julie this year as their favorite radio dramatic actress.)

The loyal audiences commanded by these serials, on both radio and TV, is well established, but the year 1958 underscored this once more. On radio, the twenty-six-year run of *Ma Perkins* was interrupted briefly and got an enthusiastic "welcome back" when it was reinstated after a few weeks, with Virginia Payne still the well-loved *Ma*, a part she originated. *The Right To Happiness*, with Claudia Morgan, got a similar "welcome home"—as did *Whispering Streets*.

The Couple Next Door, continuing its popularity, began a second year in January, with Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce as "the couple," written by double-threat actress-author Peg. (You named them as your favorite radio team.) Such long-

time stalwarts as *Pepper Young's Family*, with Mason Adams, continued (you named it your favorite radio daytime drama); *The Second Mrs. Burton*, *One Man's Family*, *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, *Woman In My House*. And others, like *My True Story*, *Don Ameche's Real Life Stories*, *Five Star Matinee*, which are mostly self-contained episodes, as opposed to serials which sustain the same group of characters year after year.

One of the most interesting developments was the decision, last December, to bring *Young Dr. Malone* to TV as a separate entity, with a separate cast, while the enormously popular serial continued on radio with the cast long familiar to radio listeners. (You gave Sandy Becker, who plays Jerry Malone on CBS Radio, the award as your favorite radio dramatic actor. William Prince plays the "new" Jerry on NBC-TV.) Another interesting thing about this whole situation is the way in which TV's *Young Dr. Malone* took over some of the characters and some of the plot of its TV predecessor, *Today Is Ours*, until it became integrated into one smooth-flowing story line. Audiences accepted the transition from one to the

other, hardly aware of the skill with which it had been done, because it was so gradual.

Daytime serials on TV sprang other surprises. The success of *The Edge Of Night* and *As The World Turns*—both pioneers in the half-hour serial concept on TV, and tied as this year's favorite daytime drama—paved the way for other half-hour serials, notably *From These Roots* and the above-mentioned *Young Dr. Malone*. *Love Of Life* also expanded from fifteen minutes to half-an-hour in April, 1958.

Although the thirty-minute format gives more time for character development and plot, in no way has it upset interest in the fifteen-minute dramas, which continue to attract large and steady audiences. But it has proved that women will stay with a show, even in busy daytime hours, longer than many people in television thought. Too many of these longer shows, too often during one day, might disprove it. No one can yet tell.

No matter what their length, the pace of all daytime serials was noticeably accelerated in 1958 and continues—a situation which had been building up for some time, possibly because the pace of modern life is being stepped up, year by year, and everything must keep stride with it. Action that took six months to develop, ten years ago, is now often telescoped into as many weeks. Constant references to past events fill in the details for the woman who has had to miss some of the episodes. Ten years ago, she could miss as many as three a week and still remain current on everything that was going on.

The stories themselves are more topical and current. Separation and divorce, delinquency and illegitimacy, are portrayed more frankly—and usually with a taste which does credit to the people responsible for them. An awakened public interest in psychiatry, psychology and medicine, dissatisfaction with corrupt politics and gangster elements in community affairs, fascination with the law and with courtroom procedure and legal language, are all reflected in the modern serial.

This fascination with courtroom procedure has given continuing audiences to such "live" and practically ad-lib programs as *The Verdict Is Yours*, with Jim McKay as reporter-host. Interest is added by the appearance of real-life lawyers and judges playing their respective roles, along with the actors who take the other parts. Lawyers take the simulated cases seriously: One lawyer who fought bitterly to win against fiercely opposing odds for his client (portrayed, of course, by an actor) finally laughed at his own zeal, but admitted, "It's bad enough to lose a case in court. I certainly don't want to lose one in front of millions of viewers."

Another popular courtroom show, this one filmed, is *A Day In Court*. It, too, has a real-life lawyer—law professor Edgar Allan Jones, Jr., as judge of its criminal and civil cases, with actor William Gwinn handling the domestic ones.

One daytime casualty of 1958 was the withdrawal of TV's *Kitty Foyle*, once a popular and long-running radio serial. But such established TV serials as *Search For Tomorrow*, *The Brighter Day*, *The Guiding Light* and *The Secret Storm* continued to unfold new plot twists and bring on additional characters, retaining the central ones which have long been favorites.

It's interesting to note that TV viewers have duplicated the strong identification which radio listeners have with these people who come into their homes practically every day. They look upon the actors and actresses as personal friends, are immensely interested in their home lives and families, in their backgrounds and philosophy. They have respect for their skills, realizing that most of the dramas are live, that lines must be learned every day, that

rehearsal time must be necessarily short. They recognize them as authentic "pro's" in their field, which indeed they are. Some have long, fine stage careers behind them, movie experience, stock, night-time TV training. Many are doubling between stage and TV, or stage and radio.

Close to the hearts of the housewives as their favorite dramatic programs are such high-rated hosts as Arthur Godfrey (see story on page 38) who, beginning with guest-star Jackie Gleason, brought back the art of spontaneous conversation to network daytime programming; Art Linkletter (his *House Party* is your favorite daytime show on TV and your choice for best half-hour program on radio); Bert Parks (you voted him your favorite master of ceremonies for *Bert Parks' Bandstand*, on radio, and you love him, too, on *County Fair*, on TV); Don McNeill (his *Breakfast Club*, twenty-five years a favorite, got your vote as favorite daytime show on radio); Peter Lind Hayes, who, with beautiful wife Mary Healy, hosts shows on both ABC-TV and Radio; young Jimmy Dean, who was given his own daily TV show, last September, changed his style a little, added just a soupçon of sophistication; Liberace (minus brother George now), who added guests and variety and a quickened pace. And such tried-and-true favorites as Galen Drake and Jack Sterling, and the teenagers' idol, Dick Clark.

The single strand that ties all these men together—so different in personality, looks, type of performance and program—is a magnetism and warmth which comes over the air. Each in his own way is attractive physically. Each has a voice which appeals to a woman. Each represents a type which is, in some way, the counterpart of some man in her life—husband, father, sweetheart, brother, son—or the kind of man she would like them to be. As one woman said, "They all have qualities that remind me of the nicest men I've ever known, my father, my brother, a couple of my college instructors, my husband."

And now we come to comedy, always welcome to the housewife, whose burdens may sometimes weigh heavily. In 1958-59, comedy was perpetuated by the *Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall* (you voted them your favorite radio comedy-variety program). Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, who created the fabulous duo, are the only ones who have played them on radio, although others have portrayed them on TV. Gosden was honored in 1958 as a special U.S. Ambassador for the inauguration of Mexico's new president, Adolf Lopez Mateos.

Incidentally, Art Linkletter was also honored, the State Department designating him a special representative of the U.S. entertainment industry to the Brussels Exhibition. This year, he's going to Russia and planning films to incorporate in his *People Are Funny* programs. Linkletter wrote a best-selling book called "Kids Say the Darndest Things." So did Jack Sterling, with a gay tome titled "So Early In The Morning," based on life with a crack-o'-dawn radio show.

Daytime broadcasting covers many another field, as well—news, sports, music and records, the situation comedies, children's shows, the feature-length movies, and the special programs that fit no particular pattern. (Daytime quizzes, panels and general audience-participation shows are covered separately on page 56.)

Radio has the edge over TV in daytime music of all kinds, from "Rigoletto" to rock 'n' roll, from live name-bands to all-record shows. All ages of music-lovers are far more apt to turn on their radios during the day than to dial TV.

In cities served by several TV channels, and in many served by only one, the home-staying woman can see at least a



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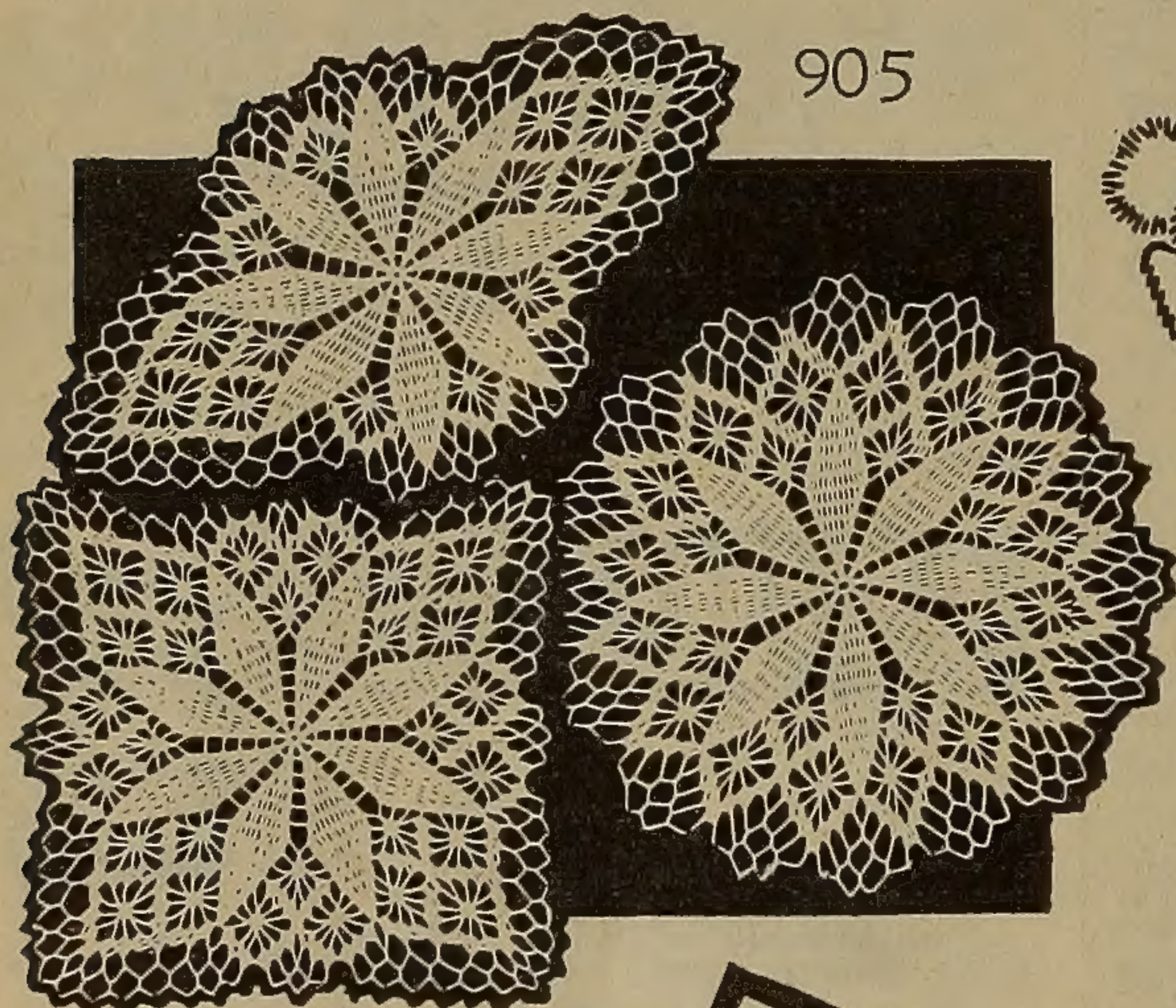


676

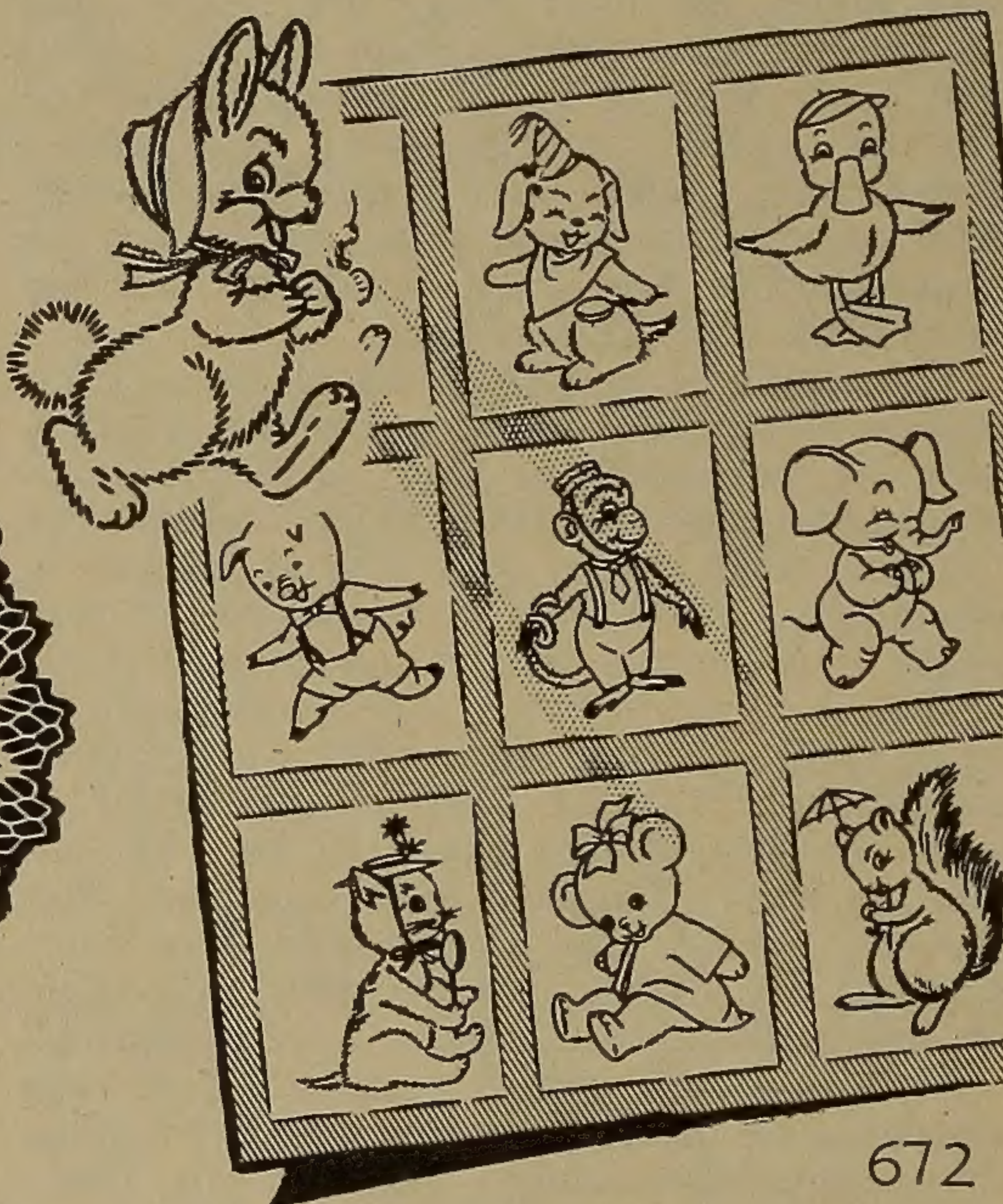
676—Luck-bringing bluebirds to embroider on kitchen towels. Perfect gift for a bride. Embroidery transfer of six motifs, each 6 x 8 inches, 25¢

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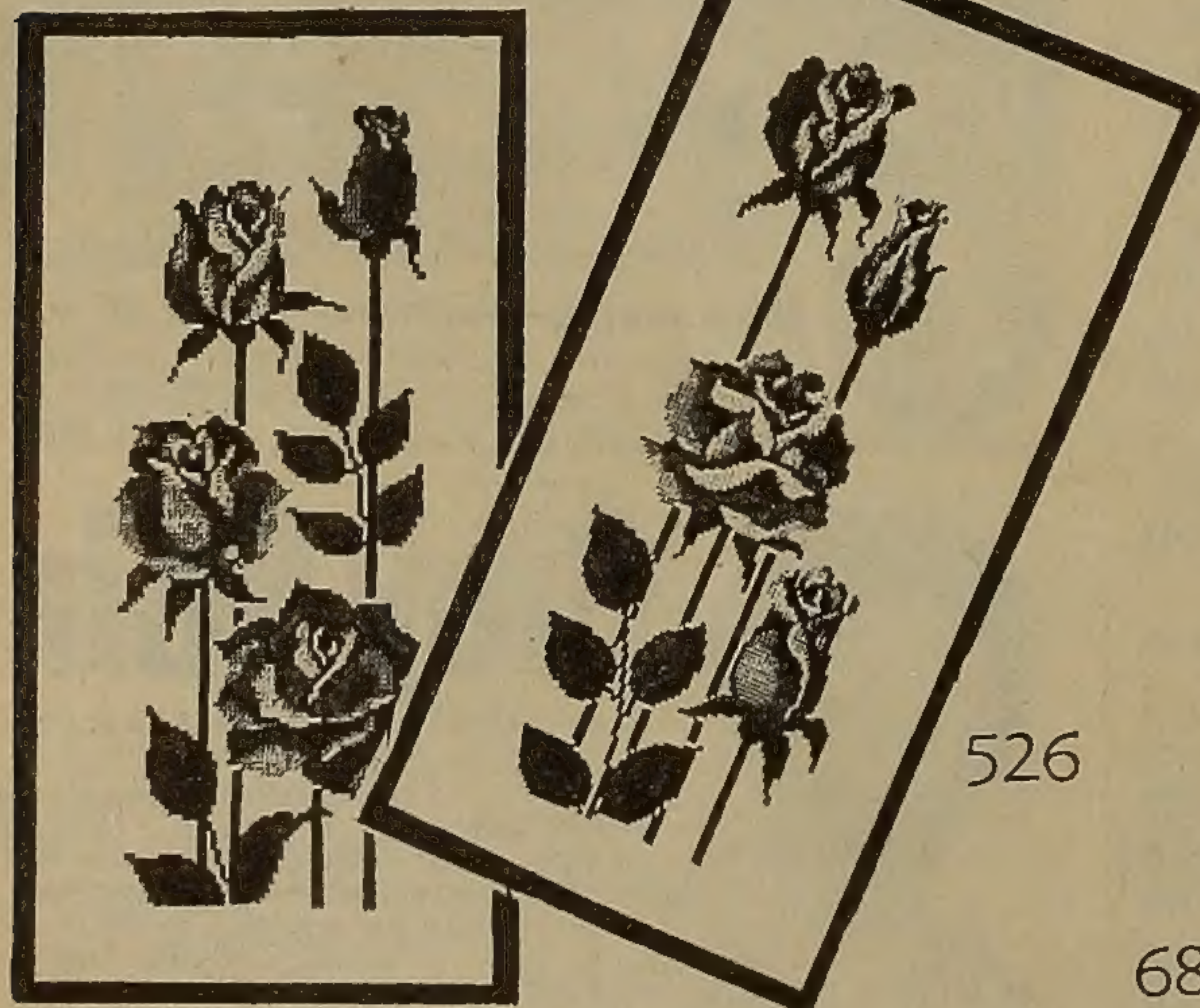
672—Baby will love his crib cover embroidered with these pert little pals from nurseryland. Transfer of 9 motifs about 6 x 7½ inches. Easy directions. 25¢



905



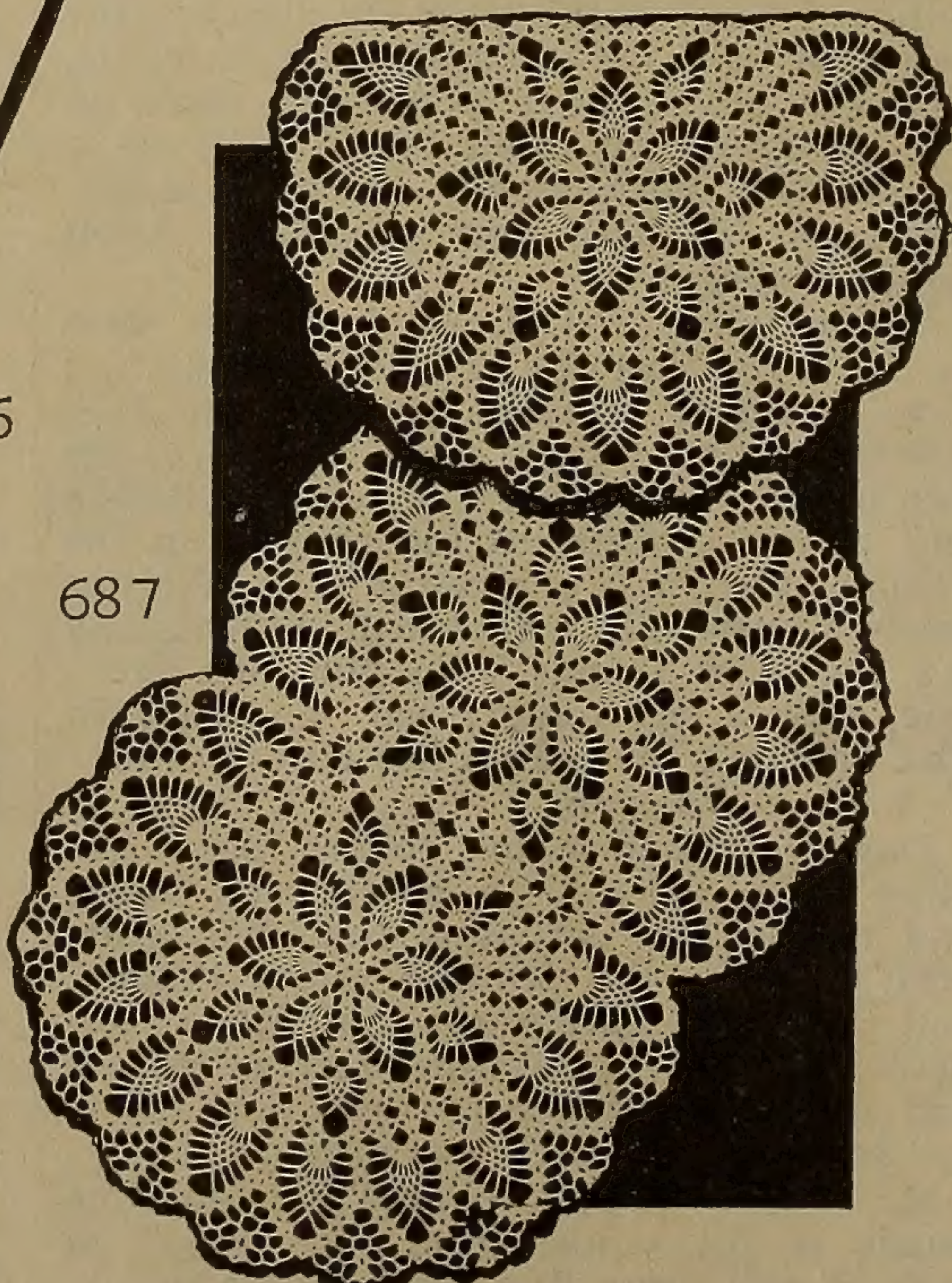
672



526

526—Slim, long, elegant panels—newest approach to decorative drama. Use narrow frames. Transfer of two flower sprays 8 x 21 inches. Color chart, key. 25¢

687—Clever arrangement of pineapples form chair or buffet set or smart oval doily. Crochet directions for 17½ x 12½-inch chair back, arm rest 6 x 12½ inches; oval doily 17½ x 25 inches in No. 30 cotton. 25¢



687

feature picture a day if she wants to, and frequently two or three. Re-runs of such popular comedy series as *I Love Lucy*, *My Little Margie*, *Our Miss Brooks*, *I Married Joan*, *Topper*, *Beulah*, *Janet Dean*, can often stir her to laughter, even the second time around.

The housewife frequently hears important news before her home-coming husband can pick up the evening paper. In some communities, she was the first to see films of the ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of Pope John XXIII, films taken right off an afternoon plane at New York's International Airport. When Castro began his triumphant march into the city of Havana, daytime viewers got the first glimpses in a broadcast direct from Cuba. The housewife sits in on important United Nations sessions, she gets the first excerpts from President Eisenhower's press conferences and from any major speeches he makes during any day. It is for her that there are newscasts at regular hours throughout the day, and it is for her that programs are interrupted at any time when something important happens any place in the world. She has access to baseball and football in season, whenever there are afternoon games.

There were cries of consternation during the first decade of TV—just ended—because some mothers used it as a "built-in baby sitter." As long as a tot was kept quiet, he was allowed to watch. By the year 1958-59, most mothers had become reasonably selective of what the kids viewed, and how long they sat staring. But they were still deploring the violence and shooting, and the lack of educational value of many programs for children.

Surveys in both the United States and Great Britain, however, have drawn the conclusion that TV viewing by even young children, under proper control and within reasonable limits, impairs neither physical nor mental health, and that children exposed to it develop amazing vocabularies for their years, spiced with atomic-age words and phrases, and have an awareness of many different subjects.

Mothers still had one very big beef—the pressures put upon them by some commercials. Kids love the commercials, demand the products advertised on their favorite shows, and it requires an iron will to keep from buying everything they are told to "ask mother to get." A second beef is the loudness of commercials. ("They disturb the baby and wake the smaller children when they're napping.") This situation may be remedied, since at least one network (CBS) announced a few months ago that electronic equipment was being installed in its studios to eliminate "volume level differences" between the programs and the advertising.

As a matter of fact, this was the important year in which video-tape really began to revolutionize broadcasting. Shows broadcast in the East at a certain hour can now be reproduced for broadcast in the West at an equally convenient hour, without loss of quality or that indefinable something called "immediacy." Actors unavailable at certain times or on certain days, because of other commitments, can be put on tape and can participate in roles for which they are best fitted. Fine programs can be re-run, and give the same effect as "live" programing, for those who had to miss them the first time. News and interview programs have a new tool with which to work.

But it's not these technicalities that interest you, the daytime viewer. What you ask is assurance that there is more, and even better, to come. The networks say there is. You will make your own choices of the best they have to offer—and we'll report them again next year.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional twenty-five cents for 1959 Needlecraft Catalogue.

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